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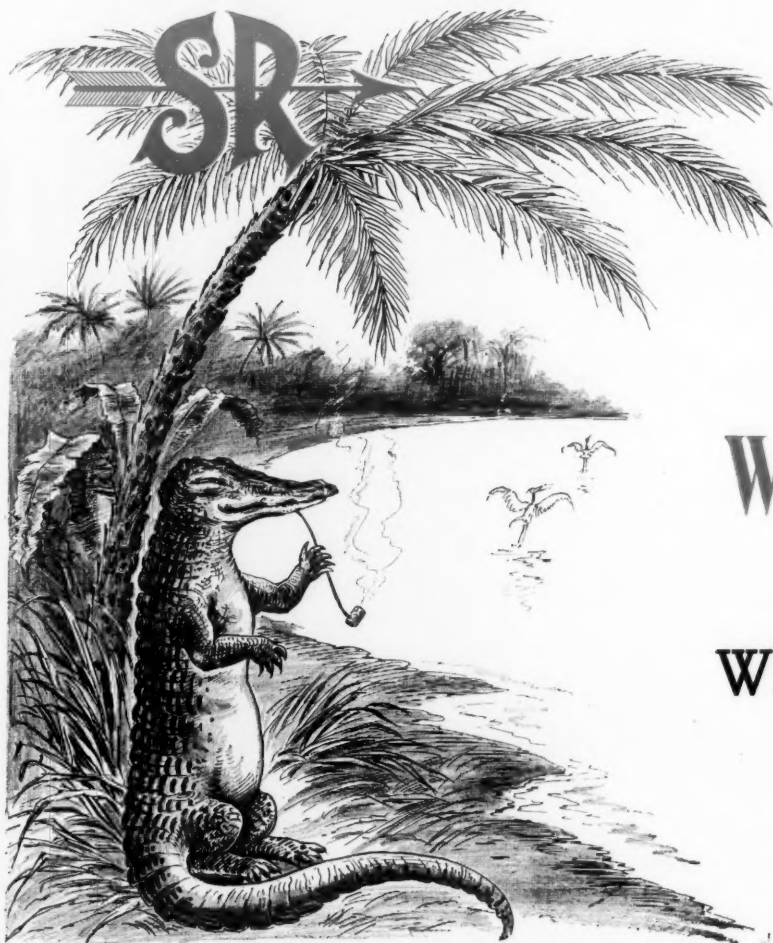
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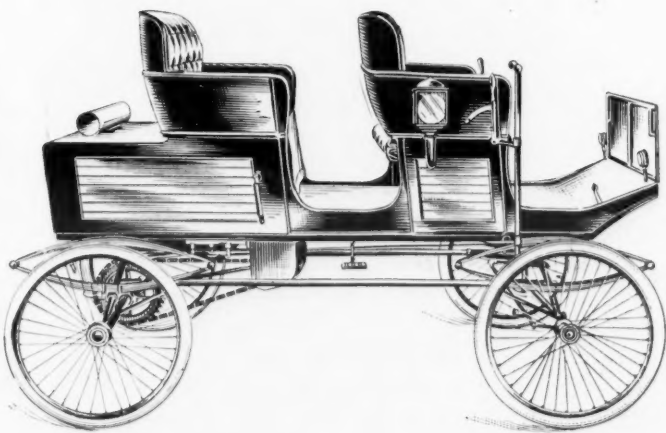
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# The Mirror.

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### A GIFT.

THERE'S some one you want to give a present to, but you don't know what to give. Have you thought of a year's subscription to the MIRROR? It costs but \$2, and the recipient will have cause to remember and thank you every time the paper arrives during the twelvemonth.

### CONTENTS.

ABOUT THE CRIB: A Christmas Homily. By W. M. R.	1
REFORM AND THE PANEL GAME: A Little Chapter of Skulduggery. By W. M. R.	1
BALLADE TO A DEAF LADY: Poem. By W. M. R.	2
REFLECTIONS: Editorial Comment Upon Various Subjects. By Uncle Fuller	2
LOST CHORD LITERATURE: The Mosher Reprints. By W. M. R.	4
PIERROT'S FAREWELL TO THE HILLS: Poem. By Bliss Carman	5
A CONGRESSIONAL CONSCIENCE: Story. By Homer Bassford	5
WHITMAN IN HIS WORK: A Woman's Views of the Good, Grey Poet. By Frances Porcher	6
STOCKS IN 1899: Review of the Year in Speculation. By Francis A. Huter	7
SONNETS TO A WIFE: Twelfth Instalment of the MIRROR's anonymous sonnet-sequence	8
A BLOOM OF THE HUISACHE: Story. By H. S. Canfield	9
LOVE'S CUP: Sonnet. By John Jerome Rooney	10
WHEN I WAS ENDYMION: Fantasia. By Elia W. Peattie	10
LOVE AND BUSINESS: A Moral Dialogue. By W. M. R.	11
HUNDING'S WIFE: Story. By James Huneker	12
AS TO FRANZ LISZT: Biography. By Elbert Hubbard	14
THE MESSAGE OF THE DAWN: Chant-Royal. By Ernest McGaffey	15
THE LITERARY DUELLO: Essay. By Michael Monahan	16
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A Philosophical Review. By William Vincent Byars	17
THE QUEST: Poem. By Charles Edward Thomas	24
HOW WE MET FERGUSON. Etching. By John F. a Becket	24
THE ACTOR AND THE AUTHOR: Essay. By Percival Pollard	25
THE MIRACULOUS CENTURY: Poem. By Ripley D. Saunders	28
THE RIGHT TO PROPERTY: Essay. By Whidden Graham	28
IDLING IN JAPAN: Idyl of Travel. By Pierre Loti, Englished by A. Lenalie	28
ERNEST DOWSON: Biographical Review. By Arthur Symonds	33
REPRINTED BY REQUEST: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." By Robert Browning	37
THE LITTLE WOMAN: Sketch. By Emerson Hough	39
THINGS WE DON'T NOTE: Essay. By James Irving Crabbe	40
MISS RATCLIFF: Story. By Opie Read	41
DOBBY'S TOOTH PULLED: Sketch	49
THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS: Bibliographic Review. By William Schuyler	50
THE TEST OF KELLY: Story. By W. B. Trites	52
A REPENTANT SINNER: Vision. By Lyof Tolstoi	54
GOD: Poem. By Derzhavin, Englished By Sir John Bowring	56
WOMEN ASTRONOMERS	57

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: Reminiscences	58
THE MODERN ARISTOTLE: A View of Herbert Spencer	60
BUYING FALL HATS: Sketch	61
WAGNER'S LOVE FOR DOGS	62
BEST NOVELS OF 1900	62
THE PARSLEY BED: By Laurence Housman	63
DANIEL FROHMAN ON THE DRAMA	64
A VALENCIAN VENGEANCE: Story. By John H. Raftery	65
THE STOCK MARKET	68
MUSIC	70

### ABOUT THE CRIB.

A CHRISTMAS HOMILY.

A MERRY Christmas to everyone! Trite enough the greeting. But all good things are trite, and love is the most trite of all, since but for that He loved us the Creator had not set us here to work out His inscrutable designs. The universe, indeed, is inexplicable on any score other than its inception in the Supreme Affection that vitalizes nature. Humanly speaking, there is no happiness that has other foundation than love. The greatest gift that one can give is one's self. Theologues exemplify this, according to their theory, by the divine precedent of Calvary. And the Christmas gift of convention is but a symbolizing of this giving of one's self to and for others. So, if we really feel the sentiment of the wish of "a Merry Christmas to everyone," we contribute not a little to a realization of that wish, since the desire must blossom into kindly act. And such very little things, after all, are those which make for cheerfulness in this world. They do not require any great struggle to bring us to the doing of them. They are a natural prompting of the heart, as inevitable as our thought of them. They involve nothing but the abandonment of ourselves to our own best impulses, the impulses which are most grateful to our own consciences. If we can only think, honestly, the thought of "a Merry Christmas for everyone," then the deeds that will make the Merry Christmas for all will surely follow. We need not sorrow only for the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the sinful. All our fellow beings need our sympathy. We are all condemned men, as Victor Hugo says, and we can do nothing better than give one another, so far as we may, cheer and comfort as we move together to our doom. Were this thought with us oftener what a great democracy of charity this world would be! All of Time would be one Christmas season. But we forget, and once a year only is the thought strongly enforced upon us in commemoration of Deity's taking on of mortality. If a God could condescend to become one of us, why should we not be more considerate of all our fellow mortals? Why should we not love one another, when Divinity did itself most honor in living with and in us and dying for us? And if we do not believe the tales the theologues tell of the Divine, is there not even more reason that we should feel sympathy for one another, briefly sentient, and, perhaps, illuded by that sentience, and finally fading away from the light of the sun and the smiles of our fellows, into the vast Dark and Silence? "A Merry Christmas forsooth," you say, "to remind us of these things, or of this one Great Thing—this Doom!" Yea, in sooth. In loving one another only may we forget this thing which makes us shudder. In giving of ourselves we most surely place beyond the reach of Doom a better part of ourselves. That is the surest way of laying up treasure where moth can not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal. What we have is part of what we are, and giving of what we are implies the giving of what we have got. What is merrier than to cheat Doom by those good deeds which, the old song says, "can never die?" What a fine joke on Fate! If we can forget ourselves in others, they will forget themselves in us. And all the world consequently, in the self-obliviousness of happiness will not

think of Doom, or, thinking of it, will not care. That man shall have the Merriest Christmas to whom the Christmas feeling is least strange through all the seasons. The Christmas feast is chiefly for those who have no other opportunity to make up for their forgetfulness of the Christmas doctrine and duty at other times. The year passes. The night comes. There is little time for merriment for any of us. What little there is we should make the most of, and for the greatest possible number of our kind. And so, gathered, in spirit, about the crib of the Child come to sanctify eternally the salvatory efficacy of Self-Sacrifice, let us all wish, and wishing, work for a Merry Christmas, and a continuing Christmas attitude in life, to everyone.

W. M. R.

### REFORM AND THE PANEL GAME.

A LITTLE CHAPTER OF SKULLDUGGERY.

IT seems to me that the scandal disclosing the connivance of the police of this city with the operations of negro harlots in entrapping and robbing ruralists, about the Union Station, is a severe blow to the project of a combination between the managers of the Democratic machine and the reformers.

You can't blend municipal reform and this sort of official pandering. You can't get much sympathetic support for reform from a machine that get its main strength from the men who divide the profits of negro wenches in panel-working.

Besides, some of the machine managers are talking one thing to the reformers and another to the heelers. Bosses supposedly pledged to support Mr. Isaac W. Morton for the Democratic nomination, are working, on the quiet and in the dark, for Mr. Zach Tinker's nomination.

And one of the triumvirate of bosses, supposed to favor Mr. Morton's nomination as a concession to the independents, has said that the Democrats can't win next April, and that he will have no hand in the campaign.

There is good reason to believe that some of the Democratic bosses want the Republicans to win. Some Republicans of prominence at the City Hall helped Col. Edward Butler's son get elected to Congress.

This latest police scandal will create public sentiment against the whole Democratic ticket. It shows conclusively that, locally, Democracy and Republicanism are "tarred with the same brush."

There will be no reform without an independent movement. A man like Mr. Morton cannot be elected by a party that fosters such work as the division of plunder with negro bawds.

There can be no reform without an independent movement. The independents should nominate their ticket and do it now. If they don't, the World's Fair administration will be a gang administration.

The best men that could possibly be forced on the Democratic ticket can not win when they will have to cater to the support of the police gang that takes its bit of the wages of sin, that protects crap games and blind pool rooms and the swindling slot machines. The independents who intended to train with the Democratic machine cannot now continue their negotiations. They cannot stand for the recent revelations, and that they would have to do, if they named the ticket and let the police machine try to elect it.

Democratic chances of success are sent glimmering by the police scandal now stirring the town.

The reformers are up against the panel game.

Their only escape lies in putting up their own candidates and ignoring both party organizations.

W. M. R.

## BALLADE TO A DEAF LADY.

SHE lives amid the silences,  
 Her spirit vexed by no gross sound;  
 Her dreams are shining purities,  
 And viewless angels hovering round  
 Speak to a sense that words would wound.  
 And in her sky-pure eyes one sees  
 The calmness of her soul all white—  
 Does she not hear, in the stillness drowned,  
 The calling of my heart, to-night?  
 The breakers of the ether-seas  
 That on the isled planets pound;  
 The soft wind sighing through the trees,  
 The fall of ripe fruit on the ground  
 In that fair garden, e'er unfound,  
 The garden of Hesperides—  
 All these she hears, as blind feel light.  
 Oh, does she hear, my love quiet-crowned,  
 The calling of my heart, to-night?  
 The murmur of the vanished bees  
 That swarmed above Hymettus' mound,  
 The long-stilled, mystic cadences  
 Of Sirens in their blown-hair gowned,  
 The strains of Orpheus' lyre renowned,  
 The sigh that was Eurydice's—  
 Her soul hears these in its high flight,  
 But hears she not, like a wailing hound,  
 The calling of my heart, to-night?  
 L'envoi!  
 Lady, the Fates on me have frowned  
 And darkness glooms a world all bright,  
 If thou hear'st not, in thy silence bound,  
 The calling of my heart, to-night.

W. M. R.

## REFLECTIONS.

## Fate and Faith

ALAS and alack for us all! We are not better off than were the ancient, classic folk. They were the sport of Fate. We have for our compelling tyrant, above all gods and men, Heredity. We inherit disease and we inherit sin, and, sometimes, we inherit money. We rarely inherit virtues. For those we take credit as the original inventors. Everything that we have of evil we blame upon our ancestors, who, in this fashion, quite the reverse of that implied in Byron's phrase, "still rule our spirits from their urns," and, as they can't talk back at us or at the scientists, the theory goes practically undisputed. But now comes the news that we inherit other things. At a meeting of some insurance agents, in Kansas City, recently, several statisticians maintained that we can and do inherit accidents, or a susceptibility or liability to accident. If a man's father or grandfather fell in a well, there is a certain percentage in favor of his coming to the same or a similar end. The old aphorism, indicative of the impossible, to the effect that a man could not inherit a fall out of a balloon, is annihilated. There is a tendency to accidental injury and death in some families, just as the stage Jew said he inherited the habit of failures and fires. All of which is laughable in the main, but, probably, true enough in the remote sense that persons who come of shiftless and careless stock are likely to meet with the consequences of those characteristics. But, verily, it seems to those of us who hear much of heredity, that the theory is one calculated most subtly to destroy the conception of individual free will. If heredity be all its experts claim for it, there is no Providence. If a man is apt to inherit his great-grandfather's broken leg or black eye or what not, just as he may inherit the ancient's appetite for liquor, what's the use of taking care of ourselves at all? Would it not be best to take out accident policies and let things rip? That's what many of the insurance agents would like, no doubt, but how can a man tell whether he inherits accidents? That's the question. Really now, bretheren, this heredity is being over done.

And, if it's a real thing, I don't know but that it might be well to meet it with a general acceptance of the faith-cure. For if we don't believe we are ever going to fall off a street car or be kicked by a mule, the faith-curists assure us, those things won't happen. What's the matter with treating Fate by fatalism? If what will be, will be, why what you will shall not be, won't be, and you've got heredity hippped. The hereditarians and the faith-curists represent the two great opposing forces of the time. One could almost wish that the faith-curists might cure the hereditarians, but then our last condition would be worse than our first, for who would cure the faith-curists?



## For St. Louis

Now is the time for every St. Louisan to join heartily in the movements for the forwarding of the city's interests. The World's Fair fund must be completed. Each should be a committee of one to see that that end is accomplished. Everyone should join in supporting the efforts of the gentlemen who are devising a plan for the relief of the city from its financial difficulties. The money must come from the people. Nothing then is needed, but a unanimity upon the part of the people in agreement to bear the sacrifices entailed in greater taxation. The city must be made to represent a better citizenship than one could deduce from the presently prevailing conditions in the municipality. Whatever changes in State Constitution or City Charter may be deemed desirable by the expert, business gentlemen who have taken the initiative in the formulation of a scheme of relief, should be earnestly supported by all citizens, and especially by tax-payers. Not that their recommendations are infallible. Let their suggestions be fairly discussed, not with a view to obstructing their efforts, but with the design of giving them the point of view of some elements in the community which should not be ignored solely because they are extremists. Every St. Louisan should declare himself in favor of men of good character for municipal offices, for a course of rigid economy in administering public affairs, for an abandonment of political spoliation of the city's funds, for a general and sincere attempt to improve the city's appearance and render its governmental functions productive of benefit to all, rather than of "graft" to the few who constitute the political machines. A crisis is upon the city. It can be made a blessing by the exercise of local patriotism and individual sacrifice for the good of all. A keener realization of the duties of the individual to the mass, of the need of a better citizenship on the part of each will make St. Louis one of the greatest cities of the world. The new St. Louis must be made now. There is no *manana* for this community, if we wait for *manana*. "All for the city!" is a good watchword. And everything we do for the city, even at our own cost, will be returned to us an hundred fold, within a short time, while the people of the city that this can be made will be proud of us of to-day long after all "our mouths are stopped with dust."



## The Santa Fe Strike

A STRIKE such as the one now being conducted by the telegraphers on the Santa Fe railway system is a bad sort of a thing to have on hand or on the mind about Christmas time. In the main, the demands of the operators seem to be reasonable. They don't ask the owners of the road to turn the management of the property over to them. It is to be hoped that the managers of the road and the strikers will reach a settlement before some ghastly accident occurs, as the result of the absence of experienced train despatchers along the line. Telegraphers are an intelligent body of men and they should not be hard to deal with, provided they are treated with any regard for the rights of an employe in the business with which he is identified. The railroad company maintains that the strike is over, but, until a strike is formally settled, there is danger that it may spread and work injury to interests distantly removed from those originally involved. While this strike is on there is great public interest in the Chicago Arbitration Conference. Vice-President Kenna, of the Santa Fe, spoke wisdom when he suggested that if employers be subject to

State regulation in the matter of public service, employes should be likewise regulated. In other words, compulsory arbitration must fail of effect in the settlement of strikes until the State has power to make a settlement binding on strikers. President Gompers of the Federation of Labor talked nonsense when he insisted on Labor's right to strike "for no reason at all." Anything that is done "for no reason" is not justifiable. Such a doctrine sets passion above sense, and its declaration must injure the cause of labor everywhere. The only justification for arbitration is that it is an appeal to reason from passion and prejudice. A strike, with its inducements to disorder, for "no reason at all" is a crime and one that justifies the late J. B. McCullagh's remedy therefor—"shoot a hole in it." In this particular instance Mr. Gompers has spoken like a mad man.



## A Snap Judgment

THE Board of Public Improvements has, as was predicted, turned down the Meramec water project. The Water Committee met Saturday morning and agreed to report. A call was immediately issued for a special meeting of the Board, and, on the double-quick, an adverse report was made and unanimously adopted. Every objection urged by the Board in its report had been met by the promoters of the Meramec proposition, and they offered to sustain their position by proof positive, but no, the Board did not want proof. Its haste looked much like a desire to decide the matter before the fatal facts could stultify their predetermined action. There is quite a discrepancy between the estimated cost of filtration contained in the Board's report of rejection, and the cost of filtration figured out in the report of Mr. Clemens Herschel, the ablest hydraulic engineer in America, on both the Meramec and the filtration projects. In fact, the promoters of the Meramec water scheme offered to prove to the Board that, by the adoption of their plan, the city will, between 1904 and 1917, save \$11,000,000 in money, but, of course, such a trifle could not be considered by the Board. That body's chief object seems to be to get all the money it can and spend it as fast as possible, in filtration experiments or otherwise. Eleven millions in the pockets of taxpayers don't help the Board any. Pure water is a secondary consideration compared with the triumph of a filter scheme. If the people of St. Louis can obtain pure water, without filtration, in time for the World's Fair, at a saving to the city, in thirteen years, of over eleven millions in money, it is a question that should receive serious consideration, and not one to be turned down in a "snap" meeting, ignoring all argument of opposing scientists on the subject. The Meramec proposal has not been fairly heard. When that proposal, amended, or rather elucidated and amplified, to show the facts and figures, shall be presented, the question will arise whether the members of the Board, as servants of the tax-payers, will listen to a proposition that will reduce water rates, to the public, one-half, and give them pure water, or still cling to the filter gang, that means an increase in water rates and a medicated water. The Meramec proposal has not had fair play. It has been strangled through prejudice. The Board has acted like a "snappers" political primary, and thus created the presumption that the project it condemns thus hastily has merits which the members feared to have disclosed to the general public.



## The Prospects of Peace

'TWOULD be a Merrier Christmas all around but for the British-Boer war and our own troubles in the Philippines, although it is some satisfaction to reflect that this country is not only more successful in suppressing the Filipino insurrection than are the British in coercing the Boers, but that we are doing it with somewhat less of savagery. Kitchener appears determined to treat the burghers with a strong touch of the severity shown the Mahdists. We would all breathe easier, too, if we were well out of the Chinese muddle, for, in spite of the moderation of the demands, it seems probable that the Powers will not get out of China without a war of some kind. The Senate's amendments to



the Hay-Pauncefote treaty are an ugly discord in the international situation. The treaty was a good and fair one. It provided for a neutral canal and there was nothing in the treaty to prevent this country maintaining the neutrality by force of arms, if need be. The demand for a fortified canal is silly, as a canal can best be defended at its entrances, and this country is so situated as regards the canal that it could guard the structure with its navy at all times and no other nation would dare protest. The Senate's action toward the treaty appears to be a piece of rampant jingoism and a causeless affront to Great Britain, and furthermore, there is no manner of doubt, in Washington, that much of the patriotism of the opposition marks the influence of certain great rail-transportation interests with which a canal would be in conflict commercially. While an alliance with Great Britain is not desirable, it is also true that it is not desirable that we should go out of our way to affront that nation at every possible opportunity. The Senate's action is certainly not in the nature of an indication that this country is about to lead the world into a reign of peace. The outlook for calm between the Powers during the Twentieth Century is not encouraging, and that is one of the things that must sadden, during the Christmas time, the heart of all cosmopolites.

## The Rabbi's Renunciation

ST. LOUISANS cannot fail to be gratified over the incident of Rabbi Leon Harrison's declination of the call to the pulpit of the cathedral synagogue of the United States, Temple Emanuel, of New York City, to succeed the venerable Rabbi Gottheil. Rabbi Harrison's rejection of the final overtures from the most influential and progressive Jewish congregation in the world must have been an act of supreme renunciation. The place is an exalted one. Its occupant may be considered on a level of distinction with the Roman Catholic Cardinal for the United States, and it was surely a great honor that one so young as Dr. Harrison should have won the practically unanimous suffrages of the distinguished committee appointed to select a rabbi for Temple Emanuel. We need go no further into Dr. Harrison's motive, for declining the appointment than to say that they were sufficient unto himself, and that they involved no dissatisfaction with the circumstances culminating in the offer of the place. Dr. Harrison may, possibly, be criticised for his extreme modesty in the matter, but he cannot be too highly commended for the rare patience he has exhibited in the face of misrepresentations, in certain quarters, to the effect that the vote of the great New York synagogue was against him. Certain it is that St. Louisans are complimented that a gentleman so eloquent, so erudite, so effective for the advancement of the community in all higher ways should prefer to remain with them rather than move upward to a position in which he would stand forth among the leading ecclesiastics of the world. He is a man of note and power in St. Louis, and his elevation to the post lately vacated by Rabbi Gottheil would add nothing to his intellectual stature, even though it might have made him more conspicuous in the world's eye. His work in the West gives him a broad field of usefulness, and the West is going to be the dominant section of the country, and the conservator of the best spirit of the country. It is a great man who can put aside his legitimate ambition as Rabbi Harrison has done, and in doing so he has added to his distinction, and paid a fine tribute of affection to the community in which he has preferred to continue his invaluable labors for the betterment of mankind.

## Foreign Marriages for American Girls

AMERICAN girls in greater number than usual are marrying foreign noblemen just now. The chances are that most of them will, in time, be very unhappy. The foreigner, however well born, does not treat his wife with the consideration that the wife receives at the hands of an American gentleman. Affection between man and wife is considered, in the higher circles of Europe, to be something vulgar. The foreigner never makes the wife a companion, as she is made in an American marriage to the right sort of

man. The American woman, here, is treated as an intelligent being and as having some right to share in the interests of her husband. She is not made the servant of her lord and master. There is no lord and master about it. She preserves her individuality and the marital state is, in its best examples, a "chummy" partnership, in which there are mutual concessions for the amelioration of friction. One of the reasons for much of the increase in divorce in this country is, that some men still think women are content to live in the married state as their grandmothers lived, confined to the house, shut out of their husbands' interests, kept in a sort of contemptible dependency or inferiority, held down to certain narrow lines of effort and conduct and, generally, made the victims of masculine selfishness. The unhappy marriages are usually those in which some man loves to keep an American girl in the dull, stagnating background in which the wife is kept in European countries. There is no breaking the spirit of the American girl, so long as she stays in America. In marriage she will be still herself, or something unpleasant happens. The American girl who becomes an European wife may relish social distinction for awhile, and may be willing for awhile to pay the price in restraint for the honor of a title, but, in the long run, in nine cases out of ten, she is sure to be miserable, simply because her husband holds her as an inferior being to himself and debars her from that friendship between a man and a woman that makes the ideally happy American marriage. The American girls now marrying more or less moth-eaten patents of nobility are inviting upon themselves all the evils of an intense loneliness of heart and contraction of spirit, from which there seems no escape, in Europe, but in becoming "fast," and that has its inevitable retribution. Of course there are happy international marriages by American girls. There are more, probably, than some of us believe, but the chances of the American girl who marries a foreign nobleman are that she will lead a life devoid of all the light and air and general freedom of spirit which makes the relationship between man and wife in a true American home a most delightful object lesson in the justice and wisdom of recognizing woman as a rational human being, not a mere sexual chattel.

## A Bishop on Wealth

BISHOP POTTER of New York declaims vociferously against the corruption of the desire for wealth. The declamation is not new. Long ago, what the Bishop put in a column of newspaper talk, a real preacher put in ten words: "The love of money is the root of all evil." Bishop Potter's remarks are chiefly interesting because he is somewhat of a sybaritic prelate. He exaggerates his case. He is so close to wealth that he can see little else. He is the associate, almost exclusively, of wealthy people, yet he goes away from his home in New York and from his plutocratic flock to talk the blessings of comparative poverty to the people of New Haven. Bishop Potter is the victim of episcopal misinformation. The corruption of wealth is not as bad as he would have us believe. The people of his set are not the whole country. The people of the United States, do not as a rule, worship wealth. What they are in love with is effort. They care for wealth only as the reward of industry or skill or talent or genius, and, for the most part, when they attain wealth they are chiefly concerned to give it effectiveness in usefulness. No people spend money like the Americans. No people give so generously to the church, to the school, to charity. Where occasion demands, as in time of great affliction or of national need, the wealthy are ready to give in splendid sums and even to leave their wealth and the pleasure it could bring, at the country's call. The American people should not be indicted because of the corruption and folly of the New York noodles in whose atmosphere the Bishop lives and moves and has his being. There is a corruption of wealth, but it is localized, not epidemic. And it is most in evidence in the circle in which Bishop Potter is supposed to have most influence. He belongs to the wealthiest sect in the United States. His fees for swell marriages alone would support one hundred poor ministers. His talk against wealth means

nothing. It is *Chadband* talk. It is directed, with true, sycophantic, episcopal buncombe, against those who are trying to get along in the world, not against those who already have wealth. That is the true aristocratic idea. Bishop Potter has always stood for the idea, more or less clearly defined, that the wealth of those who pay his salary is all right, and that the effort of the lower classes to attain means is, in some manner reprehensible. Bishop Potter won't do.

## Temporal Power of the Pope

A RESUSCITATION of the dream of the temporal power of the Pope is now in progress. The wordling will say that it is a futile dream. Italy will not imperil itself by permitting the setting up of a State within the State. The European Powers are not in favor of the creation of another political power to complicate their relationships and to make more or less trouble in their own populations. There may possibly be some modification of the restrictions which enable the Pope with justice to call himself "the prisoner of the Vatican," but it is as certain as anything can be that Protestantism, if not Agnosticism, is dominant in the politics of all the great nations to-day, and that Protestantism, though divided upon all things else, will set up a solid opposition to any aggrandizement of influence in Europe upon the part of the Papacy. This is a fact and the fact cannot be abolished unless by some miracle working on the minds and hearts of the dominant forces in the governments of the world. The power of the Pope is great enough, most of the world will judge, as it is. It is a power over the minds and affections and spiritual ideals of millions belonging to every race and country of the globe, and the opinion of those millions is a power strong enough to prevent any Power attempting further humiliation of the head of the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope will not return to temporal power, as that proposition is generally understood, until the world is reconverted to the ideas that prevailed before the day of Luther, until the world is again wholly Catholic. That such a day will come many devout Catholics believe, but there are no others who believe that the present sporadic signs of reaction to Rome in some European countries are more than specimens of individual temperamental reversion.

## "Kim"

PROPHECY is dangerous business truly, but none the less I venture to remark, after reading the first chapter of "Kim," in *McClure's Magazine*, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has struck his old gait in writing. He is on his own heath, in India. He is again the interpreter of those fantasticalities that result from the meeting of East and West. "Kim" promises to be a great story, giving scope for the elaboration of many things that were only hinted at in the writer's wonderful, early tales. It will probably prove to be the *magnum opus* of fiction for which we have been waiting from the original of all the latter-day hot-gospeppers of the strenuous life. The signs are all there in the opening pages, to justify to the public mind the claim made by the readers of manuscripts for publishers that stories submitted by authors are accepted or rejected upon the showing of the initial chapter.

## Graft in the Mayor's Office

LOCAL police boddlers have good company. The Mayor's son and secretary is accused of holding up, or of endeavoring to hold up, the father of a boy imprisoned in the Workhouse. The boy had been fined \$500 and imprisoned. He agreed to give up \$250 if the boy were released. The boy was released. Now his father refuses to give up the money. The pardon or remit was sold for \$250, but the purchaser refused to deliver the price after the officials had done their part. What a lovely condition of affairs in St. Louis! Democratic police will not arrest criminals, if criminals will divide their swag. If criminals happen to get past the police into prison, then Republican politicians pardon them out and pocket whatever the criminals will pay for freedom. Any money that gets past the Four Courts is



grabbed at the City Hall. It is no wonder that this is a good town for thieves. They can operate as they please and never be disturbed, if they "split." If they happen to be caught when they have nothing to "split," their friends can buy them out. Of a surety these are prosperous times for the local machine politicians who are "out for the dough." There is a generous rivalry between the grafters of both parties to see who will get the most money in these ways. Operations are conducted, on the one hand, openly, in the police stations, and, on the other, in the Mayor's office. And the police crowd controls one party, while the Mayor's office controls the other. And yet there are people who affect to believe that reform in St. Louis can be accomplished through the parties so controlled. St. Louis' administration is rotten to the core. And there will be no improvement until there is a popular uprising that will sweep away the graft-controlled organizations of both parties. Both parties are flourishing on the proceeds of sharing in crime. There is no choice between them. The citizens should unite and smash both the Four Courts and the City Hall machines.



#### A Happy Innovation

THAT is a happy innovation introduced by Channing H. Barnes, alias John R. Nelson, in the gentle and exhilarating art of train-robbing. That gentleman, after holding up the Illinois Central train a few nights ago, went into retirement in Louisiana and considerably cut his throat. This is a great improvement upon the old custom of killing the pursuers. It would be delightful, if gentlemen of the proclivities of Mr. Barnes were to gratify their tendencies to gore by cutting their throats before slaughtering express messengers or even before robbing trains. It is difficult to see that there is anything in robbing a train that adds any joy to suicide.



#### The Hazing at West Point

THE War Department and a Congressional Committee are about to investigate the fatal hazing of Cadet Booz, at West Point Academy. The story of the case is that the victim, Oscar L. Booz, entered the military academy from Bristol, Pa., June 30, 1898. He resigned on account of weak eyes three months later. Tuberculosis of the larynx caused his death two weeks ago. His father, who took the matter before Congress, declares his son came home from West Point "broken-hearted and physically wrecked." According to his statement the young man was forced into a fight in which he was cruelly beaten and his heart and eyes injured. Besides, the hazers gave him a "burning mixture which injured the lining of the throat," and left him an easy prey to the disease which caused his death. The youth is said to have been unpopular because he brought a Bible to the academy with him. The other cadets ridiculed him, after reading that, upon his departure from home, the Bible had been given him by the pastor of his church and his associates in Sunday-school work. The young man is said to have found that it was very hard to be a Christian at West Point. Though there is a Young Men's Christian Association at that place, young Booz found the members as godless as the other cadets who were not members. The officials of the academy maintain that young Booz was not forced into a fight against his will, that no burning fluid was forced down his throat, and that he was not unpopular because he read his Bible. Colonel Mills, the Superintendent of the academy, says that Cadet Booz "fell into contempt" because of a report, generally credited, that he had lied to the commandant to save himself from punishment. It is asserted further by Colonel Mills that Booz was not up to the mark in mathematics, and that, therefore, he resigned. It is intimated that the story of the hazing and horrible maltreatment was invented to give a plausible excuse to his friends for his departure from the academy. Such is the case as it stands. And the case is not any the less serious, because of the associations arising at the sound of the alleged victim's name in connection with his insistent piety. It is probable enough that a boy named Booz would have an exciting time at

any academy, and especially if he were a pious boy. The fact of young Booz's failure in mathematics certainly goes to discredit his tale with those who know anything about conditions at West Point. There was no complaint of the fatal maltreatment, it seems, until after his resignation and return to his home. If he had been so seriously injured as claimed, it is not likely that the officer in charge of the academy would have said he failed in mathematics, to cover up to the true cause of the resignation. If Cadet Booz both failed in mathematics and lied to shield himself from punishment for infraction of the rules, it is probable that he fixed up the story about his terrible hazing. Still, the matter brings before the country, once more, the barbarous custom of hazing, and it is hoped that the double investigation of the Booz affair will result in the securing of some means whereby that custom can be finally done away with at West Point. The superintendent claims to have abolished hazing, or, at least, the more serious sort of hazing, but if any sort of hazing lingers, it should be stamped out for there is no compromise that will prevent the mild hazing becoming serious. It is not to the credit of the country that any such performances as alleged in the Booz case should be common among the young men who are destined to be, as United States Army officers, the finest gentlemen in the world. Hazing can be stopped by expelling the hazers. Surely, the United States is equal to the task of suppressing an ugly habit among a lot of boys at a National school.

Uncle Fuller.



#### LOST CHORD LITERATURE.

THE MOSHER REPRINTS.

WHEN the holiday season comes around I always look for the Mosher Reprints, from the Mosher shop, in Portland, Maine. They have in their mere mechanical make-up something of the white, pure, meticulous, almost sacred suggestion that comes with the season of joy. They are so tranquil in a book-world of glare and blare. They are to be approached only in the spirit of him who aspires to be clean of heart as of hand, for a spot would be profanation or even sacrilege. And the container always thoroughly prefigures the thing contained, in the Mosher Books. The work of the hand always accords with the delicacy of the thought, the fancy, the sentiment that work enshrines.

Take the Brocade Series, printed on vellum, each volume a presentation of some perfect mood in the interpretation of the spirit that informs man. Here are "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Brown, a little story that might delight the heart of Francis of Assisi, even in his election: "A Lodging For the Night," that epic in epigraph of night and snow and grim satire of a poet bad and sad and wrong and strong, marking the height of Louis Stevenson's genius, unless, indeed, the companion bibelot of "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" challenge the honor, with its suggestion of Poe in a mood of lightness; "Bits of Oak Bark and Meadow Thoughts," by Richard Jefferies, with its inevitable reminder of Thoreau and Burroughs though glamourised over with a sweeter, gentler, softer poesy of character in the artist than either of those other friends of the wild wood knew: "The Hollow Land," a record of one of those dream-romances of an ancient time in a world that never was, by William Morris, who, more than any modern, dreamed in his work and wrought in his dream; and "The Child In the Vatican," by Vernon Lee (Miss Paget)—a wonderfully illuminating exposition of the birth, the dawn of the feeling for art in the heart of a child or a man.

Next we have, in the Old World Series, Renan's book, "My Sister Henrietta," an almost unbelievably touching tribute of a great scientist to his sister—a woman to linger in memory for her womanhood: "Sesame and Lilies," by Ruskin, the book that is most sane and restrained of all the Ruskin essays at criticism of life and its expression in art of any sort; "Underwoods," the book of poems by Stevenson containing, among other things, his poem to Andrew Lang, his own requiem and that inimitable bitter-comic poem with the line,

"a blue-behinded ape;" and the "Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun," that little sheaf of letters that best portrays the love of love even for the sorrow it can bring to and wring from the loving.

In "Fancy's Following," by "Anodos," we find an anonymous book rescued from oblivion, solely for a few, airy, delicate, simple songs, that seem to have been sung by someone steeped in the calm of a content that dreamed of the echoes of a world of strife and suffering. "Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair," is a prose poem of that land of Nowhere in which William Morris constructed, from his fancies of head and yearnings of heart, a life that was lyric in its every impulse and action. "Empedocles on Etna" is another book, done in Kelmscott fashion, worthily presenting, even though, in type, a little too warmly, the hard, icy, Arnoldian, pedagogic conception of poetry as poetry, and particularly of the fine myth of the man who was in love with immortality. In two volumes Mr. Mosher has provided by all means the most beautiful edition ever known of Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean,"—that "winters dream when the nights are longest"—with an old-style type, ruled pages, rubricated initials and simple but rare head-bands, tail pieces, etc., with a final note by Richard Le Gallienne and a "Foreword" by the editor of the MIRROR. Barring the "Foreword," the writer of the "Foreword" can truly say, here, that no lover of the exquisitely stylistic Walter Pater will fail to appreciate this edition of the great sensuously-spiritual modern classic, even at the price of \$8 for the Van Gelder paper, or \$25 for the Japan vellum edition.

"The Poems of Master Francois Villon," translation, by John Payne, is another treasure rescued, by Mr. Mosher's reproduction, from the limbo of the *introuvables*. Here we have the most authentic life of the greatest, first, French poet to sing freely in his mother tongue, the poetic Testaments, in which the poet and housebreaker and homicide and singing *souteneur*, who was once sentenced to be hanged and many times in jail, makes comic requests to the vagabonds, clerics, wantons, bravos and picturesque ruffians generally, among whom his sad, bad, mad, glad life was passed, the haunting "Ballade of Old-Time Ladies," with its immortal inquiry for the whereabouts of last year's snows, the poignantly beautiful ballade to the Virgin Mary, made for the ruffian-poet's mother, and other dainty verses of a peculiar quality of sadness often hidden under the most absurd rollicking. Mr. Mosher has cut out the too frank verses in which the Fair Helm-Maker Grown Old describes her faded bodily charms, likewise the tremendously coarse invective of the "Ballade of Slanderous Tongues," and all of the realism, more terrible than Zola's, in the poet's description of Meg, with whom and upon whose sin he lived. These expurgations aside, the Mosher edition of Payne's translation of Villon is the only one, that an English reader can obtain, that will give any satisfactory idea of the quality of that unique genius who flourished in laughingly brilliant shame not so long after the day of Joan of Arc and not long before his literary kinsman, the mighty and, at times, even more mephitic Rabelais.

The one-hundredth book issued by Mr. Mosher completes his autumn list. It is "The Story of David Gray," by Robert Buchanan, and the most beautiful thing Buchanan ever wrote. It is a tale, told with a wringing simplicity, of a poet who went to London town to find fame and found only death. It is a picture of a soul of fire burning a frail body to nothingness. Gray was Buchanan's boyhood friend and to him what Keats was to Shelley when he wrote "Adonais" to glorify that "inheritor of unfulfilled renown." Buchanan's description of the life of Gray, who died at little more than manhood, of the fierce longings of the boy for the highest honors of poesy, of the alternate patience and passion, resignation and rage in the face of his certain death is a notable performance in the higher literature of elegiac eulogy. It echoes, in its own peculiarly effective way, Bion and Moschus, "Adonais," "In Memoriam" and "Lycidas" and has kinship, though Buchanan might not care to see it stated, with Swinburne's "Ave Atque Vale" for Baudelaire.

These books are all literature—literature, and naught else.



They are not invariably "great," but they are all of a quality that has none of its grip in the supposititious influence of mere clamorousness or happy hitting of the mood of the passing day. They incline, mayhap, to the minor strain, but they deal with the old, old things of pity-in-joy, and they "fall on the fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm" in that they seem to sweep again for us, through one art, that "lost chord" which so lately has summoned to ineffable peace the one man who, through another art, once almost caught its perfect strain. W. M. R.

## PIERROT'S FAREWELL TO THE HILLS

BY BLISS CARMAN.

THE clouds are on the mountains,  
The mist is in the clove,  
And in my heart the sorrow  
Of beauty and of love.

For here all summer Freedom  
Sat at the open door,  
Where Peace had built a cabin  
To shelter Joy once more.

And yesterday went Autumn  
Among the deep blue hills.  
Her trail goes round the ledges,  
And up the rocky kills.

The maple's live vermillion,  
The aster's ashen blue,  
The bronze of fern and oak-leaf—  
There gleams the vivid clue!

O world of scarlet splendor,  
And great Hills of the Sky,  
Clean air and running water  
And tawny health, good bye!

O wall of the green forest  
Where the new moon looks down,  
Your sad Pierrot must leave you  
For winter and for town!

The frost is on the mountains,  
The stillness in the clove,  
And in my heart the sorrow  
Of parting and of love.

## A CONGRESSIONAL CONSCIENCE.

BY HOMER BASSFORD.

WITHIN the depths of his heart, Colonel Thomas McCallum, member from the Nineteenth District, knew that he was not a statesman. Law, the profession that had helped to lay his pathway to Pennsylvania avenue, was not to his liking. As a lawyer, he had succeeded, for the reason that the start he got as the son-in-law of Archibald Allison, contractor, was enough to insure the support of a large class of influential persons, who, one way or another, owed, or hoped to owe something to Mrs. McCallum's important father. As to the Congressional honor itself, he was almost forced into it.

Long before Colonel McCallum married his wife, there existed a boarding school rivalry that exerted its influence over the changes that two dozen average years brought with them. Narcissa Evans was 19 and brown-eyed. Minerva Allison was just as old and her eyes were just as brown. From the instant that these similarly-shaded orbs lighted one upon the other there appeared in all four of them the gleam of antipathy. Lips that spoke pleasantries were belied. Sometimes the lips forgot and spoke aloud what the eyes whispered. Then there was a week of open war, a moment of weeping, then a period of suppressed feeling that kept the two youthful principals in a state of almost constant unhappiness. Neither of the girls was blamable; they were born for each other's dislike. They called it hate at times, but it must

be remembered that they were only school girls who didn't know their English.

One day, when the autumn was littering the dying world with the ashes of a summer dead, two girls sat upon the stile that stood between a narrow lane and the sweeping, wooded grounds of Miss Mercer's School for Girls.

Minerva and Narcissa quarrelled.

"I shall be married first, I tell you," cried Minerva, "this line tells me so."

In triumph she extended a pink palm whose plumpness told a glowing tale of youth and health and the loveliness that comes of these twain.

"And that line says you'll die the next year!" cried Narcissa, putting a long, round finger, point down, on a part of Minerva's palm, held bulgingly upward. "Which one will you believe?"

"Minx!" hissed Minerva. Then she paused. "Why, I'll believe the first one," she cried. "I think it would be just sweet to die the beloved and bemoaned bride of a weeping and ever-disconsolate husband with a dark beard and blue eyes."

Before Narcissa could make answer both girls screamed.

"I have no dark beard—that is, not yet," said a tall, young man who stood on the lane side of the stile, "and I'm sure that I should be disconsolate if I lost either of you."

"Come, Minerva," said Narcissa, a bit apprehensive in look and manner, "let us go."

Minerva glanced at her palm, then looked at the young man. "You are impudent, sir," she said, as if she did not mean it. "We were not intending our conversation for—the rabble."

The young man smiled. "I am not a rabble," he said, "your books will tell you so. Rabble is a collection of illy dressed, unwashed persons, who are low in breeding, vile in manners and usually noisy in a very public way. I am none of these. Permit me to say, young ladies, that I am Mr. Thomas McCallum, lawyer, that I have lost my way, and that"—glancing at Minerva—"I mean to grow a dark beard as winter comes on."

Narcissa was alarmed and angry.

"Really, my dear Minerva," she said, "our conversation with this person is both indiscreet and inexcusable. Come!"

Mr. McCallum laughed. Minerva smiled. "I know the neighborhood very well," she said, not heeding the angry Narcissa. "Whose house do you wish to find?"

"Tom Fletcher's, thank you. We were school chums, Tom and I, and I'm here for the holidays with him."

"Oh!" ejaculated Narcissa. Then, before recovering herself, she stammered: "Are you—you—are you 'Mack'?"

"That's what Fletch—Mr. Fletcher—always calls me. Do you know him?" the young man asked.

"Indeed we do!" Minerva interposed. "He is one of our best friends."

"Our?" Narcissa cried. She released Minerva's hand, which she had been holding, and stamped her foot. "Our! Oh, you wretch!"

"Such amiable young ladies!" McCallum exclaimed. "But tell me, where is the house? I'm abominably hungry!"

"There—the red one," Minerva answered, calmly, nodding in the direction of a brick structure with white wooden trimmings. Then, looking witheringly at Narcissa, who was almost blue in her angry redness, she said with sweet sympathy: "I'm sure you'll find Tom at home."

"How beautifully you say 'Tom,'" McCallum returned, bowing. Then he turned to Narcissa. "I'll tell him of you!" he laughed. "It will please him, I'm confident."

Narcissa had no ready speech. She clapped her hands over her ears and ran, forgetful of dignity and manners, straight up the mossy brick walk that led to the old school where Miss Mercer taught various graces to young women.

Of course, it came out that Tom McCallum married Minerva. She wheedled him into it. Willing though he was, he would have preferred to wait a spell; but Miss Allison was so fearful lest Fletcher and Narcissa would steal a march on her that she rigged up a rope ladder and

eloped down the side of the brick school-house, all by herself, one night, and waited at the gate until Tom came along and took her to the minister's, at Thayer. The other Tom married Narcissa in good time, at church, with much dignity and a lot of ribbons and flower girls. Minerva was there, feeling that she had missed a good deal; but, in her eyes at least, her Tom was so much handsomer than Narcissa's that she kissed her old antagonist with real energy and wished her well with what seemed to be warmth.

The spirit of rivalry did not smolder for long. Minerva never quite forgave anybody because Velma was a girl, and Narcissa's joy over the masculinity of Thomas Fletcher, Jr., was never-ending and keen. The coming of the little girl was an event that took Archibald Allison away from his bridges and railroads for the first time in twenty years. He had cared little for young McCallum, "the jack-leg lawyer," as he called him, and Tom was fearful, for a time, that he would have to carry the great burden of the influential contractor's dislike. But the brown eyes of Velma Allison McCallum helped to change all that. The chubby fists dug a place in the gristly heart of the contractor and before the pink thing knew what "gran'pa" meant, the old gentleman was absent-mindedly using baby talk to the servants.

Minerva was the mother and Tom McCallum the father to his first and only grandchild, who, as the grandchild of Archibald Allison, should have a father worthy of him. The result of the grouchy contractor's reasoning along this line of consanguineous complication meant well for the husband of his daughter. The old man sought Tom, and, for the first time since he had been father-in-law to him, spoke pleasantly. Tom could scarcely believe what he heard.

"You're my boy, now, Tom," the old man said, "and I mean to stand by you. 'You've got my Minerva, dern ye, and the two of you've got that new granddaughter of mine. Now I'm goin' to make a little plan of my own. First of all, I want you to hire a bunch of rooms—a soot, I think they call 'em, in the Unity Building. I—"

"But the cost, Colonel Allison?" (the title was a favor-winning device employed by McCallum) "I can't afford it."

Contractor Allison looked what is popularly known as withering scorn. When he resumed his normal expression he snapped: "Don't I know that? Of course you can't. Who'd expect you to afford anything on fifty or sixty dollars a month?"

McCallum subsided, and the contractor went on: "I want you to buy a lot of furniture, over at Lester's—the best he's got; have some glass doors put in and marked private and have a brass letter sign down on the street. I've noticed if the signs are good the public don't inquire much further."

Tom had begun to think his thanks when the contractor's last deprecatory remark changed the course of his speech.

"I'm afraid you've overestimated my abilities, Mr. Allison," he said.

"No, I haven't," said the blunt father-in-law. "If you've got any at all, I don't know it. How you ever managed to hoodwink that smart girl of mine into marrying you has always been too much for me."

There was a pause, in which Tom was supinely silent. Old Allison pulled his hat down over his ears, extended his hardened hand and said:

"There, now! Don't mind me. Rent the rooms, buy the furniture and make yourself fit to be my son-in-law. That's all I ask."

Tom was keenly hurt. He had planned ambitious things. He had seen the straight and narrow path of endeavor and achievement far, far ahead of him. He had planned to hew the wood and draw the water. At school he had "orated" on the independent spirit in thought and action, of the worker against the idler, with the worker a winner in a glorious end. So, naturally enough, he was a bit dazed as Allison left him, and even sick at heart.

But—he rented the rooms and he bought the furniture. On three doors he had the word "Private" ground into the glass. On one door he had placed, in very small, square, dignified letters—

THOMAS MCCALLUM,  
LAWYER.

Around tables, in other buildings, leaning over plans in some instances, attending meetings of directories in others, Archibald Allison waved the mysterious wand that sent men to the law offices of the brilliant young counsellor, Thomas McCallum. Fletcher used to come to the gorgeous place where his old school chum busied with stenographers, and there the two would chat. This other Tom's law practice was not above one room, and the single amanuensis came in only on call. This Tom had got into politics, and was a big man in his ward, but he was having what he called hard sledding. McCallum tried to lend him some money, but Fletcher shook his head and said that he'd pull through—somehow. Fletcher sighed a bit over his old friend's magnificence, but the sigh was never as real as McCallum's, after Fletcher had gone. Minerva's husband was forever sure that the world knew that he was the manufactured article. His friend Fletcher was the real thing. His law practice was his very own. His pull in politics belonged to him alone, because he had worked for it, unaided, and had climbed his little way unhelped. It was after one of these visits between the old friends that Minerva came to McCallum with a new idea. She wanted to spend her winters in Washington.

"Narcissa going there?" asked the knowing McCallum.

"No, but she's to be at the Governor's mansion a good deal, and you know, Tom, when she is out of town I'm very lonely. So I thought if—if you'd run for Congress, it would be very nice."

Tom winced before the blow came. "Papa could help you, I'm sure," said Minerva.

"But he won't!" Tom cried. "I tell you, Minerva, I'm tired of the old man's help. What does my success, as you call it, amount to? Is there any one pointing the finger of admiration at me as a self-made man? I think not, and you, Minerva, most of all, keep me conscious of the miserable results of your father's money and pull."

"Why, Tom!" Minerva managed to gasp.

"Oh, yes, you do," Tom went on. "Didn't I hear you saying to Velma—think of it—to Velma, our only child—that you were 'responsible for papa's success;' that I was a struggling lawyer without prospects until gran'pa took me up and—"

Minerva's tears stopped the oration. "Tom, dear," she sobbed, "I didn't mean it that way. Why, I love you more than I did when I married you and—and (here a sobbing interruption) I've loved you every minute of the fifteen years we've been married."

The upshot of it all was that Tom went to Congress—with the usual Allison help—where he was as colorless as an amateur prima donna. Meantime, his old chum, Fletcher, got in with the state house crowd back at home. Narcissa was the wedded belle of all the mansion hops, and the Fletcher house in town, adding a room or two year by year, was the scene of many of what the society weeklies called "swell affairs." Over on the eastern side of the country the McCallum parties were attracting attention—even in Washington. Tom told a friend, in polite confidence, that he wouldn't know how to act in citizen's clothing after six o'clock in the evening, and that his congressional experience was mostly in the mind of the friendly Washington correspondent.

It was near the end of McCallum's second term that he had a visit from Fletcher, accompanied by the almost grown child of Narcissa's heart. One evening when Velma and young Tom were making up for lost time in the humid, scented, palm-room at the McCallum home, the two old friends talked it all over. McCallum was very unhappy. His wife was a social lioness, while he was famous as a man who knew all about shell fish.

As Fletcher told of his own modest achievements out West, winding up with the intimation that he might have to dodge a governorship or have it thrust upon him, the Congressman could contain himself no longer.

"This is my last term, Tom!" he said. "I'm going in for something else—the strenuous life, Roosevelt calls it. Here I am, under 45—a nobody. I'm going to cut loose from these dress clothes and this everlasting function habit and—"

"What's the matter with the Klondike?" laughed Fletcher.

"No, Tom, I'm serious," McCallum went on. "I've been thinking this over for fifteen years and my mind's made up."

"But you're sure to be sent back here. Your constituency likes you."

"Pah," snarled McCallum, "tell that to Minerva. No, they won't send me back, and do you know why?"

Tom stood up and threw his shoulders back, ripping a button from his vest in the movement.

"No? Well, I'll tell you: I'm going to lead a fight. Don't laugh; that's what I, supine Tom McCallum, intend to do. I'm slated to carry the Wool Tax through this House."

Fletcher jumped to his feet. "Why, man!" he shouted, "you're a free trader."

"I've changed," McCallum returned, grimly.

"But there's not a sheep in your district."

"Don't give a—"

Minerva appeared, pale and nervous.

"Is it true, Tom?" she asked, hardly looking at Fletcher, "that you're going to do this thing?"

"What thing?" Tom asked, feeling a tremble in the knees of his resolution.

"Tom, it will mean your political ruin—the end of your public career."

She turned to Fletcher in dumb appeal. Fletcher bowed slightly, without indicating his opinion.

"Minerva," McCallum began, with a firmness of tone that frightened him. "You must leave this to me. For the first time in my congressional experience, I am confronted by a grave responsibility. But"—turning impressively to Fletcher—"I will not shirk it. I will end my political career, take my form and face from the national house, earn the condemnation of my loyal support at home—for principle. Let it be written upon my tomb"—here Minerva presented initial tears—"that I was a slave to no party; that I fought for the right as I saw it; that I—"

"Good enough!" cried Fletcher, "but you musn't make your epitaph too long."

In the course of a few weeks the Wool Tax fight was over and won. Delegations of Allison-McCallum men had come on to Washington to investigate Tom's condition. The old man, kept at home with his last illness, fretted, fumed, swore and sent long, vicious telegrams to his son-in-law. The opposition gathered strength. McCallum was denounced as a traitor, a miserable, shifting trimmer, a man with no thought for the plain people. Minerva took on five years as the campaign proceeded and when the news of Tom's overwhelming defeat reached her, she swooned.

McCallum, for the first time in his life, felt an honest pride. His pictures were in all the papers—in something besides an account of a fish dinner. Heads of famous corporations flooded him with congratulatory telegrams, interviewers sought him and the press on his side called him a patriot. From a Committee, he received an address and a gold plate engraved with some sentiment about the necessity for protecting home industries.

When Tom got home, most of "the boys" were not at the train to meet him. A faithful few shook him by the hand, while they silently shook their heads. Minerva had the carriage blinds drawn as she and Velma drove away from the station.

At breakfast the next morning, when Velma was wondering whether her mother would ever be able to come to the table again, her father called across to her cheerily:

"Would you and Tom just as soon be married in the East?" he asked.

Velma looked her astonishment.

"Read this telegram," said the Ex-Congressman, as he tossed a yellow sheet to his daughter. It ran like this:

"The Board of the Eagle-Empire Wool Trust begs to repeat its offer of the presidency, the contract to bear date January 1, and to continue in force five years."

"See here, Velma," said McCallum, "don't you think your mother would rather I'd be a Senator from an Eastern State, than a Congressman from the Nineteenth?"

"Oh!" screamed the delighted Velma. "Won't it be too lovely—and—and gran'pa will help you too, I'm sure," she added, from force of habit.

"I'll be hanged if he will," said Mr. McCallum, as the red-eyed Minerva entered the breakfast room.



## WHITMAN IN HIS WORK.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

WHEN Walt Whitman wrote:

*"I have looked for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all the lands."*

he simply prophesied his own literary apotheosis. To-day there is a "Whitman Cult," with members all over the world; to-day the new "Variorum Whitman" has been exhausted in its first edition within sixty days. It has not been many years, as the life of a book goes, since the combined recognition of Whitman's genius by such men as Emerson, Carlyle, Rossetti and Tennyson was impotent to still the storm of protest and indignation that his name aroused. The Whitman who first burst upon the world in poems without rhyme, was held by the world as a vulgar egotist, shamelessly bringing into light that which decency had consigned to the silences. His work was called "crude," "rough," without harmony, without sense, doomed to the oblivion from which nothing but a mind unbalanced could have evoked it or a soul degenerate have inspired it. "There be prophecies," however, "but they fail."

Perhaps no one more thoroughly realizes the general truth of this aphorism of the great Paul than does David McKay the intimate friend and publisher, for years, of Walt Whitman. So fierce was the fight upon Whitman when he first made "Leaves of Grass" that Mr. McKay was not at all certain of immunity from arrest upon his visit to Boston at that time. Within a few years, Boston, the literary pulse of the United States, has changed its beat; it is Boston now which congratulates Mr. McKay upon the "Variorum Whitman."

This change of feeling toward the "good, gray Poet" is but an endorsement of the far-seeing judgment of the Sage of Concord who, forty-five years ago, wrote to Whitman: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career." Through the apparent egotism, the bizarreness, so to speak, of the work, Emerson, great himself, recognized the simple grandeur of another soul and saw beneath the fantastic garbing of his thoughts the pure intentions of the man. It is this purity of intention in the voicing of outspoken truths that has proven false the early prophecies about Whitman and that is carrying his work forward year by year to a growing circle of appreciators. It must be this, since even his warmest admirers cannot claim literary perfection or conventional rhetorical construction for his poems.

Taken as a whole there is a lot of verbiage, I had almost said rubbish, that one would like to clear away and thus leave for immortality only the living thoughts, the living truths, of his pen. But this "bard of personality" must be taken in his work as the individual asked to be taken in his lifetime—just as he is. Therefore, he declares:

*"I will not make poems with reference to parts;  
But I will make leaves, poems, sonnets, . . . with reference to ensemble;  
And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with reference to all days;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And I will thread a thread through my poems that time and events are compact,  
And that all the things of the universe are perfect miracles, each as profound as any."*

And looking through the poems into the spirit of their conception it dawns upon one that the egotism which enwraps and permeates them at first glance is not egotism at all, in its accepted sense. The poet has simply analyzed in him-



self the hopes, fears, virtues, faults, passions, aims and desires of all mankind and he sings, through himself, not his own petty individuality but the individuality of Manhood and Womanhood for all time to come. A man of boundless enthusiasms, permeated with life and the joy of simply living, he sees in Man the glorious climax of all creation:

*"I know I have the best of time and space,"*

he says:

*"And was never measured and never will be measured,  
I tramp a perpetual journey—*

*Not I—not any one else, can travel that road for you,  
You must travel it for yourself."*

And of a surety he believes:

*"My rendezvous is appointed—it is certain;  
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms."*

And so, resting in that belief, he is "not curious about God," and, seeing typed in himself the best handiwork of the Creator, he says:

*"I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand not God in the least,*

*Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself."*

*"I know I am deathless;  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter's compass;  
I know I shall not pass like a child's curling cut with a burnt stick at night."*

Therefore, he

*"Laughs at what you call dissolution*

and

*"—knows the amplitude of time."*

He is "the poet of the Body, and the poet of the Soul," the Soul being "not more than the Body" nor the Body more than the Soul, and, since it is through this miracle of God's creation, this wonderful Body, that he knows God, he feels that:

*"Nothing, not God, is greater than oneself is."*

And he preaches the gospel of purity of Body, not seeing how else one is to attain to purity of Soul, for,

*"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred,  
And the glory and sweet of a man, is the token of manhood untainted."*

One cannot write about Whitman and ignore those poems which have aroused the strongest prejudices against him and his entire work and brought down upon him and it the heaviest storms of critical wrath, but no other woman can hope to pass as kindly or broad or well-expressed a judgment upon them as that which emanated from "the noble, Christian soul of Anne Gilchrist" and which is to be found in its entirety in the beautiful little volume "Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman."

"Who so well able to bear it," she asks, "as she who, having been a happy wife and mother, has learned to accept all things with tenderness, to feel a sacredness in all?" Her only doubt was expressed in the thought that, perhaps, Whitman had forgotten, or through some theory in his head, had overridden, the truth that "our instincts are beautiful facts of nature as well as our bodies" and that "we have a strong instinct of silence about some things." When, however, she had read the "beautiful, despised" poems of "Children of Adam" by the "light that glows out of the rest of the volume, by the light of a clear, strong faith in God, of an unfathomably deep and tender love for humanity, light shed out of a soul that is possessed of itself," she wrote Rossetti he argued rightly that her confidence would not be betrayed by any of the poems in the book. None of them, she said, troubled her, even for a moment; because she saw at a glance that it was not, as men had supposed, the "heights brought down to the depths, but the depths lifted up level with the sunlit heights, that they might become clear and sunlit too."

Poet, as he is, of "personality," Whitman is also essentially the poet of modern civilization; the rush, the throb, the heaving undercurrents of the metropolis find their full expression at his hands. He seems to be in poesy what Wagner is in music.

"O to die advancing on!" is the cry of his soul; On! On! to that immortality in which he so firmly believes.

*"I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!  
That the exquisite scheme is for it \* \* \*  
And all preparation is for it."*

And yet, with his sublime faith in immortality, or perhaps because of it, his body harbored a soul restless in

*"The untold want, by life and land ne'er granted."*

You read it between the lines of his most triumphant songs and in the pathos of his enthusiasm for all mankind, in his yearnings for a comradeship that none of us ever finds. And you feel it in his joyous conception of death itself.

*"Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death."*

*"At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.*

*"Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,  
Let open the doors O soul.*

*"Tenderly—be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,  
Strong is your hold, O love.)"*

With all his restless reaching forward, common to all great souls, nothing that life held of sorrow, injustice, or cruelty was strong enough to embitter his great flood of sympathy toward mankind. He could fight his enemy while need was, yet love him when dead; witness his sonnet on "Reconciliation."

*"Word over all, beautiful as the sky!  
Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time  
be utterly lost;*

*That the hands of the sisters Death and Night, incessantly,  
softly wash again and ever again this soiled world:*

*. . . For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead;  
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin—I draw near;  
I bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.*

Few poets have written anything more exquisitely beautiful than the following sonnet to "A Noiseless, Patient Spider."

*"A noiseless, patient spider,  
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood isolated;  
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launch'd forth filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.*

*"And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing—seeking the spheres to  
connect them;*

*Till the bridge you will need be form'd—till the ductile anchor  
hold;*

*Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul!"*

Perhaps nothing strikes a woman more forcibly, in reading Whitman, than his tenderness toward Womanhood, his veneration for Motherhood. He would fain teach Woman that to be the mother of men and women is to claim the right to the loftiest niche in Creation's temple, and he would make her see the divinity of her mission: By the right of of that divinity, he would have her lift herself to an absolute purity of body, thought and soul worthy of her who "is not only herself" but the "mother of mother's."

*"Think of womanhood, and you to be a woman;  
The creation is womanhood;  
Have I not said that womanhood involves all?  
Have I not told that the universe has nothing better than the best  
womanhood?"*

And this alone would bespeak for Whitman, at a woman's hands, the gentlest tones of criticism.

One cannot close an article on Whitman without especial reference to the Variorum edition, not as a book only, in the best style of book-making art, but as one of those rare books which bears on every page and in every detail the impress of the publisher's labor of love. It does not need the touching little preface, signed by David McKay, to tell us that it was a joy to the publisher to make the book if

not one-tenth the copies had ever been sold. "Walt Whitman," he says, "was a unique character. As his most successful publisher I saw much of him and learned to love his sweet and kindly nature. No one could enter the charmed circle of his friendship without feeling the mastery of his personality. This book, the work of my own hands, I give as a token of those never-to-be-forgotten days. To have met Whitman was a privilege; to have been his friend an honor. The latter was mine; and among the many reminiscences of my life, none are to me more pleasing than those which gather about 'The Good, Grey Poet.'" One has not sung to the world for nothing, when, after years, a wreath of heart-immortelles like this is offered to his memory.

There is no doubt that Whitman possessed a most wonderful personality; to be once his friend was to love him forever and in this register were included the brightest contemporary literary lights. Carlyle, Tennyson, Rossetti, Emerson, Thoreau, Burroughs, were all his friends; they all wished well the quaint, outspoken man who lived so quietly in the little Camden, New Jersey, home, the brave, hopeful Soul in the paralyzed Body awaiting joyously, yet patiently, the call:

*"The untold want, by life and land ne'er granted,  
Now, Voyager, sail thou forth to seek and find."*

## STOCKS IN 1900.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

DEVELOPMENTS in the iron and steel industry, and the results of the November election, were the determining factors in the course of stock exchange values in the year. After the crash which occurred last December, prices rallied quickly and sharply, although speculative confidence had experienced a severe shock, and a good many bubbles had been pricked. The flurry in money-rates disappeared early in January, 1900, forced liquidation having liberated a large amount of capital which had been tied up, ever since the early part of 1899, in inflated industrial stocks and bonds. The year, therefore, opened auspiciously for the bull forces, notwithstanding the apathetic state of affairs in European markets and the anxiety entertained in relation to the results of the protracted cessation of gold shipments from South Africa. American speculators had to rely on their own resources, and to take big amounts of our securities from European investors, who had been compelled to liquidate, owing to the steadily deteriorating condition of financial and industrial affairs in Russia, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Sweden and Norway and Great Britain. The wave of business depression, partly superinduced by the war in South Africa, but principally due to excessive speculation, was followed by a severe fall in the value of all sorts of securities in European countries. Many industrial stocks depreciated from 100 to 200 points on the Vienna and Berlin Bourses, where holders had become panic-stricken, and, as usual in such cases, sold regardless of quotations. Even Government bonds, including German 3s and 4s and British consols, had to suffer, and, up to the present writing, have recovered only a small proportion of the shrinkage.

Strange to say, the panic in European countries was intensified in its results and scope by the reaction in the iron and steel industry in the United States, which became fully apparent in March, and which furnished the necessary opportunity for John W. Gates and his unscrupulous confreres for making a big "scoop" in Wall street. That the boom in iron and steel had been overdone could not be disguised early in January, but the officials of the Federal Steel Co., and the American Steel & Wire Co. continued to express optimism and to predict still higher prices, until, early in March, Gates startled the entire speculative community by ordering a shut-down of various plants of the American Steel & Wire Co. and intimating, by his explanatory statements, that the clock had struck twelve. The resultant severe break in the value of steel

and other industrial issues entailed tremendous losses for a good many confiding holders, who had been deluded by the roseate statements of Judge Gary, of the Federal Steel Co., and the now notorious Mr. Gates.

The stocks of industrial combines organized in 1898 and 1899 experienced a tremendous shrinkage in value, extending from 20 to 40 points, and there was no marked recovery until shortly before the November elections, when, in anticipation of Republican triumph, all stocks recorded a more or less decided improvement. Confidence in the industrial group of issues had also been impaired by the sharp decline in the price of American Sugar Refining Co. certificates, which fell to almost 95, after selling at 137 early in January, owing to the pessimistic utterances of President Havemeyer, and a reduction in the dividend-rate from 12 to 6 per cent. per annum. The dividend has since been raised to 7 per cent. again, but there can be no doubt that the surplus of the company is now very small, compared with what it was some years ago. The Sugar Trust, like many other industrial combines, is confronted with rapidly growing competition, which is being encouraged by fat dividend-payments.

The stocks of Northwestern railway companies were adversely affected as soon as it became apparent, in May, that the spring-wheat crop would be a failure, and show a large deficit, compared with the production of a year ago. St. Paul common, Northern Pacific preferred and common, Great Northern preferred, Wisconsin Central preferred and common and Canadian Pacific lost from 10 to 15 points, on apprehensions that the spring-wheat deficit would entail a shrinkage in grain shipments, besides curtailing the purchasing-power of the people of the Northwest. The losses in value were more than recovered, however, after the election, on account of the hopeful view which investors and speculators took of the future and a smaller falling-off in earnings than had been anticipated. A few of the leading railroad systems of the Northwest have inaugurated a great reduction in operating expenses to off-set the loss in grain traffic, with the result that gross earnings are decreasing, while net earnings are increasing. A favorable feature of the situation is the large movement of general merchandise to Western points, which is straining all the resources of the railway companies, and which shows, as yet, no sign of slackening.

The panicky state of affairs in the financial markets of Europe, and the South African and Chinese complications engendered a waiting attitude in Wall street, during the summermonths. At one time it looked as though the expenditures connected with the Chinese troubles would induce a sharp rise in the value of money in Berlin and London, and lead to heavy gold exports from the United States, but the tremendous liquidation in the Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Brussels markets caused a relaxation of the unhealthy strain and a somewhat improved feeling towards the close of the year, although the Bank of England found itself compelled to raise its rate of discount to 4 per cent. owing to a drop in its reserves to almost 40 per cent. The expectations that the war requirements of the British Governments would result in a rise in the rate of discount to 5 per cent. were not realized. There is still, however, a great deal of anxiety, and money-rates will remain stiff for some months to come.

The dull, dragging and drooping stock market of the summer months gradually improved with the approach of the election. Every stock on the list began to reflect the strong belief in Republican triumph and a perpetuation of the gold standard, and sharp gains were recorded under heavy buying demand. When, at last, the verdict of the people was announced, there followed such a rush of buying orders that the professional element stood aghast, and that prices ran up with irresistible velocity. To facilitate bull operations, London houses fairly scrambled to cover "call" contracts, and to obtain a sufficient supply to meet obligations. The British, under the pardonable belief that the result of the election had been fairly well discounted and that a reaction could not be prevented, had sold a large number of "calls" to American speculators, and, therefore,

found themselves in a sore pinch, when prices continued to climb upwards. On no other theory could the almost sensational rise in international stocks be adequately explained. If British speculators had been *bona fide* purchasers for "long" account, sterling exchange would have dropped to the gold-importing point. It has since become known that immense amounts of American stocks and bonds have been transferred from British to American hands, and further sales are expected, if the upward movement should continue. Europeans are not in a position to buy foreign securities at the present juncture, for reasons well known and partly explained above.

The unusual advance in prices has puzzled the most careful and experienced observers and upset all calculations. Such a conservative and prominent authority as the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle*, of New York, stated, a few weeks before the election, that everything had been discounted and that there was no reason to anticipate any sharp improvement. It seemed that the public had taken the bit between its teeth and was running away with the market. Many leading professional operators in Wall street had a sorrowful experience, as they did not lose any time in selling for "short" account the day after the election, in imitation of their English *confreres*. The market acted in violation of all precedent, and Wall street arrived at the conclusion that times had changed, and that the public had become the dominant power. The efforts of the professional element were nullified by the persistent absorption of railroad stocks by investors, who paid cash, and locked their holdings in their tin-boxes.

The rising tendency continued, with only temporary interruptions, well up to the close of the year. Bulls took fresh courage, when it was announced that various important deals were in contemplation. Rumors of close relations between the various coal properties, for instance, led to tremendous buying of the securities of anthracite and bituminous coal properties, especially of Erie, Reading, Delaware & Hudson, Ontario & Western and Jersey Central. Sufficient has happened to warrant the assumption that Morgan has a strong grip on the coal properties, and that he contemplates a gigantic deal of some kind.

One of the principal underlying factors contributing towards a maintenance of confidence and strength is the knowledge that the silver agitation has been downed for good, and that all danger of a depreciation of our currency has disappeared. All that is now necessary to bring our currency system up to a modern and perfect standard is proper legislation to insure elasticity, and a response of the volume of circulating media to ebb and tide conditions in general business. The still existing defect is amply illustrated at the present time, when money, in spite of the customary decline in commercial and industrial activity towards the close of the year, continues to be withdrawn, in large amounts, from New York for interior points. In lieu of such a state of affairs, money should return from the interior to New York, where it can be employed to better advantage, and where the bank reserves experienced a serious depletion in the last two months. It is to be hoped that the required legislation will soon be enacted to give flexibility to our currency. There are some other minor defects which should and, no doubt, will be remedied. One of these is the lack of a mandatory requirement compelling the Secretary of the Treasury fully to protect the gold reserve.

At the closing of the nineteenth century, it can safely be asserted that the United States is entering upon an epoch-making era in both finance and commerce. We are rapidly becoming the most powerful nation in every respect, and the financial supremacy of the world, which is still held by London, will soon be ours. There will be the usual, natural reactions in business conditions due to factors which, in many cases, cannot be foreseen, and which, at times, result from reckless optimism and wild inflation, but our star is still rising and the new century will witness an enormous increase in our population, wealth, commerce, power and influence.

## SONNETS TO A WIFE.

XLVIII—THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

THE flight of Time will through the cycles wing  
And one age follow on another's path;  
The leaves of May will feel November's wrath  
And January blossom into Spring;  
And side by side we, onward wandering,  
Shall learn the lesson that each season hath,  
The bud and shard, the glow and aftermath,  
The hopes that vanish, and the dreams that cling.

A day is like a swallow's shadow cast  
On sleeping waters; for an instant there  
Etched by the restless pinion in mid-air,  
Vague and elusive as the fleeting past;  
So let us cleave to gladness in our day  
While Time, that miser, hoards the years away.

XLIX—LATE VIOLETS.

Fast-hidden in October's grassy swales  
Late violets lay; we found them, you and I,  
While gusty winds, unbridled, galloped by  
And smoky Indian-summer filled the vales;  
And when the grass divided in the gales  
They glinted there like bits of Autumn sky,  
Then disappeared, as sylvan fairies shy  
When clamor rude their close retreat assails.

Late violets; blue as deep-sea depths unstirred  
They nestled there, and heard the pulse of earth,  
Reverberate within its hollow girth  
Like to a giant echo, faint and blurred;  
And far beyond the sweep of Winter's wing  
We saw their paler sisters of the Spring.

L.—AUTUMN REVERIES.

Along the slopes the fading stubbles show  
And in the woods a purple vapor swims,  
While hickory-nuts from the wind-shaken limbs,  
Drop down and nestle in the leaves below;  
The sumach burns with ever-deepening glow  
And shadows lurk about the shallow rims  
Of silent pools; while eastward slowly dims  
The penciled flight of a departing crow.

And you and I, here on this russet hill  
Drink deep the beaker of Autumnal wine  
Held to our lips; and feel the nameless thrill,  
That ebbs and flows in changing shade and shine;  
The breeze is dead; the trees are rapt and still  
As pilgrims kneeling at a desert shrine.

LI.—ROSEMARY.

Rosemary for remembrance—may this be  
A leaf where treasured happiness is sealed,  
Unknown to others; which to us will yield,  
(Our memory the magic opening key)  
A fragrant scent of the lost days set free,  
A music to our listening ears revealed;  
As a rough shell that sometimes holds concealed  
The mystic, murmurous secret of the sea.

For something to the written line belongs  
Beyond the word that's uttered; through the pen  
This verse, mayhap, shall come to live again,  
And take its place among remembered songs;  
When you and I and all our love and trust  
Are blended into long-forgotten dust.



A BLOOM OF THE HUISACHE.

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

THE Captain of Company F, Frontier Battalion, State of Texas, was big and burly and black. He sat in his office, next to the livery stable, with pen, ink and blank forms in front of him. Outside, the white street of the little town threw back the sun's rays in glare. Teetotums of dust spun back and forth in the strong breeze. With their backs against a dun adobe building opposite, three Mexicans sat, sound asleep. The month was September, and the thermometer against the thin office wall registered 100 degrees. The Captain perspired visibly, for much hard riding had failed to take off his fat. He looked at the young fellow, standing easily, and said:

"Your name?"

"Fairvoix."

"Full name?"

"Thomas Quentin Fairvoix."

"American, of course. State of nativity?"

"Maryland."

"Age?"

"Twenty-five."

"Married or single?"

"Bachelor."

"Lucky! You never fought a duel, I suppose, and haven't any other constitutional disability. Would you fight a duel?"

"Not if I could help it."

"Neither would I. You've got a horse, saddle, etc., and weapons. Hold up your right hand! Um-m-m you u-m-m do faithfully swear u-m-m Texas u-m-m-m one year. All right, Fairvoix! You know where the camp is. Report to the Sergeant. He'll want some one of you to leave for Hidalgo to-night. Jail duty out there. Squeeze your saddle tight and your tongue tighter."

Leaving the Captain, with arms thrown back over his head, in a huge yawn, Fairvoix walked into the sunshine and went to the camp, a quarter of a mile away. He found some thirty young men lounging about in blue shirts, canvas overalls, boots, wide hats and cartridge belts, reported himself, was told to get his horse and turn it into the "herd" and otherwise make himself at home. An hour afterward, he found himself attached to a "dab," which was a segregation of four or five troopers engaged in doing their own cooking, and he learned soon that a member of one "dab" must not interfere with the utensils or food of another "dab," else argument would ensue. He had the American attribute of adaptability and, moreover, was lonely. His new brothers-in-arms looked him over slowly, but thoroughly, and decided that he would do. He was of the brune type, with the reddish hazel eyes of the promptly pugnacious—long-limbed, light and powerful. A certain careless swing and a trick of hitching the right shoulder forward, indicated aggressiveness. For the rest, he was frank-faced, with white teeth, a slow smile and slightly freckled. He supposed his companions to be ordinary rough-riders of the Southwest, hired to do rough work. He had cast his lot with them for a year and was willing to make the best of it. A change was what he wanted—something to make him forget. So he said to a small, unkempt fellow, who was peeling potatoes:

"I've a fair cigar here, if you can stop long enough to try it."

"*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes*," said the man, without looking up.

Fairvoix stared a moment, then burst into a laugh. "Oh, well," he said, "you needn't. I'll admit that the horse isn't the best I ever saw, but he's brought me this far, which proves that he isn't made of wood."

"Saw you lead him and judged from his gait that he was," said the potato man. "However, put the cigar away for me and I'll try it after chuck."

A blue-eyed, bearded fellow across the fire laughed loudly, remarked "That's a horse on you," and began to chant softly "Gaudeamus."

Fairvoix was not specially quick, but he realized that at least some of the men were of his own class. What they were doing there it was not his business to inquire. Indeed, he felt little curiosity about it, since he had reasons of his own for temporary exile.

"I'm from Maryland," he said frankly. "William and Mary college."

"North Carolina," said the potato man, "Princeton."

"Missouri," said the bearded man, "Yale."

"You are not all collegians in this company?" Fairvoix asked with a smile.

"Oh, no. We're rather scattering. You happened to bump into the only two pundits among us. My name's Lindsay and that singing gent over there is Reginald Featherstone Blake, called 'Stumps' for short. Glad to know that you're to be with us. I got a hint from the Sergeant awhile ago that we're to ride together. You'll find jail-duty the dullest thing you ever tackled in your life, but if there is no work to be done we can lie around and quote poetry to each other. That isn't as quick a way of dying as some, but it's pleasanter."

There was little to do at the jail. Some Mexican criminals were confined and there had been vague threats from the other side of the Rio Grande that their companions would cross and attempt release. The wide river rolled between them and the land they loved and the Ranger detachment had been sent to see that it kept on rolling between. The men smoked many shuck-encased cigarettes, made friends with the brown babies rolling about in the sand, gambled with each other for watermelons, which were worth nothing, and so worried away the time. The Corporal commanding the squad had forbidden them to go much into the town, particularly after dark, so they lolled and repined. Fairvoix had enlisted to escape thought and he told himself that he had been swindled. October came and went and there was no change in the monotony, no change in the practically fadeless foliage of the mesquites, no change in the green, gaunt, ragged forms of the cacti, no change in the plaintive notes which the little doves piped from the undergrowth. Still the blue quails buzzed over the tops of the chaparral before the stealthy advance of the leopard cat and still, up and down the river, sounded the snappy yelps of hunting coyotes. It was their duty to stay and they staid, but, being young, any one of them would have preferred to invade the sister republic alone.

"Discipline is discipline," Fairvoix muttered a hundred times, "but—"

Early on a night in November, a night so clear, so cool, so calm that the slow-wheeling stars seemed to hang almost within touch, he stepped from the stockade which enclosed the building and started down the street which ran straight from the river to the eastern end of the village. He had made acquaintance with one or two keepers of cantinas and, stopping in for a sip of mescal, was told that a dance was in progress at the only public hall the place owned. This hall was a long narrow house, built of adobe, its floor within six inches of the dirt beneath. He paid the price of twenty-five cents and entered. He found inside a crowd of men and women of the Mexican race, with here and there an American sheep-rancher who had ridden twenty miles for ten hours of break in the dullness of his life. At the far end was a raised platform upon which were seated one man with a violin and three men with guitars of differing sizes. The dance had been going on for not more than an hour, but already the air was thick with dust, through which the willowy forms of the women showed as if in a mist and through it their eyes glanced languorously. Fairvoix was reasonably accustomed to such scenes, because of his two weeks in the southwest, before enlistment, and was aware that no introductions were necessary. He edged his way along the wall, carefully avoiding the waltzers, until he found himself next to a girl who was standing and looking listlessly. Her mantilla shrouded her face from a side view, but he could see that she was young and tall and beautifully molded. Her gown of black

hung in straight folds and from under its hem peeped unconsciously a slender, high-arched foot, clad in a white slipper and a stocking of green. He knew a little Spanish and spoke without hesitation.

"Will you dance, Senorita?"

She turned and looked at him with a grave, questioning gaze. He saw then that she was not more than sixteen years old, with a clear, dark skin under which the red blood showed richly. Her eyes, long and lustrous, were black as night, with apparently fathomless depth in them. Her red, full lips showed a sensuous curve. Her forehead, low and broad, was guiltless of wrinkle. The nose was something aquiline, and the hand with which she drew back the mantilla was small and delicate. She paled slightly as she looked, and there was a quick intake of the breath as she asked:

"The Senor is an American and a stranger?"

"An American and a stranger, Senorita."

"I seem to have seen the Senor before."

"It is hardly possible, Senorita. I come from a far country and have been here only a little while. Perhaps, though, the Senorita has seen me near the jail. I am of the State service and am on duty there."

"No, it is not that. I, too, am of a far country and came only yesterday. I am from Nuevo Leon and visit my uncle, who has the office of the Alcalde here. That is he, near to the door there. I have not seen the Senor in the daytime."

"Then it is merely a fancy, Senorita."

"Perhaps. Who knows? We have dreams, we people. But somewhere, somehow, sometime I have seen you, Senor."

"Henceforth I, too, shall dream, Senorita."

"I will dance, Senor."

Standing the while, gazing into the deeps of her eyes and listening to a voice, round, full, sweet, which yet had a plaintive undertone, Fairvoix had felt his heart "beat thick and quick," and now the blood was hammering in his temples. His sombrero, which he had held by his side, dropped to the floor now. He put his arm about her and her mantilla slipped and fell upon it. Her blue-black hair was piled in masses upon her small head and in it nestled a single spray of the yellow blossoms of the huisache tree, its perfume the strangest, softest, most penetrating, seductive of all the floral distilleries of that arid land. And so, with her yielding body pressed against his, they melted into the pulsating strains of "Sobre las Olas."

"Over the Waves"—Over the blue waves which curl about tropic islands, with high-reaching foundations of coral, at whose bases lie the bones of drowned mariners: over blue waves which beat soundingly and creamily against the low shores of the "Dead Man's Chest," where less than a score of roisterers sang "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" while "drink and the devil had done for the rest;" over blue waves kissed by summer airs and slow-swinging to the heave of the ground-swell coming from far away; over blue waves that laugh and leap in the sunshine and grow terrible as madness at the witch-call of the storm; over blue waves that have in them the tinkle of the guitar and the booming of bells and the diapason of the organ when the lean and nervous fingers of the God-gifted are breathing on the keys; over blue waves that are a joy and a sorrow, a benison and a curse! It had been long since he had danced so! If memories came to him of grayer waves on a northern coast, they were only fleeting. If there passed before him a vision of an old home, hidden in "tall, ancestral trees," white amid the green, with the level sward about, it was dim. Her heart was against his, and in his nostrils the scent of the yellow flower whose tree bears ten thousand thorns. He reeled, yet caught the time and went on, and on, not conscious of fatigue, not conscious of the forms about him, not conscious that the short, swart Mexican men looked at him loweringly, while the violin wailed and the guitars throbbed.

It was over at last. The instruments ceased with a crash. He led her back and adjusted her mantilla about her face and shoulders. He looked once again into the

eyes of black. The girl was white to the lips and returned his glance without speaking.

"Henceforth I, too, shall dream, Senorita," he muttered thickly, and made his way to the door.

A quarter-mile below Hidalgo is a point where a tongue of live oaks runs down to the edge of the Rio Grande. Many years ago it was a wide extending "motte;" but the slow, relentless gnawing of the chaparral has cut the "motte" into a line of trees not a hundred feet long and certainly not fifty feet wide. The ground there is carpeted with tender grasses all of the year. Of clear winter nights the moonbeams sift through the gnarled limbs and make fantastic traceries on the sward. When a vagrom breeze waves the tops apart, the stars shine clearly down, but, in the main, dusky shadows are about the trunks. The murmur of the water is unceasing. One may hear it slipping past the bank caressingly and no sound comes from the middle river except it be the heavy splash of an alligator or gar rolling over, then sinking again. In that place the pipes of Pan take on an added sweetness. From the town, a narrow path twists to it between walls of clinging cat-claw. One may reach it, also, by dropping from the rear wall of the jail stockade to the bank below and so making one's way down stream between the bank and the current, taking care, of course, that the rope be stout and securely fastened to the stockade's top. Fairvoix found it a pleasant spot. In it he seemed apart from the world and all its people, save one. It was pleasant, too, to listen to low-sung songs, brought two centuries ago from old Spain, pleasant to watch the flying fingers flutter along the twelve strings of the guitar, pleasant to feel upon his cheek the velvet of young lips, and to watch the dark eyes grow humid because of his pleadings.

In late December an ambulance drawn by four mules whirled into Hidalgo. Dust was on its dark leathern top, an inch thick. On the rear seat was a man of fifty, tall, spare and stern. Fatigue served only to make deeper the heavy lines about his mouth and eyes. He was driven straight to the jail, dismounted stiffly and, borrowing the whip from his driver, rapped sharply upon the stockade gate. It was opened by one of the wardens. The man handed him a paper, which was scanned briefly. Then the gate closed behind him. Once inside, the visitor addressed himself to Blake, who chanced to be standing near. He spoke courteously enough, lifting his hat with a slight, but accented bow:

"Mr. Faivoix is here, I presume?"

"Why, yes," Blake said. "He's lying down in his room, I guess. He bunks in the adobe to the left, there. Shall I call him?"

"Thanks, but if you will show me the way, or direct me, I will go to him."

"There are only two rooms, one each side the hall. His is the right-hand one."

With another bow the stranger walked into the squat building, knocked softly at the door and entered as soon as it was opened, himself shutting it with a strong hand. The two faced each other—father and son.

"I have come many weary miles for you, Quent," said the elder, "and you must return with me."

"I can not," said the younger. "I have enlisted for a year."

"I came by way of San Diego, saw Captain Burton and obtained your discharge."

"I can not go."

"Which means that you do not want to go. Heloise asks you to come."

"Miss Kane sent me away once. One sending is enough for me."

"You think that your affection for her is dead? It will revive when you see her."

"I think not."

"Putting that aside, you know that you are out of place here. What companionship can these men offer you. Why, the fellow I spoke to had not shaved in a week."

The younger smiled. "Blake'll give you all of Ovid, if you want it, Dad," he said, "and Lindsay is writing a parody of the 'Anabasis,' in the original. That is, he says he is. I suppose he's telling the truth."

"Don't be a fool, Quent," was the prompt rejoinder. "I suppose you'll admit that you owe some duty to me, or, if not to me, to the estate, or if not to the estate, to your mother."

"My mother?" with a startled look.

The elder Fairvoix's hard face softened. He took a step toward his son and laid a large hand on his shoulder.

"She is not strong," he said simply. "I fear—she—she has not six months to live."

The son turned from him, his head bent, his hands clenched by his side and stood so. Then he faced about and said wearily:

"Give me until to-morrow, Dad, only until to-morrow. I'll go."

Under the live-oaks, to which the river whispered, she said to him:

"To-night, beloved one, the *pastores* are abroad, singing. They are singing the birth of the Man-Child of Heaven. You may hear them from where we stand. Yet you do this thing!"

He said: "I must go!"

"It is not the mother who takes you from me; it is not the father; it is another woman."

"That is not true, *cara mia*."

"It is true! By Mary, our mother, it is true! You go to her and you come not back!"

"I will come back."

"Listen, beloved one; I shall see you not again. You are brave, strong, rich and beautiful—oh! so beautiful!—and I am only a girl. Yet remember that it was I who gave most. I have asked nothing of your riches; I have asked only your heart; I have given myself; you have given nothing. In your cold home look back and say: 'She gave most.' Wake with your cold bride in your arms and say: 'I beggared her; she gave most.' Stronger you may grow, richer, braver, though not more beautiful—oh! not more beautiful—but through it all this memory must run: 'She gave most; I beggared her; I gave nothing; she recked not; she gave all; I nothing!'"

She ceased, her dark face colorless but calm. Through the moveless boughs a bar of moonlight fell upon the blue-black hair and the yellow flower of the *huisache*. Then she went from him swiftly, and its perfume lingered.

### LOVE'S CUP.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

TOUCH not the cup—or drink it to the soul!

For Love's new wine so strangely subtle is

That, taste a drop of its enchanted bliss

And straightway, thro' the startled senses roll,

As strains a runner to his destined goal,

Fierce yearning toward inebriety's abyss,

Blind craving for the last dreg's rapturous kiss

And all the fire and madness of the whole!

Yet—let me not be cautious overlate,

Lest, being so, I miss the potion's flame

That burns the dross of utter selfishness—

Lest, fearing much Love's bacchic storm and stress,

I wake to know, in my dulled spirit's shame,

That I have missed the utmost gift of Fate!

### MISERY IN HEAVEN.

"WHO'S that gloomy saint sitting on the jasper boulder over there?" inquired one little angel of another, in Heaven, on Christmas Day.

"Oh, that's John Calvin. This isn't a good time of year, you know, for his pet doctrine of Infant Damnation."

"He looks as if he had just read St. George Mivart's book, 'Happiness in Hell.'"

Little.

### WHEN I WAS ENDYMION.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

AT the age of seven a boy may be excused if he makes some attempt to see the world. One ought—if one is anything of a fellow—to push open the garden gate, when one has lived so long, and, with much kicking up of dust in the middle of the road, to go on like a king till something worth seeing is seen, or something worth happening has happened.

It may, perhaps, have taken weeks of hard thought to bring one to a mind of such daring, but, once reached, it is like snapping a spring in a watch cover and revealing all the wonderful hidden springs and wheels, to push wide the gate and saunter abroad—to leave the things known for the things unknown.

Dear, dear! With hands in pockets, and the road long enough before one, there is everything in the world that a yet unjaded wanderer of seven could desire.

The afternoon on which I ventured forth was blue—at least, I called it blue. Far off, where the sky met the ground across the meadows, the air was a-dancing, as it seemed, and the blueness was marvelous. Two birds were flying, wing by wing, up into the sky; the trees had a little laugh in among the leaves. I laughed, too. Then I skuffed down the middle of the road and made a grey cloud of dust rise all about me.

"No one will imagine that I am a boy," I smiled to myself. "I have changed myself into a heap of dust. This is the kind of thing that wizards do. Mother told me about the dwarf that changed into a wisp of straw and passed the postern without being found out, and about the bread that turned into roses to keep St. Elizabeth from being caught when she lied. I thought it was hard to do wizard things; but it doesn't seem to be so very hard."

After a time I began to choke with the dust, and so I concluded, that being a wizard was rather a tame business after all, and I got on the walk and went along quite as if I were anybody and in the habit of being far away from home upon the street every day. I went a long way, and when I looked back down the road, past many houses and trees, I saw that my blue day was turning into gold. The dancing air afar and afar was gold. So were the windows of the houses; and someone must have sent for the sun, for it was hurrying as fast as it could toward the place where I knew the meadows ran into the sky. Not that I could see the place any more. Though I looked all about me, I could rest my eyes on little else besides houses, of which there were more than fifty. I know, for I counted up to fifty; but after that I saw it was no use.

In one street to which I came, there were a great many trees—so many that I could hardly see the houses—and in the middle of this street were some green places fenced in with a black, iron railing, which was high, with sharp, dangerous-looking points at the top. There were three of these little parks. The center one, in which there was a tall fountain, was round, like a saucer. The other two were round, yet long—I could think of no better way to describe their shape to myself—and these had in them only trees and bushes and flowers.

I wondered why there should be a fence around these places. Though I had never been abroad before, I knew well enough that trees and plants were not in the habit of running off, though it is true that the leaves sometimes got tired of staying in their places, and went away on the wind, like imitation butterflies. As to the habits of fountains, I was not quite so sure. We had a silly little fountain at home, into which I had thrown pebbles and leaves ever since I could remember; but a tall, sparkling fountain might have different ways of doing. I was curious to know just what these ways might be, and I went through one of the larger parks, not stopping to nod back at the cosmos flowers which nodded at me, nor give a swing to the bell-like petunias, nor to count the leaves of the pink asters. I kept straight on—though it was hard—till I came to the saucer-shaped compound.



At first I was afraid to go close to the fountain. Little shining serpents of water came leaping down from high places, and it seemed more than likely that some of them would come chasing after me. But all the shining serpents were very well-behaved and staid in their places, and so, after a time, I drew nearer. A few drops of water splashed up in my face, and they felt so pleasant that—as no one was looking—I bathed my face and hands and hair till all the dust of the road was gone from me. Then, as I had no towel, I ran around and around the path about the fountain till the wind had whipped me quite dry.

A shining cup hung from a chain beside the fountain, and I took this to mean that the fountain would have me to drink of it. Which I did, three times. A sparrow was drinking, too, and he sipped, and I sipped, and he from his ledge, and I from the edge of my cup, stared at each other and were happy.

No one came into the place by the fountain. It was very still, and after a time it began to grow dusky.

"It is twilight," I remarked to the fountain. The waters still gleamed, though not so brightly. "I should think you would hate to have the sun go down," I said, still speaking to the waters. "It must be cold." I thought for a little while. "And lonesome," I added with a sigh.

The fountain gave back only a murmur. The tears came to my eyes. Under the circumstances, and since there seemed nothing more to do, perhaps, it were best if I went home. I could start out earlier another day, and then the sun would not leave me so unkindly. But it looked dark down the street. The trees were saying strange things to one another. I was not quite sure which road I was to take after I got out of the place of shadows. Here, if I looked steadily at the fountain, it seemed not so dark or so sad—though it is true there was a sound about the waters which made me think of tears. I laid down on the grass and fixed my eyes upon the fountain. It seemed mistier than it had at first, and larger.

"If I were you," I said, "I would go up much higher than you do. If once I got started going up like that nothing would stop me. I would go up to the stars if I took a notion!"

The fountain answered back with a fling of watery sound. It seemed to dance nearer to me. All my world was made up of white wind-drift. The heavens were of singing foam; the winds were turned into waters. There was a great noise over all things, and it was a noise of waters. I let the mist and the roaring have its way. I became a part of it. My head rested on the sweet grass. I felt a leaf fall on my cheek, and thought, dimly—very dimly, as if thoughts were shadows—that I was to be covered—with leaves—like—like the—babes—in—

When I awoke, my cheek was wet, so was my jacket; but it could not have been raining, for the stars were looking down at me. There were a great many—hundreds of fifties. No one had ever told me there were so many, and I said to myself that it might be this night was different from other nights. Stars had to be born sometime or other. Perhaps a great many of them had been born on this night. There were pictures of some of the brighter stars in the basin of the fountain; for, after a little, I looked within the basin. But I said to myself that it would never do to be afraid of the streets any longer. I must be getting back to my mother. Probably, she would be feeling very lonesome at not having me in my chair at supper time, nor yet in my bed when the darkness had come.

I walked down the pathway, with the wet branches hitting against my face, till I came to the great gate. It had stood wide open when I came; but now it was closed, and when I had tried the latch, I found that it was locked. My breath came fast between my lips. I ran as hard as I could down the path again, not minding the wet branches now, past the fountain, to the further gate. But that, too, was locked. I wanted to call out, but there was something about the stars and the strange brightness of the night, which was different from any brightness I had ever seen before, that forbade me to make any noise. It seemed as if this was not the time for a boy to make his voice heard.

The wind and the fountain, the stars and the other brightness were having the time for theirs.

By and by, after I had run about the park many times, looking for some way to get to my home, and finding none, I saw the moon, which had been hidden behind a tall row of black poplars. Then I knew it was the moon which was making the light. The light of the moon was different from the light of the sun, then! In later days I learned that an old poet had noticed this, too, and said it differently. The fact was new to me that night. It seemed to make me tremble, and tears came into my eyes, though I could not tell why. All about me came a soft glow. The trees were like trees in fairy land. The wind was whispering things to me which I thought that I might understand if only I could listen a little harder. But though I strained my ears, I could not make out the words.

The flowers had sweeter smells than they had had in the day. And as for the fountain, it seemed much taller. It carried little stars along with it in its rising and falling. The moon turned parts of it into silver. It beckoned me with gleaming hands, and I went close.

It no longer looked cold. It was kind and smiled on me. I held out my hands to it:

"Fountain!" I said, "I know all about the dry land and the sunlight. But about water and the night I know nothing."

The mist and the moonlight were so together there in the basin, that I could not tell one from the other, but put my hand down into the place to see if I could stir the silver and the blue light as I could the water. Something took hold of my hand with what was so kind, so soft, so surely a substance, yet so much softer than any substance that I had ever felt, that I could give no name to the thing. It clasped my hand closely, yet gently, and when I pulled upon it, it followed me.

"It is a hand," I whispered, awe-stricken, yet not afraid. "It is the hand of a little child."

Indeed, it was a fact, and one which none of you can persuade me to have been a mistake, that a dear child, half-moonshine and half-mist, came up out of the fountain to play with me there in the night garden. At first I thought that she would not have come over the edge of the fountain to me. I thought she was only a shape that the waters were taking, though I could see her eyes looking upon me with the light of cold, blue stars, and a radiance was about the tendrils of her hair. Her garments were blue in part and silver in part and her little feet were so dancing and skipping and leaping that I could catch only glimpses of them. Her hands were beckoning me all the time, and soft scarfs drifted about her, floating in the wind. The perfumes of many flowers were in her garments, and her voice was so like the slow dripping of drops of water in the basin, that, at first, I thought it was the fountain that was speaking. But later, I knew it for the laughter and the talking of the child.

We talked together. I know that. We laughed more. We ran in and out through the shadows and in the broad moonlit-places. Sometimes she fled into the fountain, and then I could not follow her, and wept upon the brink.

"You are a wicked child to leave me alone!" I cried.

"Come! Come!" called her voice, and she danced backward, fluttering those wild scarfs of hers.

"If I follow I shall die," I answered her.

"Die! Die!" the voice seemed to laugh. This did not anger me. It seemed nothing for the wind or a flower to die, and I felt to be no more than the wind or a flower that night. I shouted to her that I would not die, and she ran toward me in glee, and I fled all among the bushes.

We played so long, never tiring, that the stars began to roll away toward the other gardens. At the last there was only one large star, not kind, looking down on us. The star seemed to chide us, as our mother might have done. It looked and looked at us, and would not let us free of its gazing. The moonchild saw it and ceased her leaping and her pranks. She trailed her pretty scarfs after her into the basin of the fountain, and seemed to shrink and fade before my eyes.

"Come back, child! Moonchild!" I demanded. "I am

lonesome! Something is happening in the world. Everything is white, except the sky, which is catching afire! I shall be burned up, maybe! Please, please, moonchild, come back to me!"

But there came no answer. Soft flames leaped up the sky. Birds began to cry. A wind came whispering along the ground, among the grasses.

The mist was melting away from the fountain. The blue and silver strangeness was all gone. I could see things plainly, and they were not so beautiful as I thought.

A man passed, ringing a bell.

"Child lost! Child lost!" he was crying.

"I'm a child," I called to him at the top of my lungs. "I am lost, I think. Here I am, with the fountain, please."

He came running and peered through the iron grating. Then he shook his fist at me.

"Bad, bad boy!" he said.

I wondered if he could really be meaning me! I had done no wrong. On the contrary, I felt much happier than I had ever been. I knew now that there were things it was not possible to see by day. I knew there were secrets in moonshine which common folk never knew anything about. The light which was not the light of the sun had shown me a pleasant thing. The wind and the stars had been good to me. The flowers had been friendly; and as for the moonchild, I knew that long as I lived I should remember her and seek over the earth for her like.

But though I have laughed with others and talked with them, and paid love-court to them, I have never known such joy as I knew that night when the mist and the moonlight gave me the child-friend, who ran in and out among the dewy branches. I have never so longed to follow any one. Such beauty has not come to me again.

I followed the bell-man home through the streets, and at almost every corner met men who had been looking for me. When I got home my mother was weeping. They all told me I had been wicked. I could not explain. They would not have believed in my moonchild. They would not have known that I was never so good. The grown are dull. It is best for a child to say few things to them—they understand so little.



## LOVE AND BUSINESS.

LOVE was crying in a thronged place in the World, when Business came along briskly, and, hearing the sobs, paused to ask what was the matter.

"There is no place in the world for me to-day," said Love. "You have driven me out of it."

"I? Why, Love, you are crazy."

"Yes, I know you say I am. But it is through your influence I am neglected. You mail mankind in a garment of indifference my arrows cannot pierce."

"Ah. And why am I out a-hustling? For myself? Nay, nay. I hustle that some one I love may have comfort and peace and pleasure. I work that I may help others to live. My profits, but for you, would content me were they but one-tenth as much."

"You trample on all my roses."

"Yes, but I've just paid twenty-four dollars for a dozen American Beauties sent to a girl I know, and I gave one hundred dollars to the Hospital fund to help to bring roses to the cheeks of folks I never will know."

"You no longer write me madrigals."

"I know that, but I write you very able cheques."

"You build me no altars."

"No, but I erect Queen Anne cottages and I furnish flats, and I fee splendidly your high priests, the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker, to say nothing of ladies' tailors and milliners."

"But —"

"Now, but me no buts, Love, you must get over the hard-luck-story habit. You don't know what a cinch you've got. Come, get under my great coat here and we'll go down the street and you'll see me put a crimp in the gang that's boosting American Wire common."

And Business and Love went off together. W. M. R.

## HUNDING'S WIFE.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

CALCRAFT was very noisy in his morning humors and the banging of windows caused his wife to raise a curious voice.

From the breakfast room she called: "What is the matter with you this morning, Cal? Didn't Wagner agree with you last night? Or was it the—?"

"Yes it was *that*," replied a surly voice.

"Have you hung your wrists out of the window and given them a good airing?"

"I have." Calcrafft laughed rudely.

"Then for goodness sake hurry in to breakfast, if you are cooled off; the eggs are." Mrs. Calcrafft sighed. It was their usual conversation; thus the day began. Her husband entered the room. Of a thick-set, almost burly figure, Calcrafft was an enormously muscular man. His broad shoulders, powerful brow, black, deep-set eyes, inky, black hair and beard—the beard worn in *Hunding* fashion—made up a personality slightly forbidding. The suppleness of his gait, the ready laughter and bright expression of the eye soon corrected this aversion; the critic was liked, and admired—after the critical fashion. Good temper and wit in the evening ever are. The recurring matrimonial duel over the morning teacups awoke him for the day's labors; he actually profited from the verbal exercising of Tekla's temper.

"After what you promised!" she asked in her most reproachful manner. Calcrafft smiled. "And your story in the *Watchman*? Now Cal, aren't you a bit ashamed? We have heard much worse *Siegmonds*."

"Not much," he grunted, swallowing a huge cup of tea at a draught.

"Yet you roasted the poor boy as you would never dare roast a singer with any sort of reputation. Hinweg's *Siegmond* was"—

"Like himself, too thin," said her husband, "fancy a thin *Siegmond*! Besides, the fellow doesn't know how to sing, and he can't act."

"But his voice; it has all the freshness of youth." She left the table and lounging to the window regarded the streets and sky with a contemptuous expression. Tekla was very tall, rather heavy, though well built, with hair and skin of royal blonde. She looked as Scandinavian as her name.

"My dear Tek, you are always discovering genius. You remember that young pianist with a touch like old gold! Or was it smothered onions? I've forgotten which." He grinned as he spilled part of an egg on his beard.

She faced him. "If the critics don't encourage youthful talent who will? But they never do." Her voice took on flat tones as she continued: "I wonder, Cal, that you are not easier as you grow older, for you most certainly do not improve with age yourself. Do you know what time you got in this morning?"

"No, and I don't want to know." The man's demeanor was harsh; there were deep circles under his large eyes; his cheeks were slightly puffed and, as he opened his newspaper, he looked like one who had not slept.

Tekla sighed again and stirred uneasily about the room. "For heaven's sake, girl, sit down and read—or, something!"

"I don't wonder your nerves are bad this morning," she sweetly responded; "the only wonder is that you can keep up such a wearing pace and do your work so well."

"This isn't such a roast," said Calcrafft irrelevantly. He had heard these same remarks every morning for more than ten years. "Last night," he proceeded "the new tenor"—

"Oh! Cal, please don't read your criticism aloud. I saw it hours ago," she implored—her slightly protuberant blue eyes were fixed steadily upon him.

"Why, what time is it?"

"Long past twelve."

"Phew! And I promised to be at the office at midday!

Where's my coat, my overshoes! Magda! Magda! Hang that girl, she always is gadding with the elevator boy when I need her." Calcrafft bustled about the room, rushed to his bedchamber, to the hall, and reappeared, dressed for his trip down town.

"Cal, I forgot to say that Hinweg called this morning and left his card. Foreigners are so polite in these matters. He left cards for both of us."

"He did, did he?" answered Calcrafft grimly. "Well that won't make him sing Wagner any better in the *Watchman*. And as a matter of politeness—if you will quote the polite ways of foreigners—he should have left cards here before he sang. What name is on his pasteboard? I've heard that his real one is something like Whizzina. He's a Croat, I believe."

She indifferently took some cards from a bronze salver and read aloud: "Adalbert Viznina, Tenor, Royal Opera, Prague."

"So-ho! a Bohemian. Well, it's all the same. Croatia is Czech. Your Mr. Viznina can't sing a little bit. That vile, throaty German tone-production of his—but why in thunder does he call himself Hinweg? Viznina is a far prettier name. Perhaps, Viznina is Hinweg in German!"

Tekla shrugged her strong shoulders and gazed out-doors. "What a wretched day," she said, "and I have so much to do. Now, Cal, do come home early. We dine at seven. No opera to-night, you know. And come back soon. We never spend a night home alone together. What if this young man should call again."

"Don't stop him," her husband replied, in good-humored accents as he bade her good-bye. He was prepared to meet the world now; and in a jolly mood. "Tell your Hinweg or Whizzerina, or whatever his name is, to sing *Tristan* better to-morrow night than he does *Siegmond* or there will be more trouble." He skipped off. She called after him.

"Cal, remember your promise!"

"Not a drop" was the answer, and the double slamming of the street doors set Tekla humming *Hunding's* motif in "Die Walkure."

## II.

Her morning room was hung with Japanese umbrellas, and, despite the warning of friends, peacock feathers hid from view the walls; this comfortable little boudoir with its rugs, cozy Turkish corner and faint, sweet odors was originally a hall-bedroom; Tekla's ingenuity and desperate desire for the unconventional had converted the apartment into the prettiest of the Calcrafft flat. Here, and here alone, was the imperious critic forbidden pipe or cigar. Cigarettes he abhorred, and, therefore, Tekla allowed her favorites to use them. She became sick if she merely lighted one; so her pet attitude was to loll on a crimson divan and hold a freshly rolled Russian cigarette in her big fingers covered with opals. Her male friends said that she reminded them of a Frankish slave in a harem; she needed nothing else but Turkish-trousers, hoop-earrings and the sad resigned smile of the captive-maiden.

It was half-past five in the dark, stormy afternoon when the electric buzzer warned Tekla of visitors. A man was ushered into the drawing-room and Magda, in correct cap and apron, fetched his card to her mistress.

"Show him in here Magda, and, Magda,"—there were languid intonations in the voice of this vigorous woman—"light only the lamp with the green globe."

In the fast disappearing daylight Tekla peeped at herself in a rhomboid crystal mirror, and saw her house frock, voluminously becoming, and that her golden hair set well over her brow. She believed in the eternal charm of fluffiness. After the lamp was ready the visitor came in. He was a very tall, rather emaciated looking, blond, young man, whose springy step and clear eyes belied any hint of ill-health. As he entered, the gaze of the two met in the veiled light of the green-globed lamp and the fire flickered high on the gas-log hearth. He hesitated with engaging

modesty—then Tekla, holding out a hand, moved, in a large curved way, to meet him.

"Delighted I am sure, my dear Herr Viznina, to know you! How good of you to call, on such a day, to see a bored woman." He bowed, smiled, showing strong white teeth under his boyish moustache and sat down on the low seat near her divan.

"Madame," he answered in Slavonic-accented English, "I am happy to make your acquaintance and hope to meet your husband, M. Calcrafft." She moved her head impatiently. "I only hope that his notice will not discourage you for *Tristan* to-morrow night. But Mr. Calcrafft is really a kind man, even if he seems severe in print. I tell him that he always hangs his fiddle outside the door; as the Irish say; which means, my dear Herr Viznina, that he is kinder abroad than at home." Seeing the slightly bewildered look of her companion she added: "And so you didn't mind his being cross this morning, did you?" The tenor hesitated.

"But he was not cross at all, Madame; I thought him very kind; for my throat was rough—you know what I mean! sick, sore; yes, it was a real sore throat that I had last night." It was her turn to look puzzled.

"Not cross? Mr. Calcrafft not severe? Dear me what do you call it then?"

"He said I was a great artist" rejoined the other.

Tekla burst into laughter and apologized. "You have read the wrong paper, Herr Viznina, and I am glad you have. And now you must promise to stay and dine with us to-night. No, you shan't refuse! We are quite alone and you must know that, as old married folks, we are always delighted to have someone with us. I only told Mr. Calcrafft this morning that we should go out to dinner if he came home alone. Don't ask for which paper he writes until you meet him. Nothing in the world could make me tell you." She was all frankness and animation and her guest told himself she was of a great charm. They fell into professional talk. She spoke of her husband's talents; how he had played the violin in quartet parties; of his successful lecture, "The Inutility of Wagner;" and his preferences in music.

"But if he does not care for Wagner he must be a Brahmsianer." The last word came out with true Viennese unctious.

"He now despises Brahms," she returned, "and says that he had nothing to say. Wagner is, for him, a decadent, like Liszt, and the rest."

"But the classics, Madame, what does M. Calcrafft write of the classics?" demanded the singer.

"That they are all used-up Romantics; that every musical dog has his day, and the latest composer is always the best; he voices his generation. We liked Brahms yesterday; to-day we are all Richard Strauss and the symphonic poem."

"We?" A quizzical inflection was in the young man's voice. She stared at him.

"I get into the habit of using the editorial 'we.' I do it more for fun than effect; I, by no means always agree with my husband. Besides, I often write criticism for Mr. Calcrafft when he is away—or lecturing." She paused.

"Then," he exclaimed, and he gazed at her tenderly, "if you like my *Tristan* you may, perhaps, write a nice little notice. Oh how lovely that would be!"

The artist in him stirred the strings of her maternal lyre. "Yes, it would be lovely, but Mr. Calcrafft is not lecturing to-morrow night, and I hope that—"

The two street doors banged out a half bar of the *Hunding* rhythm. Calcrafft was heard in the hall. A minute later he stood in the door of his wife's retreat; there was a frown upon his brow, when he saw her companion, but it vanished as the two men shook hands. Viznina asked him if he spoke German; Magda beckoned to Mrs. Calcrafft from the middle of the drawing room. When Tekla returned, after giving final instructions for dinner, she found critic and tenor in heated argument over Jean de Reszke's interpretation of the elder *Siegfried*.

The dining room was a small salon, oak-panelled, and



with low ceilings. A few prints of religious subjects, after the early Italian masters, hung on the walls. The buffet was pure Renaissance. Comfortable was the room, while the oval table and soft leather chairs were provocative of appetite and conversation.

"Very un-American," remarked the singer, as he ate his crab bisque.

"How many American houses have you been in?" asked Calcraft. Viznina admitted that he was enjoying his debut.

"I thought so." Calcraft was now as bland as a May morning, and his eyes sparkled. His wife watched Magda serve the fish and fowl, and her husband insisted upon champagne being the sole wine. The tenor looked surprised, and then amused.

"Americans love champagne, do they not? I never touch it."

"Would you rather have claret or beer?" hastily inquired the host.

"Neither; I must sing *Tristan* to-morrow."

"You singers are saints on the stage," laughed the critic, "I am old fashioned enough to believe that good wine or beer will never hurt the throat. Now there was Karl Formes, and Niemann the great tenor—"

Tekla interrupted. "My dear Cal, pray don't get on one of your interminable liquid talks. Herr Viznina does not care to drink, whether he is singing or not. I told him, too, that we always liked a guest at dinner, for we are such old married people."

Calcraft watched the pair facing one another. He was in an irritable humor at his wife's allusion to visitors; he liked to bear the major burden of conversation, even when they were alone. If Tekla began he had to sit still and drink—there was no other alternative. She asked Viznina where he was born, where he had studied, and why he had changed his name. The answers were those of a man in love with his art. Hinweg, he explained, was his mother's name, and assumed because of the anti-Slav prejudice existing in Vienna.

Calcraft broke in. "You say you are Bohemian, Herr Viznina? You are really as Swedish looking as Mrs. Calcraft."

"What a *Sieglinde* she would make, with her beautiful blonde complexion and grand figure," returned the tenor with enthusiasm.

Tekla sighed for the third time that day. She burned to become a Wagner singer. Had she not been a successful elocutionist in Minnesota? How this talented young artist appreciated her gift, intuitively understood her ambition! Calcraft noted that they looked enough alike to be brother and sister; tall, fair and blue-eyed as they were. He laughed at the conceit.

"You are both of the Wolfing tribe," he roared, and ordered beer of Magda. "I always drink dark beer after champagne;" it settled the effervescence, he argued.

"You can always drink beer, before and after anything, Cal," said his wife in her sarcastic, vibrant voice.

The guest was hopelessly bored, but, being a man of will, he concentrated his attention upon himself and grew more resigned. He did not pretend to understand this rough-spoken critic, with his hatred of Wagner, and his contradictory Teutonic tastes. Tekla with eyes full of beaming implications spoke:

"I should tell you, Cal, that Herr Viznina does not know, or else has forgotten, which paper you write for; and I let him guess. He thinks you praised his *Siegmund*."

"Saturday morning after the '*Tristan*' performance he will know for sure," answered the critic sardonically, drinking a stein of Wurzburg beer.

"You rude man! of course he will know and he will love you afterwards." If Calcraft had been near enough she would have tapped him playfully on the arm.

"Ah! Madame, what would we poor artists do if it were not for the ladies, the kind, sweet American ladies?"

"That's just it," cried Calcraft.

"What an idea, Warrington Calcraft!" Tekla was

thoroughly indignant. "Never since I've known you have I attempted to influence you."

"You couldn't," said he.

"No, not even for poor Florence Deliba, who entered into a suicidal marriage after she read your brutal notice of her debut."

"And a good thing it was for the operatic stage," muttered the man.

"If I write the notices of a few minor concerts I always try to follow your notions." She was out of breath and Viznina admired her without reserve.

Calcraft was becoming slow of utterance. "You women are wonders when it comes to criticism." The air darkened. Viznina looked unhappy and Mrs. Calcraft rose: "Come, let us drink our coffee in my den, Herr Viznina. I hate shop talk." She swept out of the room and the tenor, after a dismissal from the drowsy critic, joined her.

"My headstrong husband doesn't care for coffee," she confessed, apologetically. "Sit down where you were before. The soft light is so becoming to you. Do you know that you have an ideal face for *Tristan*, and this green recalls the forest scene. Now just fancy that I am *Isolde* and tell me what your thoughts and feelings are in the second act."

Sitting beside her on the couch and watching her long fingers milky-green with opals, Viznina spoke only of himself, with all the meticulous delicacy of a Wagnerian tenor, and was thoroughly happy playing the part of a tame *Tristan*.

### III.

*Tristan* and *Isolde* were in the middle of their passionate symphony of flesh and spirit, when Tekla was ushered to the regular Calcraft seats in the opera house. Her husband, who had been in the city all day, returned to the house late for dinner, through which meal he dozed. He then fell asleep on a couch. After dressing and waiting wearily until nearly nine o'clock she had a carriage called and went to the opera alone; not forgetting, however, to bid Magda leave a case of imported beer where Mr. Calcraft could find it when he awoke.

Rather flustered, she watched with anxious eyes the stage. *Brangaene*—an ugly, large person in a terra-cotta cheese-cloth peplum—had already warned the desperate pair beneath the trees that dawn and danger were at hand. But the lovers sang of death and love, and love and death, and their sweet, despairing imagery floated on the oily waves of orchestral passion. The eloquence became burning; Tekla had forgotten her tribulations, Calcraft and time and space, when *King Marke* entered accompanied by the busy-body *Melot*.

"Oh these tiresome husbands!" she thought, and not listening to the noble music of the deceived man, she presently slipped into the lobby. The place was deserted, and, as she paced up and down, she recollected with pleasure the boyish-looking *Tristan*. How handsome he was! and how his voice, husky in "*Die Walkure*," now rang out thrillingly! There!—she heard it again, muffled indeed by the thick doors, but pure, free, full of youthful fire. What a *Tristan*! And he had looked at her the night before with the same ardor! A pity it was, that she, Tekla Calcraft, born Tekla Jornsens, had not studied for the opera; had not sung *Sieglinde* to his *Siegmund*; was not singing at this moment with such a *Tristan* in the place of that fat Malska, old enough to be his mother! and instead of being the wife of an indifferent man who—

The act was over, the applause noisy. People began to press out through the swinging doors and Tekla, not caring to be caught alone, walked around to the stage entrance. She met the Director, who made much of her and took her through the archway presided over by a hoarse-voiced keeper.

In his dressing room *Tristan* welcomed her with outstretched hands.

"You are so good," and then quickly pointed to his throat.

"And you were superb," she responded unaffectedly.

"Your husband, is he here?" he asked, forgetting his throat.

"He is not here yet; he is detained down town."

"But he will write the critique?" inquired Viznina with startled eyes. Tekla did not at first answer him.

"I don't know," she replied thickly. He seized her hands.

"Oh you will like my third act! I am there at my best," he declared with all the muted vanity of a modest man. She was slightly disappointed.

"I like everything you do," she slowly admitted. Viznina kissed her wrists. She regarded him with maternal eyes.

As Tekla mounted the stairs her mind was made up. Fatigued, as she was by the exciting events of the past twenty-four hours, she reached the press room in a buoyant mood. It was smoky from the cigars and cigarettes of a half dozen men who wrote things, pleasant and otherwise, about the opera in the morning papers. Mrs. Calcraft was greeted with warmth; like her husband she was a favorite; though an old man grumbled out something about women abusing their privileges. Jetsam, one of her devoted body-guard, gave her a seat, pen and paper and told her to go ahead; there were plenty of messenger boys in waiting. It was not the first time Tekla had been in the press room, the room of the dreaded critical chain-gang, as Cal had named it. All asked after Calcraft.

"He has gone to the Symphony Concert," replied Tekla most unblushingly, and young Jetsam winked his thin eyes at the rest. Feeling encouraged at this he persisted:

"I thought Gardner was 'doing' the concert for Cal?"

"Oh! you know Cal!" she answered, putting a pen in her mouth, "he hates Wagner; perhaps he thinks Mr. Gardner needs company once in a while."

"Perhaps he does," gravely soliloquized Jetsam.

"How many performances of '*Tristan*' does this make, Mr. Jetsam?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I was never much on statistics."

When she was told the correct number the scratching of pens went on and the smoke grew denser. Messenger after messenger was dismissed with precious critical freightage, and soon Tekla had finished, envious eyes watching her all the while. Every man there wished that his wife might be as clever and helpful as Tekla Calcraft. Driving home she forgot all about the shabby cab and only had memories for the garden scene and its musical enchantments. The spell of them lay thick upon her as she was undressed by Magda. When the lights were out, she asked Magda if Mr. Calcraft still slept.

"No ma'am; after drinking all the beer up, he went out."

"Oh! he went out after all, did he?" said Tekla in a sleepy voice and passed immediately into happy dreams.

It was a sullen afternoon when she stood in her room regarding with instant joy a large bunch of roses. Calcraft came in without slamming the doors as usual. She turned a shining face to him. He looked factitiously fresh, with a Turkish bath freshness, his linen was spotless and in his hand he held a newspaper.

"That was a fine, dark potion you brewed for me last night *Sieglinde*!" he mournfully began. "No wonder your *Tristan* sang so well in the *Watchman* this morning!" The youthful candors of her Swedish blue eyes with their tinted lashes evoked his sulky admiration.

"I knew, Cal, that you would do the young man justice after his magnificent performance," she replied, her cheeks beginning to echo the hues of the flowers she held; her fingers had just closed over an angular bit of paper buried in the heart of the roses.

For answer, Calcraft ironically hummed the Pity motif from "*Die Walkure*" and went out of the house, the doors closing gently after him to the familiar rhythm of the implacable warrior, *Hunding*.

## AS TO FRANZ LISZT.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

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MUSIC is a secondary sexual manifestation, just as are the song of birds, their gay and gaudy plumage, the color and perfume of flowers that so delight us, and the luscious fruits that nourish us—all is sex. And then, do you not remember that expression of Renan's, "the unconscious coquetry of the flowers?" Without love there would be no poetry and no music. All the manifest beauty of earth is only Nature's nuptial decorations. So, if you find a surfeit of sentiment in these pages, accuse the Dame, not me.

And let me here say that, if you wish a biography in which all references to the love affairs of the subject are discreetly avoided, I refer you to the "Life of Franz Liszt," by Dr. Louis Nohl. In the "Life by Ramann," the relation with the Countess d'Agoult is lispied, but very deftly the blame is thrown upon the woman, Adam-like; while Kellner makes out a vicious indictment of Liszt and Eros, who, he would have us think, worked in devilish collaboration.

Mr. James Huneker, not always judicious, but in this instance a trifle more judicial than the men just mentioned, declares that two women making a simultaneous attack upon the great composer, caused him to cut for sanctuary, and hence we have the Abbe Liszt, thus proving again that love and religion are twin sisters.

The old-time biographers can easily be placed in two classes: those who sought to pillory their man, and those who sought to protect him. Neither told the truth; but each gave a picture, more or less blurred, of a being conjured forth from their inner consciousness.

Franz Liszt was naturalized in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was here that he was first hailed as the infant prodigy, and proud ladies pressed to the front at his performances and struggled for the privilege of imprinting on his fair forehead a chaste and motherly kiss.

## II.

Eight years had passed. Years of work and travel and constant, growing fame. The youth had grown into a man, and his return to the scene of his former triumphs was the signal for a re-gathering of the clans to note his progress—or decline. The verdict was that from Le Petit Prodige, he had evolved into something far more interesting—Le Grand Prodige. Tall, handsome, strong, with a becoming diffidence and a half-shy manner, his name went abroad, and he became the rage of the salons. His marvelous playing told of his hopes, longings, fears and aspirations—proud, melancholy, imploring, sullen, sad—his tones told all.

Fair votaries followed him from one performance to another. Leaving out of the equation such mild incidents as the friendship for George Sand, which began with a brave avowal of platonic, and speedily drifted into something more complex; also the equally interesting incident of his being invited to visit the Chateau of the lovely Adele Laprunarede, and the Alpine winter catching the couple and holding them willing captives for three months, blocked there in the castle, with nothing worse than conscience and an elderly husband to appease, we reach the one, supreme love-passion in the life of Liszt. The Countess d'Agoult is worthy of much more than a passing note.

At twenty years of age she had been married to a man twenty-one years her senior. It was a marriage de convenance—arranged by her parents and a notary in powdered wig. It is somewhat curious to note how many great women have contracted just such marriages. Grim disillusionment following, love holding nothing in store for them, they turn to books, politics or art, and endeavor to stifle their woman's nature with the husks of philosophy.

Count d'Agoult was a hard-headed man of affairs, stern, sensible and reasonably amiable—that is to say, he never smashed the furniture, nor beat his wife. She submitted to his will, and all the fine, girlish, bubbling qualities of her

mind and soul were soon held in check through the law of self-protection which causes a woman to give herself unreservedly only to the one who understands. But the Countess was not miserable—only at rare intervals did there come moods of a sort of dread longing, unrest and homesickness; but calm philosophy soon put these moods to rout. She had focused her mind on sociology and had written a short history of the Revolution, a volume that yet commands the respect of students. At intervals she read her essays aloud to invited guests. She studied art, delved a little in music, became acquainted with the leading thinking men and women of her time, and opened her salon for their entertainment.

Three children had been born to her in six years. Maternity is a very necessary part of every good woman's education—"this woman's flesh demands its natural pains," says a great writer in a certain play. A staid, sensible woman was the Countess d'Agoult—tall, handsome, graceful, with a flavor of melancholy, reserve and disinterestedness in her make-up that made her friendship sought by men of maturity. She talked but little, and won through the fine art of listening.

She was neither happy nor unhappy, and if the gayety of girlhood had given way to subdued philosophy, there was still wit, smiles and gentle irony to take the place of laughter. "Life," she said, "consists in moulting our illusions."

The Countess was twenty-nine years of age when Le Grand Prodige, aged twenty-three, arrived in Paris. She had known him when he was Le Petit Prodige—when she was a girl with dreams and he but a child. She wished to see how he had changed, and so went to hear him play. He was insincere, affected and artificial, she said—his mannerisms absurd and his playing acrobatic.

At the next concert where he played she sought him out and half-laughingly told him her opinion of his work. He gravely thanked her, with his hand upon his heart, and said that such honesty and frankness were refreshing. After the concert Liszt remembered this woman—she was the only one he did remember—she had made her impression. He did not like her.

Soon Liszt was invited to the salon of the Countess d'Agoult, and he, the plebeian, proudly repulsed the fair aristocrat when her attentions took on the note of patronage. They mildly tiffed—a very good way to begin a friendship, once said Chateaubriand.

The feminine qualities in the heart of Liszt made a lure of the person who dared affront him. He needed the flint on which his mind could strike fire—nothing is so depressing as continual, mushy adulation. He sought out the Countess, and together they traversed the border lands of metaphysics, and surveyed, as the days passed, all that intellectual domain which the dawn of the twentieth century thinks it has just discovered.

She taunted him into a defense of George Sand, who had been recently returned from her escapade to Venice with Alfred De Musset. Liszt defended the author of "Leone Leoni," and read to the Countess from her books.

When proud, haughty and religious ladies mix mentalities with sensitive youth of twenty-four, the danger line is being approached. The Grand Passions that live in history, such as that of Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, swing in their orbit around world-weariness. Love does not concern itself with this earth alone—it demands a universe for its free expression. And the only woman who is capable of the Grand Passion—who stakes all on one throw of the dice—is the melancholy woman, with this fine religious reserve. No one suspected the Countess d'Agoult of indiscretion—she was too cold and self-contained for that!

And so is the world deceived by the Eternal Paradox of things—that law of antithesis which makes opposites look alike. Beneath the calm dignity of matronly demeanor the fires of love were banked. Probably, even the Countess herself did not know of the volcano that was smouldering in her heart. But there came a day when the flames burst forth, and all the reserve, poise, quiet dignity, caution and

wise discretion were dissolved into nothingness in love's alembic.

Poor Franz Liszt!

Poor Countess d'Agoult!

They were powerless in the coils of such a passion. It was a mad tumult of wild intoxication, of delicious pain, of burning fears, and vain, tossing unrest. The woman's nature, stifled by its six years of coaxing marital repression, was asserting itself. Liszt did not know that a woman could love like this—neither did the woman.

Once they parted, after talking the matter over solemnly, and deciding on what was best for both—they parted, parted coldly—with a mere touching of the lips in a last good-bye. The next week they were together again.

Then Liszt fled to the Abbe Lamennais, and, in tears, sought at the confessional and in dim retirement, a surcease from the passion that was devouring him.

Here was a pivotal point in the life of Liszt, and the Church came near, then, claiming him for her own. And such would have been the case were it not for the fact that one of the children of the Countess d'Agoult was sick unto death. He knew of the sleepless vigils—the wearing watching of the fond mother.

The child died, and Liszt went to the parent in her bereavement, to offer the solace of religion and bid her a decent, respectful farewell, ere he left Paris forever. He thought that grief was a cure for passion, and that in the presence of death, love, itself, was dumb. How could he understand that, in most strong natures, tears and pain, and hope and love are kin, and that each is in turn the manifestation of a great and welling heart?

Liszt stood by the side of the Countess as the grave closed over the body of her first-born child. And as they stood there, under the darkening sky, her hand went groping blindly for his. She wrote of this, years and years after, when seventy winters had whitened her hair and her steps were feeble—she wrote of this, in her book, called "Souvenirs," and tells how, in that moment of supreme grief, when her life was whitened and purified by the fires of pain, her hand sought his. The deep current of her love swept the ashes of grief away, and she reached blindly for the hands—those wonderful music-making hands of Liszt—that they might support her. And standing there, side by side, as the priest intoned the burial service, he whispered to her, "Death shall not divide us, nor is eternity long enough to separate thee from me."

## III.

It was only a few days after that Liszt left for Paris—but not for a monastery. He journeyed toward Switzerland, and, stopping at Basle, he was soon joined by the Countess, her two children, and her mother.

The "abduction" set all Paris in an uproar. The George Sand school approved and loudly applauded the "eclat;" but the majority condemned and execrated. As for the injured husband, it is said he gave a banquet in honor of the event; his feelings, no doubt, being eased by the fact that the goodly dot his wife had brought him at her marriage was now his exclusive possession. He had never gauged her character, anyway, and he inwardly acknowledged that her mind was of a sort with which he could not parry.

And now she had wronged him, but in his grief he took much satisfaction, and in his martyrdom there was sweet consolation.

The chief blame fell on Liszt, and the accusation that he had "broken up a happy home" came to his ears from many sources. "They blame you and you alone," a friend said to him.

"Good! good!" said Franz Liszt, "I gladly bear it all."

George Sand, plain in feature, quiet in manner, soft and feminine when she wished to be, yet possessing the mind of a man, went down to Switzerland to visit the runaway Liszt and "The Lady Arabella." At first thought, one might suppose that such a visit, after the former relationship, might have been a trifling embarrassing for both. But the fact that in the interval George Sand had been crunching the soul of Chopin, formed an estoppel on the



memory of all the soft sentiment that had gone before. George Sand brought her two children, Maurice and Solange, and the "Lady Arabella" had two of her own to keep them company. A little family party was made up, and with a couple of servants and a guide, a little journey was taken through the mountain villages, all in genuine gypsy style.

George Sand, who worked-up all life, its sensations and emotions, into good copy, has given us an account of the trip, that throws some interesting side-lights on the dramatis personæ.

The recounter and her children were all clothed in peasant costume—man-style, with blouses and trousers. The servants wore gypsy garb, and Liszt was arrayed like a mountaineer, and carried a reed pipe upon which he, from time to time, awoke the echoes.

When the dusty, unkempt crew arrived at a village inn the landlord usually made hot haste to secrete his silver-ware.

Once a sudden rainstorm drove the wayfarers into a church. Liszt took his seat at the organ and played—played with such power and feeling, that the village priest ran out and called for the neighbors to come quickly as the Angel Gabriel, in the guise of a mountaineer, was playing the organ. Anthem, oratorio and sweet, subtle, soulful improvisation followed, and the villagers knelt, and eyes were filled with tears. George Sand records that she never heard such playing by the Master before; she herself wept and yet through her tears she managed to see a few things, and here is one picture which she gives us: "The Lady Arabella sat on the balustrade, swinging one foot, and cast her proud and melancholy gaze over the lower nave, and waited in vain for the celestial voices that were supposed to vibrate in her bosom. Her abundant light hair, disheveled by the wind and rain, fell in bewildering disorder, and her eyes, reflecting the finest hue of the firmament, seemed to be wandering over the realm of God's creation after each sigh of the huge organ, played by the divine Liszt."

"This is not what I expected," said she to me languidly.

"Ah, that is what you said of the mountain peaks and the glacier, yesterday," said I."

It will be seen, by those who have read between the lines, that George Sand did not much like "the fair Lady Arabella of the wondrous length of limb," as she describes the ex-Countess. In passing, it is well to note, in way of apology for this allusion as to "length of limb," that George Sand was once spoken of by Heine as "a dumpie-duodecimo." It is much to be regretted that we have no description of George Sand by the Lady Arabella.

The chivalric and courtly courtesy shown the Lady Arabella by Liszt, did not please George Sand. She preferred that her gentlemen friends, when they called, should put their feet on the table, not far from hers, and smoke endless cigarettes. But the delicacy and womanly grace of the Countess never deserted her, and the gentleness of her manner was ever fostered by the deferential treatment she received at the hands of Liszt.

The years passed in study and writing, with occasional concert tours, where the public flocked to hear the greatest pianist of his time. The power, grasp and insight of the man increased with the years, and wherever he deigned to play, the public was not slow in giving him that approbation which his masterly work deserved. Liszt was one of the Elect Few who train on. On these short concert trips his wife (for such she certainly must be regarded) seldom accompanied him—this in deference to his wish, and this, it seems, was the first and last and only cause of dissension between them.

The Countess was born for a career and her spirit chafed at the forced retirement in which she lived.

Ten years had gone by and three children had been born to her and Liszt. One of these—a boy, died in youth, but one of the daughters became, as we know, the wife of Richard Wagner, and the other daughter married Ollivier, the eminent statesman and man of letters—member of the Cabinet in that memorable year, 1870, when France declared war on Germany. Both of these daughters of Liszt

were women of rare mentality and splendid worth, true daughters of their father.

Position is a pillory; sometimes the populace will pelt you with rose leaves, at others, with ancient vegetables. Liszt believed that for his wife's peace of mind and his own, she should not crowd herself too much to the front—he feared what the mob might say or do. Everywhere, on proper occasions, he introduced her as his wife, but in the semi-official character of the public ovations tendered him, he feared to have her stand by his side. Perhaps he was foolishly sensitive. We cannot say that she was jealous of his fame, nor he of hers. However, as a writer she was winning her way. But the fateful day came when the wife said, "From this day on I must everywhere stand by your side, your wife and your equal, or we must part."

It wrenched the soul of Liszt with awful pain to lose this woman—this strong, beautiful, self-poised woman—and who shall say whether he was strong or weak in saying the word that separated them?

They parted.

Liszt made princely provision for her welfare, and the support of their children, as well as those that had come to her before they met.

She went south to Italy, and he began that most wonderful concert tour, where, in St. Petersburg, sums equal to ten thousand dollars were taken at the door for single entertainments.

Countess d'Agoult was the respected friend of King Emanuel, and her salon at Turin was the meeting place of such men as Renan, Meyerbeer, Chopin, Berlioz and Rossini. She carried on a correspondence with Heinrich Heine, was the trusted friend of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Lamartine and Lamennais, and was on a footing of equality with the greatest and best minds of her age. She wrote several plays, one of which "Joan d'Arc," was presented at the Court Theatre of Turin, with the Royal Family present, and was a marked success. Her criticism on the work of Ingres made that artist's reputation, just as surely as Ruskin made the fame of Turner. One special reason why Americans should remember this woman is because she first translated Emerson's "Essays" and caused them to be published in Italian and French.

I am not sure that Liszt ever quite forgave her for not dying of a broken heart, when they parted there at Lake Maggiore. He thought she would take to opium or strong drink, or both. She did neither, but proved, by her after life, that she was sufficient unto herself. She was worthy of the love of Liszt, because she was able to do without it. She was no parasitic, clinging vine that strangles the sturdy oak.

The Abbe Lamennais, the close friend of Liszt, once said, "Liszt is a great musician, the greatest the world has ever seen, but his wife can easily take a mental octave which he cannot quite span."

The Countess d'Agoult died March 5, 1876, aged seventy years. When tidings of her passing reached the Abbe Liszt he caused all of his immediate engagements to be cancelled and went into monastic retirement, wearing the horse-hair robe and a rope girdle at his waist. He filled the hours for the space of a month with silent reverie and prayer.

And even in that cloister cell, with its stone floor and cold, bare walls, the leaden hours brought the soundless presence of a tall and stately woman. Through the desolate bastions of his brain she glided in sweet disarray, looked into his tear-dimmed eyes, smoothing softly the coarse pillow where rested that head with its lion's mane which we know so well—a head now whitened by the frost of years. No sound came to him there, save a soft voice which fate refused to silence, and this voice whispered and whispered yet again—"Death shall not divide us, nor is eternity long enough to separate thee from me!"

ONE of the first bills to be introduced in the Missouri Legislature will be for the elimination of the words "Thy kingdom come" from the Lord's Prayer. They smack too much of imperialism to suit "the unterrified."

## THE MESSAGE OF THE DAWN.

(CHANT-ROYAL.)

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

DOWN the still horizon swiftly flew  
A dove, new startled from her lonely nest,  
And disappeared within the leaden hue  
Which, eastward, drove the shadows to the west;  
And gleams of pearl slow paled away to white  
Where the blind morn came creeping to the light,  
And all the while welled up the old earth's sigh  
To greet the messenger advancing nigh;  
And waved the grass, with midnight dew soft-kissed,  
While, all too dim for mortal to descry,  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

And less and still more less the gaunt shades grew  
As tremblingly the dawn made manifest  
Of coming change; and lightly on the dew  
The foot-steps of her agile heralds pressed;  
And silently across the line of sight  
Came morning's ashen banners, and the flight  
Of early birds across the fields of rye,  
Where breezy elves tossed bearded grain awry,  
And, sibilant, through tangles blades would twist;  
While, steadily, the darkness to defy,  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

And past day's opening gates the fresh winds blew  
And wandered out upon their fitful quest,  
While loomed the trees, as giants to the view,  
In armor green of leaves unnumbered dressed;  
And freed from clinging shackles of the night  
Down surged the Mississippi in his might,  
And arched his tawny flood as he rolled by,  
And plover through the heavens sent their cry;  
While, robed in silver, gray and amethyst,  
And half-unveiled, half-hidden to the eye,  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

And now the shafts of sunlight pierced anew  
All the frail morning-glories, wind-caressed,  
And down along the east the spreading blue  
Waved a remembrance to the parting guest;  
And round the rocks, and 'mid the cresses bright,  
The lispings waters babbled their delight,  
And in the east more clearly yet the dye  
Of ruddy streaks leaped up to beautify,  
While sang a bird, one sweet wood-vocalist;  
And over country roads dust-piled and dry  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

And slow the day, as the pale clouds withdrew,  
Folded her ivory fingers on her breast,  
And later zephyrs roughly came to woo  
The timid flowers as they lay at rest;  
And shook the rasping rushes, tall and slight,  
While bent the woods in dumb, Druidic rite;  
And field-mice in the stubble, sleek and shy,  
Through shocks of wheat their cunning way did pry,  
And corn-stalks fluttered in the wind's wild whist;  
While, upward from a sea of far-off sky,  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

ENVOY.

Long since, when earth in sunless gloom did lie  
There came a message from our God on high:  
"Let there be light!" and then did light exist;  
And thus again, His word to glorify,  
Dawn rose like Aphrodite from the mist.

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THE season is here in which the re-elected Congressman wreaks a fiendish revenge upon the editor who did not support him, by having the *Congressional Record* mailed regularly to the misguided molders of public opinion. This accounts for the now frequent editorials upon the abuses of the franking privilege.

## THE LITERARY DUELLO.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life  
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in his future wars,  
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.  
Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?

SO sang my Lord Byron of the most celebrated passage-at-arms that has ever taken place between a poet and his critic. What a change has since been wrought in the English literary attitude with regard to duelling! In the light of this episode, the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century seems not less remote than the carnival times of the Merry Monarch. It is true that literary gentlemen in France (chiefly of the journalistic persuasion, however,) still have recourse, in the adjustment of their differences, to what *Mercutio* calls the immortal *passado*, the *punto reverso*. And if a gentleman have usurped the lawful marital office of another—a thing of not infrequent occurrence in that most polished nation—public opinion or, at least, the Gallic social code, justifies the injured person in demanding satisfaction by the duello. This latter contingency has furnished Maupassant and others of the modern French school of fiction with a *motif* which, in the present writer's judgment, they have considerably overworked. I sympathize with it the less, that the honest husband is invariably potted or carbonadoed in these gallant affairs.

Eheu! the Gascon is long a-dying; yet even in France his favorite *divertissement* is falling into neglect, as it has long since fallen into disesteem. Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. Journalism, the Paladin of the modern spirit, has pretty nearly done as much for the ancient and honorable institution of the duello. In France, where its vogue has been longest and most renowned, it is now all but abandoned to gentlemen of the stripe of *Georges Duroy*, to politicians of the flamboyant variety, or to a few scions of the nobility of the Second Empire, of which last named class the Count Boni de Castellane is, in our day, a not unworthy representative. I need not say that the custom has gone clean out of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon blood, in which it was at best but an exotic and an excrescence.

That the Muse of Literary History likes her joke was pretty well established even before she dismissed Moore and Jeffrey from their gray goose quills to do battle on the field of honor. Shall we cry alas! with Burke, over the decline of chivalry! For it is too certain that the spirit which once presided over these affairs is gone out,—“with sighing sent,”—and the uncanny elf that we are calling, in this evil latter time, the Spirit of Commercialism, is come in. Poets do not now challenge their critics to mortal combat. Nay, your poet knows a trick worth two of that, being to-day primarily a man of business, shrewdly aware that the “chorus of indolent reviewers” can do him no greater damage than to advertise his works. Think you Mr. Kipling cares how the chroniclers of criticism foam and froth at him, so long as he touches his royalties? If this be Hooliganism, make the most of it!

The magic word “advertise” explains, in some degree, the change that has taken place in the literary temper on the score of duelling. A slashing criticism, it is now perceived, will do more for a new book or author than a perfervid eulogy. Were Pope to send forth his “Dunciad” to-day, every forgotten poetaster, every mangy Grub-street hack therein preserved like flies in amber, would be raised from obscurity and poverty to fame and opulence by the satire intended to extinguish them. We should presently find them all under contract to Mr. Bok's Journal, writing articles on the books which had influenced them most. Were Macaulay to indite for this generation his terrible “roast” on poet Montgomery, the latter would have good reason to hail the merciless critic as something more than

his guide, philosopher and friend. And poor John Keats that true Greek, born out of due time, instead of being “snuffed out by an article,” would be diverted from literature to the care of his enormous profits accruing from the chorus of adverse criticism.

Hath not the gentle reader observed how the intelligent publisher does not fail to reproduce denunciatory notices, as a goad to the public curiosity? Nay, the arcana of the publishing trade are not so well kept as the secrets of heaven; for we suspect that such notices are often concocted in the modest author's interest by his discerning friends or prepared by his colluding publishers. How think you the fearsome Corelli obtained her vogue? Was it evangelical endorsement that enabled Reynolds to build a castle from the proceeds of his shilling-shockers? Thackeray, a historian of a slightly different type, used to laugh at Reynolds, but do you suppose as many copies of “*Esmond*” or the “*Four Georges*” have been sold as of the “*Mysteries of the Court of London*”? To take a more modern instance, was it not charged that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne—whose known modesty absolves one of bad taste in repeating the accusation—did, with his own, right hand, contrive, execute and cause to be published a diabolically prurient criticism in order to send the itching public in hot pursuit of his *Golden Girl*? Go to, then! I have not heard that the disclosure has injuriously affected the sale of Mr. Le Gallienne's amusing works, anterior or subsequent. The harshest judgment which, in the light of present day literary ethics, can be uttered upon this young man is, that he is wise in his generation. The commercialist is keeping literary shop. Criticism is become a parrot cry. Parnassus is covered with bizarre inscriptions, like an American landscape, and the Bard of Beecham's Pills triumphs in his pride o' place. Even the sad consolation of *Aeneas* is denied to us who would fain hope for better things—

*O passi graviores dabit deus his quoque finem!*

Tom Moore, although a very small man physically—Theodore Hook savagely described him as a cross between a toad and a cupid—was a firm believer in the code duello. More than thirty years after his bloodless encounter with Jeffrey, the American, Willis, reports for us a conversation at Lady Blessington's house, in London, in which the poet reaffirmed the fire-eating principles of his youth. By the way, poor Willis, who was the first specimen of the genus reporter that we sent to the other side, underwent a terrible flagellation at the hands of Dr. Maginn, for his ill-advised temerity in this and kindred reportings. “Eavesdropper” Willis was the appellation with which he was long decorated in British literary circles. Howbeit, the “*Conversations*” of Willis are the most valuable part of his literary remains that have come down to us.

In spite of Moore's pacific character, there is no doubt that he was always ready, upon due occasion, to call out and even pink an adversary on the field of honor. We may be glad that his courage was only once put to so mortal a proof. It is not easy to overcome the comic suggestion of “*Anacreon Moore*” with a pistol, ready to go off, like a premature ode, before its appointed time, and tolerably certain—such is the genius of accident—to wound something more palpable than the “casing air.”

Our poet had so keen a perception of the ludicrous that I half suspect him of laughing slyly with us over that which is portentously set down in his diary as “*Particulars of My Hostile Meeting with Jeffrey in the year 1806.*” The great Jeffrey, whose once famous and dreaded criticisms refuse to read like literature to-day, had gone so far as to accuse the poet of a purpose to corrupt the morals of youth, in some of his earlier amatory pieces, written over the pen-name of Thomas Little. Even my Lord Byron, whose chaste muse was yet to produce “*Beppo*” and “*Don Juan*,” mingled his censure with that of the Edinburgh reviewer:

Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir  
Of virgins melting, not with Vesta's fire?  
'Tis Little, young Catullus of his day.

Nothing better fixes the status of Jeffrey than his absurd

criticism upon the amorous breathings of Moore. Truth is, the poetry upon which it was founded is marked by the utter absence of anything like real passion. Moore was merely platonizing and the impractical, rather than unpoetical, Jeffrey charged him with a devilish lubricity. The affair should have ended in a laugh, instead of a duel. It ended in both, and there are some echoes of that laughter yet lingering in the eternal shades.

However, Moore was hot for a deadly reprisal, and, by the hand of his trusty, though eccentric, friend, Hume, he dispatched to Jeffrey a fiery cartel, demanding a plenary apology, or that condign satisfaction which one gentleman is bound to accord to another, etc. It may be conceived that Jeffrey—a slight, bookish man with a Scotch melancholy—had no bowels for this business; but there was clearly no evading it. The muses were bent on a mortal arbitrament, and hastened on the preliminaries. “We had agreed,” says Moore, “that it would not be prudent for me to sleep at home, (for fear of the constabulary, I suppose), and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other period of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with a clean pair of sheets, I took the sheets off my own bed, and, holding them up as well as I could, bore them away with us in the coach.”

Arrived at Chalk Farm bright and early, the two famous principals saw each other for the first time. Such is the futility of paper warfare that Jeffrey afterward said he liked Moore from the first glimpse he had of him. “The first words I recollect to have passed between us,” says Moore—and what effort of drollery could better this naive description?—“was Jeffrey's observing, on our being left together, ‘What a beautiful morning it is.’ ‘Yes,’ I answered with a slight smile—(note that smile on the roguish, Irish mouth)—‘a morning made for better purposes.’ To which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh.”

This pleasing and decorous sensibility on the part of Jeffrey, as of one prepared to put on his immortality, was certainly not echoed by his antagonist. While the seconds were loading (or unloading) the pistols, Moore improved at once the opportunity and the amenities of the code by telling his Scotch friend a story of one Billy Egan, Irish barrister, in a like encounter. If Jeffrey laughed at it we are not told. An accurately timed sortie of Bow-street myrmidons here ended the meeting, and “*Little's leadless pistol*” threatens vainly forever in the pasquinade of Byron.

It is, perhaps, not so well known that Moore, deeming Byron's satirical verses a sufficient *casus belli*, in due course sent the noble lord a challenge. Byron, who was ordinarily as ready for a row as for a woman, or as his own Johnson (vide “*Don Juan*”) made his brother poet a generous *amende*, and—what is more important to literature—sent him the famous song, beginning—

My boat is on the shore,  
And my barque is on the sea;  
But before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee!

The intimacy that continued unbroken until the untimely death of Byron is one of the most interesting in the history of literary friendships. Jeffrey also became a firm friend of Moore's, and many years after their meeting at Chalk Farm, he paid the Irish poet this tribute, which is quite as striking for a Scotch incapacity of humor as for an equally Scotch article of magnanimity:

“He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty and honor.”

## A BLACK FUTURE.

GO into any home where there is a child between three and five, these days, and inevitably the unfortunate little one is led into the parlor to sing a rag-time song, or do a cake-walk. If Lamb were alive how he would toast King Herod! What a horror the Twentieth Century will be, when these infant phenomena are all adult prigs!

G. V. Lally.



## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

### I.—ITS CIVILIZATION.

CIVILIZATION is a century plant and in the Nineteenth Century it blossomed. The century itself was an efflorescence. To be understood at all, it must be understood as the suddenly developing result of forces, slowly accumulating and storing up their energies to produce such a climax as that through which some plant, long unnoticed in meadow and hedge-row, becomes the ornament of the landscape, commanding the eye and delighting the sense with the luxuriant profusion of its brilliant bloom.

It is not necessarily true that a plant in flower is better than in its budding or seed-time, and the analogy holds for the mind in individuals and races. Civilization is primarily a moral quality, then an intellectual energy and finally a materialized and visible result. But even as the result is manifesting itself most strikingly, the causes which produced it may be operating through that reflux which, under the laws of human nature and all other nature, is inevitable after every period of climax. It does not follow then from any logic of natural law that the civilization of the Nineteenth Century was better or higher in essence than that of the Eighteenth. It is simply a fact that in the Nineteenth Century the great intellectual forces of all preceding centuries were visibly and materially realized. That is, they were actually turned from the wish to the thought and transformed from the thought into such material existence as some grand cathedral has when shaped in stone—when aisle and nave grow into ordered grandeur out of formless heaps of material, controlled by the governing plan of some great architect—long dead and never to know on earth the joy of seeing the fulfillment of his creative thought!

Our architects, long dead and many of them forgotten, builded for us wisely and painfully. Keppler, when his calculation demonstrated in the relation of orbit to orbit throughout the solar system what he expected to find, arose and thanked God for the universe of harmony and of order declaring himself ready to bear the ignominy of a hundred years of the world's contemptuous indifference to the sublimity of the law he had discovered, since God himself had borne it since the beginning of time. Bacon conceived one discovery after another to be "put by" until men could understand and use them. So from Hermes Trismegistus to Paracelsus; so from Paracelsus to Darwin and Haeckel, men of genius, crippled by all human infirmities and struggling with their own half-knowledge, rose superior to the ignorance of their time and for the sake of the world's future, dared self-expression—always at the risk of one form or another of martyrdom from their present! This, then, is civilization—such constructive thought as we see in the minds of the Kepplers and the Bacons, realizing itself for the help and comfort of others. In the Nineteenth Century we have lived under conditions which the mind of no single generation was capable of creating—which in their governing causes we have rightly counted it a triumph to be able, even remotely, to understand. The mind of the past represented by the purposes of Bacon and of Franklin, of Oerstedt and Arago, of Ampere, Watt and Morse, had worked the world-embracing and world-controlling machinery of our civilization as the genii of Arabian stories are said to give supernatural life and miraculous energy to bodies not their own. What then have we done? Much, certainly, but of its reality we can now know nothing. The reality is the unconscious thought, the unuttered and unknown wish far below our consciousness and far above our intellect, which governed in all we have done with the inheritance of intellectual energy transmitted to us from the past. That thought, that will, that motive is the power which will move the future as we have been moved by the thought and the will of the past. The good in it, as far as it was good, is "our civilization" which neither time nor change can take from us—which sooner or later, through flux and

reflux, through action and reaction, will realize itself in a climax of the positive forces of human life yet higher than our own. What it is, the future will know, judging us as we do the past; but we will never know it unless there be possible for us another "avatar," for it belongs to self-knowledge, to actual conscience—that most difficult and perilous of all human attainments.

But if we do not know and cannot know the realities of the Nineteenth Century's moral purpose and intellectual achievement, we can know at least how the moral purposes and intellectual achievements of all past centuries have acted upon us and how we have either acted with or reacted against them. The steady glow of heat-lightning, or the zig-zag of a bolt across the sky in summer evenings—these, like the course and climaxes of human history, we can see, and, if we will, we can identify them, in their manifestation as temporary disturbances, with the omnipotent forces of the omnipresent peace which in the juices of plants and trees, as in the slow changes of continents and seas, manifest the controlling power of the central sun. And, as we ought not only to see but to bend our minds against the Infinite itself in the attempt to know what we must know in order to do our work in harmony with the controlling harmonies of the universe, so it is not only a right but a duty for the humblest intellect to attempt to judge and understand a century, which, in causes as in results, represents forces vaster than the solar system—as vast as the soul of man and the mind of God. Results, at least, we may apprehend even if we cannot comprehend them.

### II.—"THE CAREER OPEN FOR TALENT."

The Nineteenth Century first became possible in Italy where, in 1796, "a thin, young man, with lank hair and hollow cheeks, dried up with ambition" defeated one after another of five great armies representing the great and world-compelling idea that the really good men of the world are born booted and spurred—intended by God himself to be *Uebermenschen*—demigods and heroes, whom all others are reverently to seek out and venerate. This young man with lank hair and hollow cheeks did thus much to regulate the clock of time, though we know authentically and past question that he was "suffering with the itch," and that he had under his command only an army of ragged and barefooted *sans culottes*. This same young man, a little later, put Missouri and the whole half continent between the Mississippi and the Pacific forever beyond the control of the British crown. But that was, after all, a minor incident of the work begun in Italy. What that work meant, he himself well knowing, (being one of the "Thrice Born—of the Self-realizing *Uebermenschen*" if there ever was one) announced when after defeating these Royalist armies he declared that "the career is open to talent." That was the central fact of the Nineteenth Century—the opening of "the career" to talent. In 1776, at Philadelphia, and in 1789, when certain mobocrats, born bootless and spurless, stormed the Bastille, an attempt had been made to open the world's great highway to talent—but the *Uebermenschen* of every caste rallied to close it, and it was in Italy that this young man, consumed with ambition and the itch, met them with the only argument they themselves had ever known how to use. So the way was opened to talent. So for a hundred years the question of world-politics and of world civilization was of whether it should remain open at all, and if at all, how far? Blood has flowed and violence has grown as seldom before, and at last the century closes with the civilized world in arms and its constructive capacities shackled to the utmost by the enormous expenses of destructiveness. But still the way has not been closed to talent, and this alone explains what the century has been as it has been "civilized" above all others. This and this alone makes it possible to understand why it became a climax realizing in so many constructive ways the energies of all others.

To create the highest possible civilization it is only necessary to make it easy and safe for the highest possible

good in human nature—for "talent," given of heaven as the vital energy of life involved in the soul as the whole plant is in its seed—for talent to manifest itself in action. Such a mind was in the Yankee Franklin, who first brought down from the cloud the force which moves the world; in the Italian Volta who, in 1800, demonstrated that the electric current could be conducted and controlled; in the Dane, Oerstedt, who first found that Volta's current circulating round a magnetic needle would change it from the Pole; in the Frenchman, Ampere, who saw that this meant the possibility of "a system of correspondence that would pass over any distance;" in the other great Frenchman, Arago, who found that by magnetizing and demagnetizing a bar of iron, this correspondence might be carried on around the world; in the Englishman, Wheatstone, who attempted to apply this sublime thought of genius and, finally, in the American, Morse, who did apply it.

This is what it means to have "the career open to talent;" this is civilization. This is what moves the world and, against the forces of hell, sets the omnipotence of heaven.

"The forces or hell" are no mere metaphor, for they and no other are the forces which have kept, and do still keep, as far as they may, all the highways of the world's progress closed against its higher intellect. But against them is the calm "*E pur si muove*" of the world's Galileos. With Europe drenched in blood during the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century and the young republics of the Western hemisphere struggling in blood for existence, the mind of civilization worked as imperceptibly and as irresistibly as the forces of light and heat which sway the world on a summer day.

### III.—WORLD POLITICS—1800—1900.

The great miracle of the Nineteenth Century is not so much the triumph of steam and electricity as the demonstration of the omnipotence of the moral forces of which intellectual achievements are a manifestation. In 1765 James Watt "invented" the steam engine; in 1769 Napoleon and Wellington were born—both in the same year; in 1772 Warren Hastings began the spoliation of India and in 1783 Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown to George Washington. The connection between these events is clear and it is not less clear that they are among the controlling factors in the world politics of the Nineteenth Century.

Watt invented the steam engine and Hargreaves the spinning jenny, because the time had come when the "man on horseback,"—the booted and spurred non-producer, reckless and domineering,—was being forced to learn to turn to the right as the law directs, leaving the world's highways open for progress. We have seen Franklin's idea travel from Pennsylvania to Italy, from Italy to Denmark, from Denmark to France, from France to England and then back to Pennsylvania again—realized finally as the electric telegraph. Whenever at any time in the history of the world it becomes possible for a sufficient number of men, high and low, wise and foolish, learned and ignorant, to work together in peace, the telepathy of talent operates across continents and seas until the higher mind of the world realizes and embodies itself in some such great mechanical manifestation of its forces as the steam engine and the Morse telegraph.

But as this is not possible without manifest and alarming progress, resulting in the threat of great changes, it is inevitable that every undisciplined beneficiary of intellectual inertia should oppose it with the only forces he knows how to use—fraud and violence! It was so in England. Watt's invention merely marked the steady rise of intellectual force generated by moral, as the rise of the mercury in the thermometer marks the increase of atmospheric heat. In England of the Eighteenth Century such great Whigs as Burke and Chatham spoke for progress with a boldness unknown to the last decade of the Nineteenth. Militant aristocracy and its ally, the new militant commercialism, were being forced backwards—contesting every inch of ground, but at every inch were forced to yield. Europe was



stirred with all the beneficent forces of creative mind, as it was once more when Bright, Cobden and Gladstone were working with Mazzini, Hecker, Kossuth and Castelar just before the *Coup d'Etat* and the Crimean war. As the flood tide rose higher and higher, the Canutes of reaction set up their seats of hereditary privilege on the strand and commanded it to recede. When it did not obey, they turned their backs on it, and retreating to their inland fastnesses began over again the old work they have been at since it brought Noah's flood upon them—that of throttling the aspiration of weakness with such a grip of steel as Warren Hastings and the British East India Company applied to the throat of India. When the English Tories saw the progress which made the steam engine possible, they strengthened the navy; they fought for a standing army; they picked a quarrel with France; they swaggered around the Cape of Good Hope and (then or not much later opening a quarrel with the peaceable Dutch of South Africa, which they still continue) they threw themselves on India, forcing France out and beginning there such a riot of murder and robbery as staggers belief when we read of it in the protests of Sheridan and Burke.

It was magnificent in its infernal infamy—worthy of the hero of "Paradise Lost"—that Beaconsfield of the Burning Marl—that greatest of all great Tories who embody the English ideals of force and fraud. But it counted for nothing then, and in the sum of history it never can count for anything! The lacs of rupees Hastings sent home were received with shouts of applause for the glory of the empire, but they did not silence the voice of Wilkes interpreting the meaning of the "murders at Lexington, and Concord," and declaring that the wide arch of the empire raised by force should fall.

It did fall. The attack on France in the East lost America to England. The surrender of Yorktown, the fall of the Bastille, the establishment of the French republic presented new issues and solidified the reactionists of Europe. Then came Napoleon, the transfer of Louisiana territory, the fruitless Bourbon restoration, the loss of Mexico and South America to Spain; and once more a rising tide of Liberalism which did not reach its climax until 1848—when to some it seemed that a millenium of liberty under just and constitutional government was at hand. But once more "Conservatism" rallied and in Germany the fusillade answered the appeal of the pupils of Father Jahn. Hecker, Mazzini, Kossuth and Victor Hugo, all were "fugitives from justice." Louis Napoleon, aided by the English Conservatives, overthrew the French republic. All over Europe armies were strengthened once more and in England, when the Liberals demonstrated that with justice the English people were in reach of marvellous results, Bright was cried down as a traitor and the voice of Liberalism was drowned in the long roll of the drums whose tattoo beat patriotism to the front for the blood and glory of the Crimean war. Then came the Civil War in America. Louis Napoleon, once more prompted from England by militant commercialism, occupied Mexico, and European imperialism stood ready to dismember the corpse of Republican government both in North and South America. But it was not to be. Toryism had against it Franklin and Watt, Arago and Morse. The career was still open to talent, *E pur si muove*. The Mexican half-breeds answered fusillade with fusillade and Maximilian fell, dragging down the French empire with him. Louis Napoleon, from that time, was forced to make one concession after another to the French Republicans—first soup kitchens and public work—*panem et circenses*—the old familiar "full dinner-pail" for the groundlings! Then free speech and parliamentary liberty for the men of brains! And at last, in 1870, when nothing else could check progress, he staked his empire on the cast of war and lost. After 1870, Germany took the place of France, as the great centralizing power of continental Europe. A new era of colonialism was opened by the tacit agreement under which England and Germany divided the world. Russia began working across Siberia to the Pacific with its Trans-continental railroad, looking to the control of all Northern Asia. English Toryism, which had taken pos-

session of Egypt on the North and was preparing to attack the Dutch in South Africa, saw the increase of Russian opportunity and once more, as in the Opium war, began plotting to use the United States as an ally. The rest is recent history, but it is the old story. Above the noise of the cannon and the shrieks of women and children in China, as a city as large as St. Louis is sacked and burned in the name of "Christ and Civilization," those who read history to learn that "all things run in sacred cycles" can distinguish still the strident menace of the voice of Wilkes bearding Toryism with the prophecy that the wide arch of its raised empire shall fall!

How could any soothsayer prophesy otherwise after Jeremy Bentham had come on earth to declare that the world is hereafter to be governed by "Publicity;" and after Arago had sent to Morse the word of power which made the Nineteenth Century a miraculous reality?

#### IV.—"FELIX QUI POTUIT."

"Happy is he who can—!" Who can know first, and knowing, do!

Happy is he, if knowing, he is fit for doing!

Happy three and four times, if being fit both to know and to do, he lives in a time and a country which will vitalize his knowledge and his fitness with that "Genius of the Age" which makes every talent golden.

When Arago was blackening his fingers with acids in Paris and, in Italy, the career was being opened for talent by Napoleon's cannon, St. Louis was a collection of log huts, and between the Mississippi and the Pacific the only civilization was that of the fur trade which, in return for peltry, supplied the Indians with such improvements as Birmingham scalping knives, Boston rum and the small-pox!

What changed all this, as we see it changed at the end of the century, when the economic destinies of England are controlled by the breadstuffs and raw materials of this territory which Napoleon prophesied would break the power of the British empire forever?

We are accustomed to say that it was done by steam and electricity—by the abolition of distance which has brought the world together so that all nations are neighbors.

This is true and obvious—too obvious to be wholly true! Back of steam and electricity was mind, and back of mind the great Something of which mind is a mode. Here it took shape as a moral quality of transcendent power—the vivifying force of civilization, the almost superhuman result of five hundred centuries of struggle. It was Toleration—the slowly acquired and painful ability one man can develop by education to endure with patience the liberty, the happiness, the efficiency, the dignity of another—of all others!

Wherever a sufficient number of men develop this ability, civilization develops spontaneously and irresistibly—squaring and cubing in its results the intellectual effort which is its own immediate cause.

Wherever it is actually possessed by a controlling minority and persistently simulated by the rest, a great nation must be born; for there the Soul of Man, as it has inspired the race from the beginning, will focus the energies of all who have in them that which must be expressed in spite of all attempts to oppress it.

Civilization is Expression! Barbarism is Oppression! Are you as willing to allow your neighbor to express whatever he has in him as you are to express what you have in yourself? If so, you are civilized and you ought to thank God for it as the greatest blessing Heaven can give in such a world as this!

If you are willing and I am willing, and if John Doe and Richard Roe are also willing to allow a man with a steam engine or an electric motor in him to express it, he will do it and the utmost chicanery of all the Powers of Darkness cannot stop him. But if on the Congo such a thinker appears and begins to assert the superiority of his intellect to that of the rest, how long will it be before he is thrust through with a spear and thrown on an ant-hill either because he has not broken a three months' drought by en-

chantment, or on mere general principles because he tries to be better than other people!

#### V.—THE CENTURY'S FIRST QUARTER IN AMERICA.

The greatest discovery in the history of the world was not made by Watt or Morse, and it was never patented. It cost a crucifixion in Judea under Herod, and scarcely less in England under James II. when John Locke proclaimed it as Toleration—the duty of every man to endure the equal rights and equal happiness of every other. The Nineteenth Century in America opened as it closes with fierce resistance to it—and with all those who desire to be great at the expense of the rest, arrayed against it in the full assurance that it means the overthrow of society. That our neighbors are more fit to govern themselves than we are to govern them—that whether white, black, brown, or yellow they are as much entitled to be happy, efficient, and admirable, as we are ourselves—how can reasonable men believe such an absurdity!

So we ask ourselves secretly, in 1900 A. D., as they did openly a hundred years ago.

"What folly!" said Chauncey Goodrich at the opening of the Nineteenth Century. "What folly that all the world should wish to be the equals of French barbers!"

This was the issue of the campaign of 1800, which had in it the issue of the campaign of 1860 and of every campaign since. Under every other question is this fundamental issue of civilization—the everlasting issue of the right of Expression against Oppression.

In protesting against "Writs of Assistance," in 1761, James Otis set out to demonstrate that no form of involuntary servitude exists on earth by ordinance or consent of Heaven. John Adams heard and reported the speech—with alarm at its doctrines of the right of one man to be as good as another—the right of every man to be tolerated in learning better and doing better. "Not a Quaker in Philadelphia or Mr. Jefferson in Virginia ever asserted the rights of negroes in stronger terms," writes Mr. Adams of Otis. "Young as I was, ignorant as I was, I shuddered at the doctrine he taught, and I have all my life shuddered and still shudder at the consequences which may be drawn from such premises." The "premises" at which Mr. Adams continued to shudder from youth to full maturity were, as he states them himself, that every man, as nature makes him, is "an independent sovereign" with as many and as great rights as any other man. Otis also asserted that these rights were inherent and inalienable, not to be surrendered "except by idiots and madmen" whose acts were void before God and man.

In support of this alarming assertion such "Radicals" as Otis, Samuel Adams and Jefferson forced the Revolution. But what followed the Revolution with John Adams and Hamilton as the Powers behind the throne, Jefferson himself has described with deep feeling.

"I returned," he writes, "from that (the French) mission in the first year of the new government, having landed in Virginia, in December, 1789, and proceeded to New York in March, 1790, to enter on the office of Secretary of State. Here, certainly, I found a state of things which, of all I had ever contemplated, I the least expected. I had left France in the first year of her revolution, in the fervor of natural rights and zeal for reformation. My conscientious devotion to these rights could not be heightened, but it had been aroused and excited by daily exercise. The President received me cordially, and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner parties given me, as a stranger newly arrived among them, placed me at once in their familiar society. But I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of kingly over republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legisla-



tive Houses. Hamilton's financial system had then passed. It had two objects: 1st, as a puzzle, to exclude popular understanding and inquiry; 2d, as a machine for the corruption of the legislature; for he avowed the opinion, that man could be governed by one of two motives only, force or interest: force, he observed, in this country was out of the question, and the interests, therefore, of the members must be laid hold of to keep the legislative in unison with the executive. And with grief and shame it must be acknowledged that his machine was not without effect; that even in this, the birth of our government, some members were found sordid enough to bend their duty to their interests, and to look after personal rather than public good." (Jefferson's Anas.)

Jefferson adds, in the same connection, that John Adams, once a Republican, had become a monarchist, in favor of supplanting American republicanism with the aristocratic system of England. In his Journal of the First Congress, Senator Maclay, of Pennsylvania, tells with indignation greater than he can express, how Mr. Adams and his party forced an issue in favor of putting a canopy over the chair of the Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, so as to identify it with the canopied throne of English royalty. American Republicans, who, after the Reign of Terror began in France, were aggressively attacked as Jacobins and *sans culottes*, were made venomously angry by even the most trivial manifestations of the revival of English influence, and it was the secret of Jefferson's great influence then, that in his own deep emotions he represented the equal emotions of thousands who were below him in intellect and hence less able to express themselves. As he voiced their feeling they rallied on him, and gave him credit for possessing, in his own right, the strength with which they endowed him as the representative of their repugnance to the policies of the English commercial element represented by Hamilton,—Jefferson became thus to Democracy in America what King Arthur is to Britain, Charlemagne to France and Barbarossa to Germany—the hero to whom is credited the achievements of the forgotten Paladins of a cycle of passionate effort. He was not unworthy of this glory, for he was one of the most representative men of modern civilization. The aspiration of the maimed, the halt and the blind of the earth to be free, moved him to suffering actual and keen, when he saw them thwarted and oppressed, so that although one of the most timid and sensitive of men, he was forced to the front of the greatest struggle in the world's history—the legitimate successor of the mild Condorcet who displayed such ferocity when the Bourbon allies marched to crush the French republic that, in her surprise, Madame Roland compared him to "an enraged sheep." Jefferson believed what Condorcet wrote while waiting to be guillotined—that the world has before it a higher civilization than it is now possible to imagine and that it is to be wrought out not by exclusiveness but by inclusiveness—by a liberty which will vest the weakest and humblest of the earth with the full sovereignty of the highest manhood. The early Republicans of America had grasped this ideal and had determined to realize it by making America "the home of the oppressed of all nations"—the country where one man should be as good as another, and all should be "Sovereigns" with as little government over them as possible. Following the close of the war of the Revolution, there had been a great revival of trade with England, and English merchants and bankers, with a skill they have not lost, set out to regain as much as possible of their lost influence in America. The advantages of their alliance seemed so obvious in the cities of the North Atlantic seaboard, that the "Conservatives" whom Otis, Samuel Adams, Jefferson and Patrick Henry had overborne and forced into a war they dreaded, rallied in force, carrying with them the wealth and respectability of the cities. Under the administration of John Adams, the arrests made under the Alien and Sedition laws for criticizing the acts of the administration stirred the Republicans to such fury that had the result of the campaign of 1800, which destroyed the Federalist party, been less overwhelming, the violent animosities of the time might have ended in bloodshed. Only at the beginning and at the close of the century were

the radical issues of American politics decisively forced. Issues of race and section supervened under Jefferson's own administration, and as a result of his own action in accepting Louisiana territory from Napoleon, he heard "the alarm bell in the night" announcing civil war. Radically and bitterly opposed to slavery, Jefferson framed the Kentucky resolutions across which the fight over slavery raged. Uncompromisingly in favor of individual liberty and a free league of small commonwealths, with no governmental powers except those expressly granted, he bought Louisiana first and then, confessing that he had no warrant in law for his actions, recommended an amendment to the Constitution to legalize it. No such amendment was ever adopted, and even had it been, the consequences would have been the same. These consequences soon became manifest as a complete and radical change in the institutions and the practical politics of the country. The Trans-Mississippi West, which, in Mr. Jefferson's view, had come into the Union by his action without Constitutional warrant, assumed, in 1820-21, a balance of power which it has never yielded. The Gentleman's republic of the Colonial epoch ended with the admission of Missouri to the Union. From George Washington to John Quincy Adams, every President, Federalist or Republican, was a gentleman by birth and education, representing in culture and morals the best aristocratic tradition of the Colonies. With the admission of Missouri came the era of "the fierce Democracy." For the first time, the dominant element in the country ceased to be English and became American. With Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Ohio, in the Union, Virginia and New England could no longer decide Presidential elections by trading with Pennsylvania and New York. The West thrust Andrew Jackson forward, and with his administration came the two issues which dwarfed all others for the rest of the century—the negro question and the question of corporation control of the currency and of the taxing power.

The latter was fundamental and permanent—one of those issues which must be decided over and over by each generation as it increases or decreases in intelligence and liberty. The "negro question" as a sectional issue has lasted as long as the century, but it is already losing its sectional aspects and it needs to be dealt with here only as an incident of the operations of principles which affect all humanity.

The "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, which seemed to relate only to slavery, had a vaster import. It marked the beginning of a new epoch and the dominance of new ideas. Jefferson's early ideal, derived from Locke and Rousseau, was of the largest possible individual liberty, and the least possible dominion. The early Republicans hoped to see the world divided into small republics, free and sovereign, but joined by peaceful treaties for mutual help. When Jefferson accepted Louisiana from France, in 1803, he could not but have intended that it should be organized into free and sovereign States under "the Kentucky Resolutions" on which he had organized the Republican party under Adams for its victory in 1800. But the millennial world of peaceful and just commonwealths, each as great in literature, art, and philosophy as the little Athens of Plato's time or the little England of Bacon's, had not come in 1820. Missouri, when it applied for admission to the Union was treated as part of a "national domain" and the "alarm bell" which startled Jefferson was rung not merely for the struggle over slavery in America, but for the far more important issue of individual liberty and local self-government for the world.

In politics, as in every other phase of nature, progress comes permanently only as a slow growth. We may anticipate through ideals and so hasten growth, but undue forcing means reaction. The world was not ready in 1820 and it is not ready now for the high ideal of the "Physiocrats" of France and the early Republicans of America. All development favors it. All civilization means its realization. But the world of the Nineteenth Century still owed too much to the middle ages to be able to inaugurate at once an ideal civilization of liberty and justice. "Toleration" had not come, except as a dream of a few prophets and leaders of the race. The real issue was of Dominion. And inevitably incident to it was the four years from the fall of Fort Sumter to the sur-

render at Appomattox. The candid student of history who compares the war of subjugation in Mexico with that in the Philippines will see how little party names or high ideals of liberty and toleration have influenced those who on the one side and the other have struggled for the governmental power to control commodity and money supply in America.

#### VI—THE ISSUES OF CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Seeking the connection between the seemingly detached events of the first quarter of the century, we see that the 18th century Philosophical revolt in France led to political revolt in America and that the example of American Republicanism, having worked for the overthrow of Bourbon monarchy in France, the English monarchy was forced into a struggle for existence which, as it affected America, showed itself under Washington and Adams in the attempt to establish permanent commercial ascendancy in America. So the struggle between "Jacobin" and "Bourbon" was transferred to the United States, raging first over the Alien and Sedition laws, but subsequently, and during the whole of the Century, over the financial system established through Hamilton—a system which delegated sovereignty to corporations and allowed it to be exercised by stockholders resident abroad. Jefferson attacked this with vigor and after Missouri had come into the Union with Benton and Jackson as representatives of the new continental republic, it was attacked with a ferocity that took no account of consequences.

The second quarter of the century opens with this issue which, at the close of the century, remains with its involved question of the control of commodity supply as the great political question of the Twentieth Century.

In Europe, from 1800 to 1815, Napoleon stood for imperialism against royalty. Imperialism is the government of the emperor—of the commander who rules by the sword of his pretorian legionaries and makes no claim to hereditary right. As a part of this struggle in Europe we had in America the foundation of the continental republic (1803-1820); the Embargo (1806-9), the attempt of England to resubjugate the country, the burning of the public buildings at Washington, the battle of New Orleans and the Hartford Convention (1812-15); followed by revolution in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of the Mexican and Spanish republics and the enunciation of the Monroe doctrine of the solidarity of American republics against European monarchies.

We are now at the opening of the second quarter of the century. The republic of the Atlantic seaboard has become Continental, and from the Republicanism of Rousseau's Social Contract and Jefferson's Kentucky Resolutions, the reaction has been so strong that the second quarter of the century opens with John Quincy Adams in power and the Federalists reorganized to support him. With this we have the Dartmouth College decision attempting to divest the government of its feudal right to control the privileges of corporate vassals of its own creation. The struggle over the tariff has begun to become exasperated. The fight against the United States bank is to be made without quarter, and, as a result of these issues, the corporate feudalism of the Northeast is to defend its privileges by a counter attack on the "landed estates" of the South which had been dragged by the West into a contest for which their no longer defensible system of slavery made them unequal.

The defeat of Jackson by John Quincy Adams, while it seemed to ensure control to the "business interests," made inevitable the strong reaction against them which put Jackson and Benton in power as representatives of the "direct producer"—the landed proprietors and pioneers of the South and West. The battle against the United States Bank raged. The struggle over the tariff grew fiercer and, in 1831, Benton forced the sectional issues of Civil War when, in his speech on the Foote Resolution, he announced the unity of interest between the South and West as against the Northeast. The celebrated debates, between Webster and Hayne, and Webster and Calhoun, which followed were incidents of the sectional issue defined by Benton. Vir-



ginia statesmanship had prohibited slavery in all the States formed from the Northwest territory, and, as a result, the dominant sentiment in the Northwest was overwhelmingly against it. When issues were forced against the growing interference of Northeastern corporations in politics, they forced a counter issue against slavery and divided the Northwest from the South. This is the reality of the "practical politics" of the entire second quarter of the century in the United States. The Mexican war under Polk was an incident of it, and, as a result, the second quarter of the century closed with Civil War unavoidable. The first alarm of Civil War reached Monticello at the close of the first quarter of the century, as the "Continental Republic" was inaugurated, with Missouri as its first State. In 1850, when it was proposed to give to California, the first State organized from Mexican territory, the power to decide Presidential elections, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, an "Old Line Whig" and, until then, an extreme conservative Unionist, who had voted against all acquisition of New Territory for "slave States," declared Civil War at hand and went over to the Disunionists, announcing that, as against all attempts to deprive them of equal rights in the territory acquired from Napoleon or wrested from Mexico, the Southern States would "Stand to their arms." "The sword is the title by which the Nation acquired this territory," said Toombs, in a speech in the House, on February 27, 1850. "The thought is suggestive. Wise men will ponder it. Brave men will act upon it. I foresaw the dangers of this question. I warned the country of these dangers. From the day the first gun was fired upon the Rio Grande until the act was consummated by the departments of this government, I resisted all acquisitions of territory. My honorable colleague before me (Alexander H. Stephens), standing upon the ground taken by the Republican party in 1796 against Jay's treaty, voted against appropriating the money to carry out the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. We had no support from the South and but half a dozen votes from the North. I saw no good prospect of adjusting the question the acquisition would present. I, therefore, resisted a policy which threatened the ruin of the South and the subversion of the government. And to-day, men of the North, these are the alternatives you present us. . . . The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Mann) says the volcano is raging beneath our feet, that thunders are rolling over our heads and that thick clouds are surrounding us. . . . This is an appeal from the argument to our fears. I answer that appeal in the language of a patriotic Georgian who yet lives to arouse the hearts of his countrymen to resistance to wrong: 'When argument is exhausted we will stand by our arms!'"

Then was born the "Fire-eating Secessionism" of 1850-60. The successful struggle of Texas for its independence did not necessitate American invasion of Mexico and at the stern tribunal where the logic of events, as it is born of evil passions in the human soul, is the supreme law, the penalty enforced against us was Civil War. "The weakest hand in Mexico," said Thomas Corwin, in 1847, "uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice may call down against you a power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes."

Both these prophets—Cassandras whom their foresight could not help—lived to see the smoke of burning homes which marked the course of Sherman's March to the Sea. Both of them knew that Almighty God is not deceived by stump speeches and that he is not in favor of any country "right or wrong." But no American politician was ever made more comfortable or more successful in practical politics by knowing too much.

Slavery in America was overthrown by French Dantonists and the American "Jacobins" of the Eighteenth Century, supported by the steam engine in the Nineteenth. The abolition of slavery under the French Republic was paralleled by the struggle inaugurated against the British slave trade by Wilberforce and Clarkson. It was not until 1833 that the English Liberals forced the complete abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. The eloquence of Brougham, using over again the argument of Danton and

Desmoulins, gave the opportunity in America for an irresistible attack on the Southern system which had begun to base political power on landed estates supported by slavery. Had the agriculturists of the South consented to corporation control of money and supply they might have kept their slaves for another quarter of a century and sold them to the government for bonds to be used as the base of a corporation currency. But it was not to be. The South "stood to its arms" against the counter attack. The Northwest hated slavery too much to accept the Southern alliance offered when Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was nominated for the Presidency in 1848; and it was not until Bryan was nominated in 1896, with the issue of slavery decided, that the country was really on the political basis which Benton outlined in speaking on the Foote Resolution in 1831.

#### VII.—THE END OF THE CENTURY IN AMERICA.

Next to Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln was the ablest and most representative "Radical" of Nineteenth Century politics, but he lacked opportunity to demonstrate his ability in constructive statesmanship. The Union founded on military "reconstruction" did not represent his ideas, but whether, if he had lived, he could have carried out successfully the policy for which Andrew Johnson was impeached, it is impossible now to guess with more than a remote chance of being right. Like Jefferson, Lincoln was a consummate master of the science of practical politics, radical only in his theories and always ready to compromise rather than force avoidable issues. But the radicalism represented by Thaddeus Stevens and the Military Reconstructionists was of another kind. Its policies were shaped to prevent the renewal of the fight made by Jackson and Benton. From 1861-63 when Valandigham and Voorhees opened the fight on the tariff and against corporation control in the politics of the Northern States, the "Copperheads" of the Central West held their ground in National politics and frequently won impressive victories by the daring aggressiveness with which they forced this issue. It was manifest that, as soon as the lines of Civil War Sectionalism disappeared, the issues represented by Jackson and Benton would recur with irresistible force. Hence the "race question" was forced at the South. As often as Southern desperadoes could be successfully incited to murder negroes, or as the atavistic element of the negroes could be stirred against the whites, a seeming triumph was achieved for the great combination of financiers, American and European, who had gained control of the American war debt and "financed" the Reconstructed States while they were under Military rule.

The trade by which Rutherford B. Hayes was seated, after his defeat by Samuel J. Tilden, was virtually an armistice in this struggle—a struggle more bitter and in spirit scarcely less homicidal than that of the Civil war itself. "The intelligence and property of the South" were freed from military and "Afro-American" control with the tacit understanding that they were to be allowed to govern their own States as long as "the intelligence and property of the industrial States" were allowed to keep the National government on "a sound economic basis," i. e., a basis of high tariff taxation and corporation control of the currency. The license and recklessness of the adventurers who surrounded Grant had alarmed the "business interests," and though the "Liberal" campaign of 1872 appeared to fail, it really resulted in the conservative Administrations of Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland—all Federalists of the school of John Adams and Hamilton. During the whole of this time, immigration was deflected from the South to the Northwest, and every aggressive movement of Southern producers against corporation control in politics was checked by forcing the "Race Question" to the front.

Under the first Cleveland administration the release of large investments, which had been locked up in United States bonds, forced an era of heavy speculation both at the West and South, and under President Harrison the collapse of this speculation was followed in the West by crops so heavy that the restrictive system of distribution founded

on the theories of Malthus broke down completely under them and left Northwestern producers ripe for revolt. The admission of the new Northwest—"the Sage Brush States" as they were called—thus made possible the beginning of Twentieth Century politics. While the late Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, was pledging "the New South" to an alliance with protected corporations and banking syndicates, a number of "New Southerners" of another school, who were "idealistic" enough to believe liberty on earth the analogue of justice in heaven, succeeded in forcing issues which cut the Northwest away from corporation control and swung the South in behind it, not for purposes of revenge or of a ruthless revolution in existing conditions—but in the hope of regaining and holding in the last years of the Nineteenth Century a foothold on which the Twentieth might make its struggle for progress. Unquestionably the changed attitude of the Northwest made the Spanish war inevitable when the opportunity came for war abroad as a means of evading reform at home. Unquestionably the conditions now existing do not promise any far-reaching political reform in the immediate future, but, nevertheless, the Nineteenth Century, even in its worst reaction, closes with the assured promise of renewed progress for America and mankind. Although throughout the civilized world the last decade of the century is one of the almost unexampled centralization of power and wealth, yet "as far as men think at all, they think alike," and the increasing diffusion of knowledge will surely lead them to see that the highest possible civilization is only possible where political power and wealth are diffused to the utmost possible extent. No matter which party wins or loses, the great forces of intelligence and civilization work continuously and irresistibly. If we look only at the surface and dwell only on the incidents of the reaction which in Europe and America has given the "Conservatives" supreme power to rule with the sword as their sceptre, and the war bond as their charter of divine right, we might well despair of the future. But these things lie merely on the surface. Realities lie deeper.

#### VIII.—"WORLD POLITICS" FROM 1850 TO 1900.

The Crimean war, following the restoration of military imperialism in France, was unquestionably a result of the English Commercial Toryism which found in D'Israeli its fitting representative. This man demonstrated the power of the governing force of the century—the enfranchised intellect which had been held in check by hereditary privilege until the Napoleonic wars. He was the ablest Tory of modern times, and he represented the power of the organized capital which trades in war debts and dictates the policies of Europe. He was imposed as a leader on the decadent feudal aristocracy of England by those whom Ruskin denounced as "Bag barons," worse, in his view, than the "Crag barons" of the Middle Ages. Nothing in the history of modern times is equal to the fine humor with which, as Premier of England, he represented its political Christianity and its hereditary aristocracy. The vast interests he represented exploit India through their control of the British government, and in forcing issues against Russia they accomplish the double purpose of giving the patriotic populace of England something to think of besides justice and of preventing their financial privileges from being interfered with by Russia—a country which is as yet below the line of commercial civilization. English Imperialism has opened opportunities for sudden and inexpensive acquisition of wealth unequalled since the collapse of the Roman proconsular system of provincial exploitation. When Indian wheat lands are planted in opium and, while Hindoos starve, English fleets bombard Chinese ports to force the consumption of the Indian opium output, (1840-42) we get a suggestion of what commercial imperialism means when those who ought to trade peacefully and productively are allowed to assume the sword instead of the yard-stick. From the Crimean war until the end of the Century, the greatest national antagonism has been thus between England, where commercial Imperialism is most



powerful, and Russia, where it is least powerful, because that country has not yet advanced from primitive despotism to commercial oligarchy. But with Russia and England apparently the great contending forces on which events in "world politics" most depended, the real issue was between Privilege and Progress, between the Middle Ages and the Twentieth Century. After the fall of Napoleon (1815), the "Divine Right" monarchies, which re-established Royalty temporarily in France, attempted to re-establish absolutism throughout Europe, but they were checked by the popular resistance in Italy and Spain, and though they formed "the Holy Alliance" against innovation, the Spanish Empire in America was lost, (1810-26) and Greece rebelled against Turkey and won independence (1832) while the French revolution of 1830 led to popular revolt in Poland, "the Low Countries," Germany, Italy and Spain. The fall of Louis Philippe, in 1848, was merely a symptom of the growing strength of popular insistence on constitutional government, and in spite of the *coup d'état* and the Crimean war, this movement increased in power and only reached its climax when Gladstone, after adopting the Tory policy in dealing with Egypt, fell in England and dragged Liberalism down with him. (1886-1894.) The chief landmarks in the history of reaction during the last half of the Century were the Crimean war (1853-56,) the Civil war in America (1861-6), the Franco-Prussian war (1870) and the Spanish-American war, with its consequences of war in the East (1898-1900). The war between Austria on one side and Sardinia and France on the other, in 1859, led to the unification of Italy under the policies of Cavour. Bismarck who became prime minister of Prussia in 1861, adopted Cavour's ideas as the basis of his own policies of "blood and iron" and the result was Prussian hegemony in Germany. In achieving this, he joined with Austria to rob Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein (1864) and then, in 1866, defeated Austria in the Seven Weeks' war. The Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, the Afghan war (1878-80) and the Boer war (1880-81) had apparently no radical consequences except as they operated to make Russia, Germany and England the three great powers of Europe at the expense of the decrease of power for all the "Latin" states. The most far-reaching results, however, followed the English occupation of Egypt, for when Arabi Pasha and the Egyptian patriots asserted Mr. Gladstone's principles against England, Mr. Gladstone promptly bombarded them out of the way of the movement of the British Empire into the new era of Colonialism. Alexandria was bombarded in 1882 and the Gladstone "Home Rulers" were defeated three years later by the thoroughgoing and consistent Tory imperialists who believe in the "Mailed Hand" and make no pretense of asking "the consent of the governed." English Liberalism never recovered. The Gladstone party regained power, for a time, but never its lost influence. The new epoch of "colonial imperialism" for Europe and America dates from the bombardment of Alexandria.

At the beginning of the second quarter of the Century, England, under the influence of Mackintosh, abandoned the aggressive tyranny of Lord North in dealing with its colonies and inaugurated what is really a federative system as distinguished from a National one. Under this system, Canada and Australia were interfered with so little from London, that England was free to divert its forces to an attempt to regain, in Africa, the continental dominion it had lost in America. The occupation of Egypt was the first step towards this. The Suez Canal had been opened in 1869 and in the same year Stanley had gone in search of Livingstone. His success in penetrating the heart of the continent (1874-77), directed the attention of the world to the Congo basin and the formation of "the Congo Free State" followed. England, holding Egypt in order to keep a base as close as possible to the Suez Canal, began forcing down the Nile valley and from South Africa northward to control the continent. France on the north and Germany on the east coast have occupied whatever they could hold, and France has, at the same time, operated in Madagascar and Abyssinia. But the striking fact of the situation in Africa is that England, holding the mouth of the Nile on the north, has

already pushed from the south to within easy reach of its headwaters. The war on the Dutch republic was as much an incident of this as was the war waged against the Mahdi in the Soudan for the alleged purpose of "suppressing the slave trade."

The greatest change which has taken place during the Century in Oriental countries dates from the visit of an American fleet to Japan and the signing of the Japanese-American treaty of 1854. Following this treaty Russia, France and England forced their way into Japan, and, as the result of European ideas, feudal monarchy in Japan was replaced by a military system modelled on that of Germany. The Japanese who, in artistic ability, are the Greeks of Asia, capable, under proper direction, of the highest constructive achievement, were now turned towards military glory. Their country was successfully "financed." A war debt, a navy and a standing army of the most approved European pattern were acquired and, as a means of testing them, the Japanese invaded China, in 1895, and triumphantly demonstrated the superiority of their new "civilization" at the expense of the country toward which, for a thousand years, they had reverently looked as the antique home of their philosophy of contentment and decent forbearance.

In Southern Asia the century has been a demonstration of the miserable consequences necessarily resulting from the coercive domination of one race by another. The Hindoo intellect, more subtle than that of Europe, is sensuous and incapable of continuous and coherent reasoning. The Hindoo disposition is mild. A Jain, who represents its extreme, will not even kill the insect which stings him. These people, starved and robbed for a century by Warren Hastings and his successors, rose in 1857 and attempted to regain their liberties. They were ruthlessly put down. Their leaders were put to the most disgraceful and terrible death, and the English rule of the Mailed Hand was re-established over them so firmly that for fifty years since they have died of plague and famine by the myriad without even so much as an outcry vigorous enough to challenge the attention and arouse the conscience of Christian Europe. Disastrous as have been the wars of the century in Europe and terrible as has been their carnage, it is no doubt demonstrably true that their combined death roll does not equal that of the deaths from plague and famine under British rule in India.

While the Turkish Empire has steadily decreased in importance, as the result of successive dismemberments, the attention of England and the "Great Powers" has been directed more and more to China. As a result of "The Opium War," under the auspices of Queen Victoria and the Archbishop of Canterbury, hundreds of thousands of Chinamen are wrecked every year in mind and body, by the most miserable of all vices—against which their own philanthropists, threatened by British cannon, are powerless to protect them. The educated classes of China, recognizing the abandonment of its policy of isolation as inevitable, have worked intelligently to prepare the vast empire for great changes which, if they are made precipitately, will necessarily result in appalling disaster—the death by starvation, and its diseases of millions of people who now live industrious, frugal and contented lives. Under an agreement with Russia, made at the beginning of the last decade of the century, China was to receive Russian support in return for the concession of an ice-free harbor for the Siberian railroad. The jealousy this excited led to attacks by Germany, France and England, and to a threat of the dismemberment of the empire. The fear that the Philippine Islands might be controlled by Germany or Russia as a naval base to check English imperial operations in India and China, influenced the English attempt to force them on the United States. The panic in China, due to the war in the Philippines and to the persistent talk of dismembering the empire, precipitated resistance too violent to be controlled by Chinese statesmanship. As a result, Li Hung Chang, the great advocate of Caucasian civilization, has seen at Tien Tsin such a massacre of his countrymen as recalls the days of Timour and Jenghis Khan.

When Lemuel Gulliver sat in the palm of the hand of the King of Brobdingnag and told that enlightened potentate the glorious achievements of the Caucasian race in the politics, and the wars of the Eighteenth Century, the King listened with attention, and when the history was ended summed up the case by telling Gulliver, that if such things were the realities of the civilization of his countrymen, they must be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever permitted to crawl upon the surface of the earth. And if the wars and politics of the Nineteenth Century were its realities, what more could we say than this? But the wars and politics of any century are no more than the pictures projected upon a magic lantern screen by the light shining through the shadow. The light—the light alone! is the reality.

## IX.—"MORE LIGHT."

On the morning of Thursday, April 22d, 1832, an old man of eighty-three sat in an easy chair in a darkened room in Weimar, good-naturedly and patiently dying. Now he nodded a little; now he dreamed aloud of the long dead friends of his youth. Finally he raised himself and pointed to the closed shutters. "More light," he said; and sinking back into his chair soon ceased to breathe. So passed Goethe!

"More Light!"—that as a fact and as a fiat is the meaning of the Nineteenth Century:—"More Light!"

The age of Pericles in Athens, of Augustus in Rome; of Dante and Petrarch in Italy; of Shakespeare in England and the Nineteenth Century in Europe and America—in these great epochs of mind the world seems to have received an efflux of intellectual force from some higher sphere. Light has shone into the darkness, and if uncomprehended has still illumined. Politicians and Primates, Major-Generals, K. C. B., Premiers, Presidents, Potentates, Civil, Ecclesiastical and Military, have passed under the lime-light in their pride of power and place; have displayed their medals, their badges of distinction—here the shark's tooth of nobility in Oceanica, there the Cross of the Legion of Honor; now the bishop's mitre and now the soldier's epaulettes—and then they have passed from the stage, and the wings have swallowed them up. The light shines on them no more. Let them go! They belong to history and to darkness. The light remains. The light belongs to the future—to civilization on earth—to whatever kingdom of heaven there is or is to be. The Light-bearers will never pass. They are immortal, eternal!

"The teachers shall shine  
As the brightness of the firmament,  
And they that turn many to righteousness  
As the stars, forever and ever!"

This is what they have written over the grave of Fichte, in Berlin. It is the truth. He shines and he will shine to the last centuries of recorded time. And so will shine, as the stars forever and ever, that bright constellation of heaven-enlightened geniuses who in the Nineteenth Century have reflected the light of their central sun upon a darkened earth.

## X.—NINETEENTH CENTURY SCIENCE AND ITS RESULTS.

The science of any age is the result of inspiration from the mind of all the past. Nature does not tolerate interruptions. It permits long periods of rest, but it loves steady growth. The question of the extent to which this growth is possible in any age, is the question of the extent to which intellectual co-operation is possible. Goethe conceived as a fact of the future, a World-Literature greater than the restrictive patriotism of any country and universal enough to unite the active intellect of all nations in the perfect harmony of the highest activity under the highest liberty. Nothing less was meant when it was said: "The truth shall set you free!"

In the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the idea



of a unity controlling throughout the infinite diversity of the visible universe slowly mastered the scientific intellect, and in the Nineteenth Century manifested itself in results which it is not irreverent to call divine.

In chemistry and physics, in the application of the principles of physics through mechanics, in astronomy, geology and biology, this central thought of unity has swayed the minds of workers in both hemispheres and has vindicated itself in such results as the unprecedented increase of the food supply, making possible an unprecedented increase in the birth-rate over the rate of deaths in all countries where liberty has increased *pari passu* with knowledge. In the first quarter of the century, 28 out of every thousand died annually; in the last quarter, only 22. In the Eighteenth Century "the average length of life was scarcely 28 years now it is 39 or 40" (Ducoudray). This surely was worth doing—enough for any century, if nothing more had been done. It was the work of liberty—of liberty and light!—of freedom to think, to grow, to do, in spite of obloquy and ignominy. Necessarily, it was done ignominiously. When an army of soldiers kill fifty thousand men in another army all the world can see it and admire. That is Glory! When a chemist discovers that "gelatin in combination with bichromate of potash becomes insoluble under the action of light," what can the world know of it or its meaning. There is no glory in it, but Ignominy and only Ignominy! Yet Ponton, who found this, discovered a new world as vast in the universe of mind as the world discovered by Columbus. The photo-mechanical printing processes which have made so great a revolution in the last quarter of the Century all grew out of it.

We are in constant touch with omnipotent forces. Our hearts beat under the same impulses which move the stars. A syndicate of the most powerful capitalists, a league of the greatest kings, a world-compelling combination of mighty armies array themselves for the accomplishment of their own will, but they are lighter in the balance than thistle-down. When the Goths overthrew Roman civilization, they did it not with their swords, but with their high-pitched, acute accent. The sliding of the voice from final to penultimate syllables, imperceptible except to trained ears, destroyed the living essence of the world's highest civilization—the spoken languages in which their classical literatures were expressed. Those literatures, with all the beauties of their art and all the infamies of their unspeakable corruption, became unintelligible except to the learned; and to them only darkly. Heaven did this—with an acute accent! The justice of heaven is very gentle, but in its extreme gentleness it may be very terrible. It is working still as gently as when the Roman empire fell before it.

In the Nineteenth Century it worked in the locomotive, the steam ship, the telegraph, the steam printing-press, the type-setting machine, the photographing and photo-engraving processes, the electric motor, the electric car, the telephone, the phonograph and hundreds of other mechanical devices for applying the great central law of physics. The least of these—the Whitney cotton gin, the Jacquard loom, or the machine for making news and book paper, had the certainty of revolutionary progress in it. Taken together, they have changed the face of the world, peopling its deserts and making possible the mushroom growth of great cities of two millions of people or more where, in the memory of the living, there was nothing but a forest or a malarial swamp. Striking as they are in their final manifestations, these things in their essence are so elusive that the general mind does not trouble itself with them. Thus, in 1885, the world did not stop to listen to Marcel Deprez when he announced that motive power could be transmitted along a wire in the form of electricity, yet, since 1885, the principle has worked to revolutionize the social and business life of a thousand cities. As a result of it, the area covered by St. Louis has practically doubled and the comfort of city life has more than doubled. In ten years more, even the worst paid clerk may hope to have his little home with his flower-plot in front of it, with the city in reach on the one hand and on the other

the open country with its flowers, its fields and the over-arching sky from which these things come as fast as the world is free and just enough to have them.

At the close of the Eighteenth Century, chemists and students of physics were still using a terminology derived from the Middle Ages and they were dealing chiefly with phenomena rather than with principles. But under the leadership of Oerstedt, Bunsen, Faraday, Humphrey Davy, Gay-Lussac, Arago, Humboldt, Liebig and Tyndall, they have constructed a working theory which represents the highest achievement of the scientific imagination. That all natural forces are correlated and transmutable forms of a single force; that all matter is differentiated merely by the varying modes of atomic motion—this, if it be a too daring statement of the greatest intellectual conception of the Nineteenth Century, is yet in harmony with its simplicity and in line with the marvelous results which have followed its application as a working theory to science. The spectroscope and the "X-ray machine," the telegraph and the phonograph are as much an illustration of it as are the burning of a lump of coal, the growth and decay of plants and the beating of the human heart by which the oxidation necessary for life is maintained. When Pasteur discovered that life and death, growth and decay, are all results of identical chemical processes, which go on in the presence and through the agency of microscopic forms of life, the thought as it unfolded its sublime simplicity to him, was as high as the highest reaches of poetry. One of the naturalists of the *Challenger* gave Haeckel a spoonful of dried mud from the bottom of the ocean. The scientist received it with joy and worked on it for months with his microscope, naming and classifying the hundreds of varieties of the infinitely little organisms whose remains composed it. The unity between the laws of this mud, which was the remains of planet-building life, and the light of the sun, as it is analyzed by the spectroscope, is the great scientific idea of the ages.

Ranking with it and hardly below it, is the sublime idea that all the laws of nature work to force improvement. As Darwin impressed this on the mind of the century, all centuries are infinitely his debtor, and whether or not he was personally an "agnostic," he was in this thought one of the greatest religious teachers of modern times. Whether we are "descended from monkeys" is quite another matter. But that some few have ascended from the original brute that is in all of us, Darwin showed when, with superhuman patience, he listened without reply to the clamor of ten thousand ignorant tongues, villifying him—for that which was to add new flavor to the world's best fruit and an undreamed of beauty to the rose. Is it not said that at the Judgment those who are made most welcome to the eternal rewards of Truth will be surprised? And that those who are told to depart into everlasting fire will be not less surprised! When my Lord, the political Archbishop, who lives on taxes and thanks God for the victory which gives ten thousand of the enemies of his political party to the vultures, has done as much as this, he need not fear that, either in this world or the next, his right to as high a place in the kingdom of heaven as he holds on earth will be successfully challenged.

For a two-cent stamp we can send a message around the world in less than sixty days. For only a little more we can send it in 60 minutes. The waste places of America feed the crowded cities of Europe. The idea of Malthus, that a government of the minority is justified in promoting wars and famines because it is necessary for the comfort of the minority that the majority should be kept down to the "line of subsistence"—this diabolical theory has been disposed of by the growth of population promoted by and promoting the development of the higher philanthropy and higher intellect of the race.

As we think of these things—as we see the true religion of the world putting off power and resigning place, giving up cardinal's cap and general's epaulettes, to work in obscurity, to learn the will of God for the help of man—we have indeed a just occasion for a new respect for

humanity—for a stronger faith in heaven, for a braver hope for the future of the world.

#### XI.—IDEALS AND REALITIES.

"One man with a dream at pleasure  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown.  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down."

All nature is a Revelation;—all truth an Inspiration. The Reason, of which we are vain, is the crutch on which we hobble from point to point in an infinite universe. It is useful as a means of locomotion, but it is merely a cripple's clumsy device for supplying a lost faculty. This faculty, which is above reason and capable of doing from the first what is only possible for reason at the last, we see in some men whom, when living, the reasonable world despises and starves—though when they are beyond reach of its contempt it puts them in apotheosis. Such men, who see "every common bush on fire with God," take hold on truth directly from the ordered beauty and harmony of the universe around them. They see in the arrangement of the leaves of the common horse-weed around its stem the pentagram of power with which the Kabbalists controlled the spirits of earth and air. The curve of beauty and power which gives immortality to a painting by Titian and perennial endurance to the dome of St. Peter's they see in the motion of the willows bending over a stream, and by its reflection blended with the sky tints in the stream, they are moved as Newton was moved by the harmonies of the laws of the solar spectrum. Such a man was Robert Burns, stopping his plow to borrow from a mountain daisy more of the grace of God than a Claverhouse or a Knox holding—

—"the orthodox opinion  
That grace is founded on dominion"—

could have known from any scripture of words. The Scripture of words has ceased to come to us infallibly, but the scripture of the skies remains infallible, and from century to century heaven sends on earth those who can interpret so much of it as the world will listen to or give them time to proclaim. Usually it would rather have them at work gauging its beer-barrels than singing of the light and glory of heaven. But, invited or uninvited, they come; and when they have departed with their work done, those who know realities see that the earth has obeyed them. So, when Taine comes to account for the Nineteenth Century he finds that its spirit "broke out first in a Scotch peasant, Robert Burns"—the man of all others most suitable for the work, because "scarcely ever was seen together more of misery and of talent."

"What!" we ask ourselves, hearing this, "Do the inspired prophets of progress under the modern dispensation usually end by dying of fever contracted after having gone to sleep drunk on the street in a Scotch January?"

And with us, usually, this is conclusive, but not with the Taines, who know that every prophet's strength lies in his sympathetic knowledge of human weakness. A new age in literature and in the ideals which ultimately control human thought in all its manifestations began with Burns because he stood for natural evolution through law as against an artistic conventionalism that had become mere artifice. The governing harmonies of civilization are expressed in the tunes of the Scotch fiddle from which Burns learned to sing. These same laws as he learned them from a blind, Greek peasant—a beggar minstrel who was starved into immortality,—inspired Petrarch with the strength which forced the Renaissance, and out of the inertia of the Middle Ages created modern times. And whether we look in Homer or Petrarch, Burns or Watt, singer, scientist or mechanic for the secret of the mysterious strength which out of the old order brings the new—"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world"—we see that it is always the divine spirit of liberty—the liberty to express what is highest and best—such liberty as overcomes evil with good.

As poetry is the highest form of literature, any radical change in it finally works a corresponding change in everything below it. The whole spirit of literature in England



first, then in France, and finally in Germany and America, changed with Burns. The mistaken classicism of the insufferable imitators of Pope and Milton became in the lyrics of Beranger, Goethe, Hugo, Tennyson and Longfellow a truer classicism—that of the musical laws by which the mind is unconsciously governed in its deepest and highest operations. Since the time of Petrarch no revolution so great had taken place in literature. It was an enfranchisement as revolutionary as that which followed in politics the destruction of the Bastille. To English poetry it gave full liberty of expression, but the liberty of soul which belongs to the highest genius, Nineteenth Century England—the England of commercial force and fraud—could not have. Among the prophets of that dispensation none will ever be greater than Tennyson. But he that is least in the kingdom of liberty, justice and love is greater than the greatest poet laureate of any Tory empire, though its drum beat be heard thrice around the world. Tennyson and Swinburne, than whom England has produced no greater masters of expression, are both Doubters. And no Doubter ever yet led the world's forlorn hopes to victory. If we look for the world's great leaders in this age, we will find one of them in France, the other in Germany. The one, Victor Hugo, with a soul of storm and a voice of fire, smites the face of power with his bare hands and reaches the climax of his strength in exile. The other, Goethe, lives a tranquil life as the courtier of a German grand-duke, but to him also came the beatific vision and the faith that Liberty infinite and Law omnipresent are worthy the all surrendering trust of every immortal soul. The controlling thought of Goethe's life is that God is present in all nature, is intelligible more and more to all who really seek to know Him, and is to be sought by scientific investigation, by calm experiment, by the persistent skepticism which tries all things and holds fast to truth, and more than all by that Love which is the fulfilling of the law—which fills the Prophet with a sense of the sublime harmonies of the universe, and teaches him to express it. Throughout the Nineteenth Century Goethe dominated Germany and through Germany, Europe. Longfellow, the greatest poet of America, was his pupil. Emerson, the greatest American thinker, might have filled his pulpit placidly and inconspicuously had not the "Transcendentalism" of Goethe dragged him out of it to the lecture platform. And when we see the New England Transcendentalists, male and female, organizing the Abolition movement and forcing the issues of Civil War in America we need go no further to find how it is that

—"three with a new song's measure  
Can trample a kingdom down."

When we consider Nineteenth Century poetry as an art in its relation to music, painting and sculpture, it is unmistakably apparent that it represents a climax. The Gothic mode in verse can go no higher artistically than it has gone in Scott, Byron, Burns, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson and Swinburne in England, Beranger and Hugo in France, Goethe and Schiller in Germany, Poe and Longfellow in America. Since the time of Dante and Petrarch in Italy, of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in England, the melody of the lyric verse of the Nineteenth Century master-singers has not been equalled. The same mastery of form is often illustrated in the minor poets,—especially in the Parisian and London "parlor poets" who imitate the verse of the Middle Age troubadours and minnesingers.

Painting and sculpture have followed a parallel development. The technique of painting has been greatly affected by photography and its expression of form so improved that the Nineteenth Century could easily find the equal of Raphael in technical skill, even among draughtsmen to whom it has not conceded the name of artist. But in painting as in poetry, the close of the Century shows a marked reaction to the merely sensuous—to form without soul, or with only such an elemental soul as that of the Lorelei who drags her lover to destruction.

The greatest educational work of the Century was done by the novel—a form of literature which no other century ever utilized for serious purposes. Its invention, as we have

it to-day, is credited to Fielding, but it is as much an evolution as the steam engine. From Cervantes, who overthrew chivalry, to Scott, who revived it and made it the great steadying force of the age, the art of the epic, which first made civilization possible, evolved slowly into the prose form of the heroic story which we call the novel. Scott Thackeray and Dickens, George Eliot and Robert Louis Stevenson, Hugo and Balzac, Hawthorne and Fenimore Cooper have reached and they are still reaching the minds of millions who could have been reached in no other way. Some one has said that it is "a complete education to read Walter Scott;" and so it is. Those who have it will be completely educated people of the age of chivalry, and this, though it leaves room for infinite improvement, is a great gain over the absolute lack of education in which the masses of mankind were left by exclusive culture before the inclusive methods of Nineteenth Century Idealism came to rescue them.

The educational methods of the Century are its greatest practical achievement. As a result of the general diffusion of knowledge resulting from the increase of churches, schools and printing presses, chattel slavery has disappeared from America, and serfdom from Europe. In Germany, where at the beginning of the Century, the peasant was liable to be slapped in the face for not doffing his hat to his landlord, manhood has come to be respected in its own right, and in Russia where the knout was the sole law over the serf of 1850, the peasant of 1900 has an almost omnipotent champion in Tolstoi, the first universal intellect of the Slavic race.

For the education of the world's teachers, the Century has done much. Fichte, Schelling and Hegel in Germany, are names as high in modern thought as that of Plotinus in ancient. Schopenhauer, Comte, Strauss and Renan, represent acute intellect used with the highest skill for the purposes of negation. And in England, Herbert Spencer, though professedly an "agnostic," has made himself one of the great progressive forces of the age by his consistent demand for the fullest possible liberty for individual growth. From Schopenhauer to the Madman, Nietzsche, we see the progress of the same reaction which showed itself so strikingly in painting, poetry, fiction and political economy during the last decade of the Century.

A most striking manifestation of intellectual coherence appears in the works of Nineteenth Century essayists and historians. Washington Irving, the first American writer of artistic prose, is a pupil of Addison, as Emerson is of Carlyle and Goethe. As artists, Carlyle and Ruskin belong to the ejaculatory school of Jean Paul Richter, while the early English and Scotch essayists, Wilson, Croker, Jeffrey and the rest, are for the most part only critical reviewers. But when we come to Macaulay, we find not merely a new coherence of style, but with it a method of co-ordinating facts which brings to bear on the given point, every other related fact whose meaning can be focused upon it. This method, as it was afterwards developed by Taine, the greatest critic of modern times, is the analogue in literature of the evolutionary method in science. It considers locality, climate, soil, heredity, tradition and every possible circumstance of environment, before it admits that even a working theory of history has been reached. In Mommsen, Gervinus, Grote and Buckle, the Nineteenth Century has produced historians with a genius not inferior to that of Gibbon, while in Taine and Macaulay it can boast two masters of prose style unrivalled among the great prose writers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

In the political philosophies, of the Century, whether we seek for novelty in Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, Comte and Bastiat, or Fourier, Karl Marx and Lasalle, we fail to find definitive progress beyond the great thinkers of the Eighteenth Century, who discovered that all human progress is a result of intellectual development, and that the development which produces it is certain to take place wherever it is not prevented. Henry George, the one great political philosopher of the latter half of the Century in America, belonged to this school of "Physiocrats," but he

obscured his greatness by developing his ideas as a special pleader for a single mode of breaking down restriction—a mode which was too far from the practical ideas of his day to allow him to make himself generally understood. Under the influence of the unprecedented increase in the productive power of machinery, and the increase of capitalistic combinations to control and operate it, political idealism tended to the two extremes—of Nihilism, which would revert to the primitive government of the industrial village, and coercive Socialism which would completely centralize the control of productive power and machinery. But against both these extremes the great reality of the Century demonstrates itself as free co-operation progressively realized throughout the world to an extent never before imagined. The stock-raiser in Montana reads market quotations telegraphed from Chicago by the methods of Arago and Morse. He ships his cattle by the methods of Watt. They are slaughtered and refrigerated by the method Francis Bacon invented when he was in the fever of his last illness. The invention of Fulton carries them to Europe, where they feed operatives, whom the inventions of Hargreaves, Whitney and Jaccard, enable to utilize the textile raw materials of the Southern States to clothe the workers of Europe and Asia. This is the briefest possible suggestion of the vast system of co-operation which has grown up during the Century, with steam, electricity and printers' ink as its base. It is true that there is in it still much of primeval obstruction and barbaric oppression. But in 1800 when, in the midst of universal confusion, the great printer, Didot, introduced the first steam press into Paris, he made it certain that the higher mind of the world will find fuller and higher expression with every year and every Century that passes. The revolution of the cylinder of the steam press—Expression!—that is the great reality of the Century, with Liberty and Justice—the great ideals of all the Centuries—inspiring it. Let us trust these, for they lead always forward and they are omnipotent.

#### XII—REACTION AND PROGRESS.

In the last year of the Nineteenth Century, the inventions which have cost the painful sacrifices of the great geniuses of all ages, have fallen into the hands of combinations often composed of badly educated capitalists, who are blindly attempting to apply the discredited restrictive theories of Malthus. Paralleling this attempt, the police and taxing powers of government are being used the world over in an effort to establish a permanent war basis, with military service as the test of fitness for civil preferment. The vast and beneficent machinery of modern exchange is perverted to support this abortive theory of production and distribution. Literature is so affected by it, that fiction relapses into sensationalism and poetry ceases to be written at all. Sensualism, with strong homicidal tendencies, becomes the dominating spirit of art and literature. Photo-engraving, the most beneficent invention of the generation, is perverted to pander to libertinism in men, and to arouse prematurely the passions of youth. The voice of religion is silent in protest against reaction, and its ministers, losing faith in love, gentleness and mercy, join in singing Te Deums over bulletins, announcing almost unprecedented slaughter of "the sullen, savage peoples, half devil and half child," whose conversion by persuasion was too slow for the age of steam and electricity. Ecclesiastical dignitaries become stipendiaries of millionaire politicians, and the cross which once hung on cathedral walls is covered by maps of subjugated territory. Hugo, Kossuth, Mazzini, Lacordaire, Arndt, Hecker, Garibaldi, Castelar, Emerson, Ruskin and Bright—all are silent. In their stead we have physiologists who declare that genius at best is a disease, and that we are living in a world of decadence. We, who listened once to Hugo, listen now to Lombroso, telling us that all prophecies of progress are a lunacy, and all men of genius madmen.

Hearing and, what is worse, feeling all this, we may be tempted to conclude that the Nineteenth Century was a

## HOW WE MET FERGUSON.

BY JOHN J. à BECKET.

failure—that "the career" is once more closed to talent. But it is absurd ever to entertain such a thought. At the close of the Eighteenth Century, the merchants of Liverpool combined against Wilberforce, to perpetuate the slave trade. Now there is not a slave ship in the Seven Seas, and steam engines are enslaved instead of men. What a vast change for the better! The Beatitudes expressed in the theory of the correlation of forces, are freeing the world, and fitting it for liberty higher than has ever existed. Every chemist's rack of test tubes, has the power of Christianity in it. Every locomotive whistle proclaims the gospel of Jesus Christ—peace on earth, and good will to men! Nothing can stop the progress of the world. *E pur si mouve!* The career is still open to talent. And so—Forward!

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THE QUEST.

BY CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS.

MAYTIME when he rode away—  
Blossoms blown across the lane,  
Haggard Autumn, gaunt and gray,  
Ere the knight rode home again.

Maytime when he rode away,  
Autumn ere he came again,  
Wounded, broken, old and gray—  
Hollow eyes that fought with pain.

They who crowned him when he left,  
Cheered his youth and knightly grace—  
Saw him now of youth bereft,  
Cruelly mocked him to his face.

Only one of all the throng,  
From her casement looking down,  
Felt the sorrow and the wrong,—  
Only one of all the town.

What were all the rest to her—  
Jaded steed and broken sword?  
He had held his Honor pure,  
He had kept his knightly word,

And on many a stricken field—  
Heart and Honor still the same—  
Bore her token on his shield,  
Fainting, still had cried her name.

Though he ride across the world,  
Hers the Honor of his quest,  
His flag, in far-off lands unfurled  
Bore still the name that he loved best.

Maytime when he rode away,  
Autumn ere he came again—  
Wounded, broken, old and gray,  
Beaten—ah! but who shall say  
That his quest was vain?

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A HOLE TO FILL.

THERE'S a hole to fill, here. "Just about eighteen lines," says the Superintendent of the Mechanical Department of the MIRROR. The copy must be had at once to meet the exigencies of conditions in the Press Room, where they are waiting for this Form. What to write?—eighteen lines of verse? Not, off-hand, in six minutes. Prose? What can one say in eighteen lines at the drop of the hat? Clip the lines from the exchanges? The janitor has swept out all the exchanges. Eighteen lines to fill a hole! Well, that is life. Filling of holes, square pegs in round holes, round pegs in square, and always thinking that the hole some one else is fitted in is the one we should occupy! Always in a hole—most of us in the nine hole most of the time, filling the holes with "hard lines!" And so we go through life confronted with the hole to fill. And one day we fill it—the grave—and if we get eighteen lines of obituary we are lucky—even great. There—the hole is filled.

The Editor.

I T was all brought about through Whiffles! Of course, to hold him responsible for the subsequent Odysseys of the guests, when they plunged erratically into the dawn-touched night, may exceed strict justice. But *post hoc: ergo, propter hoc* is enough to make him father of our wierd dispersion.

Whiffles is an Acadian, not of the Longfellow brand. No Gabriel, he! but a New Scot with a Metropolitan patine. He is engaged in commercial schemes that have a vast vagueness: but he is as ready for play as a pet terrier. His memory is marvellous: he recalls with more facility than most of us forget. This has its drawbacks. For while the ordinary mortal has his apt, pigeon-holed quotation which he "fires and falls back," Whiffles will airily chant the whole canto, unless talked down by a stronger-lunged auditor.

But he really has a pretty admiration for literary merit. Hence the genial but heterogeneous octet he rallied for a "stag" dinner to meet a friend of his, a Western Editor, who was putting up with New York for a brief visit.

For long, Whiffles had rung the praises of one Ferguson in my ears: "I want you to meet Ferguson," "You and Ferguson ought to know each other," "It's odd you've never met Ferguson!" and the like, until I felt like a withered outcast. Once he even "arranged" for this delectable consummation. He invited Farren and me to dine with him—"to meet Ferguson." I imperilled one of the salutary joys of my life, the friendship of a charming woman, by sending a regret at the last moment for a dinner-party. (It was months before her coldness wore off!) Farren and I showed up breathlessly on time and with poorly dissimulated eagerness, only to be nonchalantly told by Whiffles that Ferguson had funk'd the game. "Couldn't come!"

But here was a note from Whiffles, saying that several were to dine at Brighera's, an Italian restaurant in the Forties—Forty-fourth, I believe—and among them, Ferguson. It chilled me a trifle to see him billed only as "among," when Whiffles had trained my mind to regarding him as one to whom others were bidden. The meet was for Kaine, the extravagated Western Editor.

When I arrived at Brighera's, I found Whiffles and four of the guests, lingering on the sidewalk, like belated Autumnal flies. Whiffles, who has his ingenuous moments, was afraid the tardier convives might not have the presence of mind to look for the others inside!

Ferguson was there! A roseate, cherubic Kelt, with a benign, mellow, almost sacerdotal air, and a delicious, burry brogue "that was alone worth the price of admission:" one of those exquisite, seductive vagaries of speech that make you feel like saying: "Never mind the change." Kaine, the honored one, was a sturdy fellow, also with suggestion of having escaped from a Seminary. Then there was a Doctor Wales, who lent variety to the gathering by looking like a gentleman, and Joy Charhomme, who imparted the more appreciated distinction to it of a poetic personality. I had often enjoyed such splendid dejection over the incomparable verve of his lyrics that I almost feared to meet him. I felt more equal to it after finding that he not only wore the invisible nimbus of Pierian glory, but possessed the very visible crown of a golden chevelure, concentric, and, in shape, akin to a Glengary cap, which draped his head like a misplaced omelet. His face was as smooth as his verses. His sparse eloquence wore that incognito of reserved commonplace which the Royalty of Genius so restfully affects.

How long we had lingered on the sidewalk, I know not; for Whiffles (who had the coign of vantage against the newel-post) babbled contentedly on as if that was his home. But Kaine, with a beautiful Occidental hardihood which found echo in our Oriental souls, declared, interruptingly but not irrelevantly, that "he was parched for a rink." We scaled the stairs like a nimble unit.

Two were still absent: but we began the dinner—with a cock-tail. The talk was a bit sluggish at first, with that abeyance of wit to hunger which constrains a diner at the start. Conversation left our brains as a buzzard essays flight from a rail-fence: his legs dangling helplessly and with weak oscillations beneath him, only to soar in grand sweeps that the eagle might envy when he strikes the upper air. We were to sweep—later. The cherubic Ferguson made chirrupy little observations. We had got to the roast before Farren arrived. He was dark, of melancholy caste, and a youth, but with a large, adult laugh. He had literary taste—liked Kipling, almost as well as George Ade, and often regretted that he had not time "to utter"—with a pen—"the thoughts that arose in him."

Following him was Ewan, also an Acadian, with a chest like a Bull of Bashan and a round head, with tightly curling hair, like an antique statue. The one time before that I had seen him, he was reveling like a star. But he was as sedate as a frog now. He had only come to say that he could not come. He was prevailed upon to take an orange curacao, such a small drink, compared to his heroic proportions, that it had a mournful air in keeping with his own.

As we gaily made way with the *vin ordinaire* of Brighera's table d'hôte, the party began to seem less like a coerced meeting of undertakers. In an evil moment, Farren, whose strong point is not music, wagered a bottle of Chianti with me, that an air the three Neapolitans were playing was "Come Back to Erin." This might have been a delicate compliment to our Keltic element, but, as a matter of fact, it was "Alice, Where Art Thou?" The Chianti was brought, and drunk. By this, we had disposed of enough food to leave our minds easy and gave ourselves to the important part of dinner. The pretty, wattled straw that held the Chianti flask appealed to our æsthetic sense, and one after the other ordered in a fresh bottle until a dozen decorated the table with a kaleidoscopic glitter of iridescent straw.

The other guests had left the restaurant now, the blithe mandolins had ceased their tinkling, but we were vinously a-bubble, hot to vindicate the unjeopardized laurels of canonized penmen—Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Man With the Hoe," Theodosia Pickering Garrison and *id genus omne*.

Whiffles whistled off a breezy burst, which stayed good even under his sprinting articulation.

"By Jove, Whiffles: *that's* good," I cried, eager to show I knew the right thing, even when disfigured and killed. "Whose is it?"

"Why, that is Charhomme's," he said sweetly. The way he fails to get ruffled is one of his irritating idiosyncrasies. I had been professing to the Poet that the privilege of saturating myself with his lyrics was one of the solaces of my life, so the episode chilled me a little. Charhomme tried to look as if he thought I might "live it down."

"I knew the face, but couldn't recall the name," I stammered, redly.

"Have you got something of your's with you?" Ferguson asked, flicking the ash from his cigar into the celery dish and dropping his napkin on the floor, in proof of his animated desire. The dainty fringe of his brogue seemed steeped in olive oil now.

Charhomme searched in his clothes and happily collared some fugitive verses. "This is a little thing I did lately," he observed, as if to account for its being in manuscript. "I call it 'Pierre, Pierrot, Pierrette.'"

"Pieremus, Pierrotis, Pierrent," instantly subjoined Ewan, who had had a green chartreuse and a long period of gloom. Those of us who had conjugated our Latin verbs laughed, while those who hadn't said "'Sh-h-h-h!" We voted the poem on the Pierre family something epochal. "It deserves another drink," bawled Whiffles enthusiastically. It proved a case of something getting its due.

"I have thought," remarked Charhomme, modestly, exhilarated by the generous plaudits, "that a neat subject for a sonnet would be 'The Wraith of the Fig-leaf.'"

"That would be against the statutes," chirped Ferguson, with a merry Malapropian air. Ewan rose without a word and went home.



"That deserves another drink!" roared Farren. "Oh give us a drink, Bar-tender, Bar-tender, For we love you, as you know," he sang. Already the forms about the festive board loomed and swayed above a sedge of Chianti flasks, huddled together in eloquent emptiness.

"An Irishman doesn't need drink," expostulated Ferguson. He was strong endorsement of his own remark, but he explained. "He's drunk before he begins. He is an emotion! The red blood in his veins is more potent stimulant than the ruby of the grape." Whereupon, he feverishly drained his replenished glass, as contented over his confession as if he was Saint Augustine. We were meeting Ferguson to the Queen's taste.

The talk rose, interblended, seethed. Repartees were thrust and parried as swiftly as the *Herald* press throws off papers. Wit flashed with every clash. Tales were told that made the bays of Rabelais and Boccaccio pale to a sickly green. The waiters waited apprehensively. The proprietor drifted in like a thief in the night, looked askance at the joyous Babel, thought of the bill, and drifted out.

At last, whether the Chianti gave out, or that a change of scene was required to whet our thirst, we counted noses and started. At the foot of the stairs, Dr. Wales vanished into the night like a cinematograph picture. Whiffles and Kaine started up the street, and after a few rods were virtually lost to Ferguson, Farren and myself, who trailed along to Broadway. We turned toward the brighter end. The effulgent glare of a large hotel lured us,

"As doth the bee the new Campanula's  
Illuminate seclusion, swung in air."

We tolled in. They seemed to be expecting us! Our short-lost Whiffles and Kaine were holding up the bar, and glasses on it were effervescing in amber globules. We fell upon them (the glasses) with a thirsty gurgle, wondering why we had dallied with the resinous Chianti when the vintage of champagne hissed such welcome.

By this, Time and Space were as tangible as the "nth power" in a mathematical formula. We had drowned them, and the corpses had not risen—yet! We wandered forth again, and made our plastic limbs bear us, like "homing pigeons" to good old Rush's.

There, an inner room was a den of lightness, in which we saw fair women, and caught the crisp arpeggios of their mirth. Like moths for a candle, we fluttered toward it.

"You can't go in there! That man is drunk!"

It was like the handwriting on the wall. Nobody could imagine who was so grossly libeled, but we felt savage sympathy for the unknown. Ferguson, his rich brogue now like the husky throatiness of a meditative parrot, breathed something in Gaelic. *Esprit de corps* made us turn in a disgust too deep for words and romp out.

Then (things happened in spots from now on!) in a sort of etherized isolation, I saw Whiffles grappling with Kaine, who was thoughtlessly trying to catch a cable car by the sleeve. Next, a cab wobbled up. Two beings using the horse's flank as support, swarmed up, and collapsed into its interior, and then the whole outfit clattered up the street.

I turned to my own: the loyal ones, who were not "quitters." Ferguson, his vivacity temporarily lulled by the inhuman density of the bar-keeper who had thought one of us intoxicated, or, perhaps, wearied by such a Valkyrie flight on the part of those who but now had seemed a part of us, had dejectedly lain down on the cool sidewalk and, nestling his cherubic head against the honest bricks, "babbling o' green fields." Farren was strenuously endeavoring to get a move on this touching tableau vivant, or demi-vivant. He appealed to Ferguson's better nature, by imploring him to rise and help *him* home. I paused before this sad dream.

"S'this Ferg's'n?" I asked with acute interest.

"It was!" replied Farren, darkly.

"Then I want'r meet him. Whiffles said I must."

The prospect revived Ferguson, who assisted us to get him to his feet. Locking arms, we started south, swaying like one willow wand.

Repose was now not so much a thought as a physical cry

of our saturated beings. A hotel rose before us as if we had rubbed Aladdin's lamp. We explored our way to the office. The clerk made the same evil mistake that the manager at Rush's had! Only, Ferguson was unmistakably It, according to him. We would not hear of it. Farren used subtle arguments. The clerk was obdurate. Ferguson drooped with sorrow. I brought forth the price of entertainment for the night. The clerk fell back on rules of the house, and I gave it up, after one last, moving appeal. "Thishman isn't drunk! He's 'moshunal. Tha'sall."

I turned to resume my post as integral factor in Ferguson's body-guard. They were gone! I went out into the cheerless, soggy night. Not a sign of them in sight. I peered up the long, wet stretch of the two intersecting streets. No! Not a soul in sight. North, South, East or West. I could not peer downward, and it did not occur to me to look toward Heaven. Then, *in medio virtus!* the happy thought came to me that they might have taken a cab. Whatever the rigor of a New York cabman's personal views on temperance, he is nobler than hotel clerks and bartenders and will not let them clog his philanthropy.

This eased my mind for them. Ferguson lived somewhere up about 578th street; but so much the better. He could sleep, and the cool breath of the night would waft away his emotionality before he got home. But they had forsaken me! Me, the loyal one, who had stayed "met" better than anyone who had rallied to Whiffles' slogan of Ferguson. Sadly, I wandered off through the clammy shadows, in the direction where I felt home was. . . .

Yes. . . It was my own room! I recognized it by the cracked looking glass. I rose from the depths of Nirvana to meet the heartless noonday, pouring into the room like a bounder. All my personality seemed merged into a colossal head, a mere bargain-counter head, so far as its value as a thought-machine went. I proceeded to recover my habiliments. A Sherlock Holmes could have traced my progress toward bed by them. The coat and waistcoat, discarded as a unit, lay on the floor, near the door. My trousers neatly trailed over the end of the bed: my shirt, with collar attached, on an adjoining chair. My shoes, contrary to my usage, stood rakishly on my writing-table. But my hat was nowhere in view. Had I lent it to anyone? Suddenly, my roving eye caught sight of it on the top of a high wardrobe that can only be reached by standing on a chair. I must have had some notion of looking for Ferguson, when I put it there.

I went forth, creaking at every step, and had a modest breakfast of salt mackerel and two carafes of ice water: then telephoned to Farren's office. As the Benjamin of our little scattered flock, he lay heavy on my soul. An unknown voice told me "he had not been to the office that day!" Where were they? Horrid visions obsessed me of him and the cherubic Ferguson,—the one we had "met!"—floating, like a marine version of the Babes in the Wood, down toward the Narrows! Perhaps, to be picked up by a tug, and deposited in the inornate lonesomeness of the Morgue!

I was a pendulum between sullen throbs of my head and poignant sinking of my heart. I sought out Whiffles. I have not yet ceased to resent his jocund air. His auburn whiskers and fair-weather smile revealed no trace of the cyclone which had devastated the crew he had lured to destruction. But—he had seen Ferguson!

"What did you shake those poor fellows for?" he said with light reproachfulness. "They must have had 'a load.' They took a South Ferry car and went to the Battery. Ferguson insisted that the Staten Island Ferry was the crossing of the Harlem River, and Farren did not dare to leave him. A cop found them both asleep this morning on a wharf at Tompkinsville. Ferguson had his legs around a post and his head resting against it, while Farren was sitting with his back against his, asleep."

"I had a little trouble with Kaine," he went on pleasantly. "I got him home all right, though I had to keep awake all the time to keep him from alighting. Then, when we got to his address, he insisted on going through the

Park to get some deviled lobster, and wanted to hire the cab by the day. He doesn't know New York as well as if he lived here," he added apologetically. "Nice little party, wasn't it? I guess all the boys had a good time."

"Whiffles," I said solemnly, fixing him with a parboiled, bloodshot glare, "I have met Ferguson. But—never again! *Non enim penitentiam tanti.*"

"What's that?" he asked quickly. A quotation to him is like water to a thirsty camel.

"I'll pay no such fancy price for repentance." Demosthenes said it 'before using'—which was the wise thing. Good bye.



## THE ACTOR AND THE AUTHOR.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

AN event that is being kept vividly before the public that reads the theatric pages of our newspapers is the formation of a fund to provide a home for aged and infirm American actors. As I write, the subscriptions have already passed the sixty-thousand dollar-mark; by the time you read, perhaps, the six figures may have been reached. One of the great organs of news in New York is fomenting the public's generosity; there are column upon column of names of subscribers. The actor, in short, whether he is active and full of postures, or infirm and feeble, is more than ever with us. And where, in the meanwhile, is the author to whom the actor owes his fame? Is there an individual so rash, a newspaper so quixotic, as to propose and foster the erection of a Home for Aged and Infirm Authors?

The question is not an absurdity. The thought of the differing lots of the actor and author in this present time is unescapable. The actors who gather prosperity from the general inability to insist upon art rather than noise are many; the authors who, with all the wind that is put into their sails, manage to make a decent living out of letters are few and far between. It is true that the lot of the writer is improving. He is more prosperous than he was. Let him come sufficiently down to the publisher's notion of what the public will buy, and he can live fairly well; he will be starred by the magazines, and the newspapers will occasionally print his name. But, after all, compared to the pages upon pages devoted to mummies by our newspapers, what is the special literature of the bookish but a drop in the bucket? The very ratio in which the principals to a new play are advertised tells the tale. First we are given the name of the speculator who is to produce the play, as the jargon has it; he is the person who furnishes the money and the authority. He writes his name large on the bills, as if, forsooth, in the buying of an article he had become its creator. Next in importance comes the actor, the fellow who must repeat what another invents. That other, least in consideration, is the author. Very often the author is not even mentioned. What is true of the advertisements is true of the bill of the play that is put into your hand on the night of the performance; you will discover the name of the costumer much more easily than the name of the author. As in print, so in the visual life of the town. The actor obstructs the view. Certain streets, at certain hours, are the peculiar property of the actors and the actresses we delight to honor. We may escape them in print, by refusing to read periodicals, but if we venture to take the air we are doomed; the curious and noisome extravagance of apparel that distinguishes the mummer confronts us at every turn.

These things, we know, are not new. The conditions are of many years standing, and there are plenty of documents in exploitation of them. These documents enable me, in some measure, to escape voicing my personal notion of how far the actor deserves the prominence he wears in our life. The actor, we know, is of all creatures, like the butterfly, most completely the victim of contemporary opinion. His vogue passes, and—there is nothing left. The man that, in other callings, outlives the vogue, is not there. Here is a mere husk, a thing that has been used, all its life, as a shell through which to blow the words of others, the feelings, the posings, of others. To the question that



Mr. Augustine Birrell once put himself, "Is an actor's calling an eminently worthy one?" he was forced, you may remember, to answer: No. Mr. George Moore frankly called acting the lowest of the arts, if an art at all. In one of the essays in Mr. Nirdlinger's volume of "Masques and Mummies" there is expressed the belief that the public prominence of the actor is fading, that, "the exaltation of the puppet over the wit and ingenuity that give him the semblance of vitality was an exponent of conditions that, happily, are passing." A tremendous outpouring of wealth in behalf of aged and infirm actors is not evidence of the actor's calling being in danger of losing esteem. On the other hand, I think, as time goes on, the general fuss and pother about the stage and its people increases. I do not think the American prototype of the German *Backfisch*, the young person who is here dubbed *Matinée Girl*, is a thing of the past. Her judgments are still as completely obvious and sensual, in the finer sense of that term, as ever they were. The *Matinée Girl* is a person who tries to look like the pictures of Mr. C. D. Gibson, to talk like the heroines of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and to imagine herself in love with the actor of the moment who happens to have the handsomest face and figure. She has succeeded in making the judicious grieve over the very existence of her trinity of idols. She has served them exactly as her sister over on Grand Street serves the fashionables of our town; her approval has damned the mode. The *Matinée Girl* thinks only in groups; individually her mind is merely a palimpsest. Her mental attitude is exactly that of the mob, which, in all ages, has been a dangerous attitude. Nothing that I can submit against the worship accorded the actor to-day is more forcible than the fact that the *Matinée Girl* is so zealous in her devotion to him. The many other matters of pertinence, the notion that, morally, the mummer is still the vagabond he once was legally,—the nonsense about Church and Stage—the question of the actor's non-existent citizenship—have been fully set forth by the other writers I have mentioned. The feature of the case which is peculiarly American is the one of which the *Matinée Girl* is the centre. She goes to the play either because she will see a handsome actor or beautiful dresses. There are no other reasons. The play is, for her, simply a vehicle. The author does not exist. I venture to say that in a decade of "first nights" I have never found a woman who, of her own accord, had made effort to discover the name of the author. She could be as enthusiastic as you please upon this actor, or that dress, or that scene, but on the question of literary skill she was entirely blank.

Now the curious part of this is, that the same bit of budding womanhood will exclaim to you in the most riotous terms of delight upon this or that new novel, its characters, and its author. She will ask you if you have read Jack Thusly's latest book, as if not to have done so would be to fall in her esteem. The different manner in which she approaches the stage and the novel is not, however, so great a puzzle when you discover, as eventually you will, that there is no mental attitude in the matter at all; it is all merely a manner, just as there are fashions in shaking hands or in putting down one's hat in a drawing-room. To talk about the actor happens to be part of the shibboleth of the majority; to consider the playwright is not. To know the authors of books is, to all intents, necessary to their purchase; hence a surface familiarity with the names of novelists is imperative. The *Matinée Girl* is nothing if not on the side of the majority. Her originality in these matters is quite on a par with that of her even earlier years, when her notion of originality was to declare that she would never marry. Compare the enthusiasms, however, and you will find that only one of them has the actual personal flavor. To meet the novelist is nothing so wonderful. But about the stage-door there is still a marvelous glamour; for a chance to pass beyond it, and meet her idol face to face, the *Matinée Girl* would brave many things. And what is true of her, is true of the average person of middle-class intellect. Her ranks are recruited from no particular social class: she signifies the mental fashion of nearly all the people who take their opinions wholesale.

The public attitude, then, is one of interest toward the actor, apathy toward the author. There is nothing in the life of the actor that does not attract interest. His goings and his comings; his performances and his intentions; his rise and his fall; all occur in the glare of publicity. And when he is no longer active, no longer in a position to have his yacht, his cottage-by-the-sea, and his opulent clothes pointed out to the wayfarer, does he sink to obscurity or poverty, as do less favored mortals? By no means. By that time we shall have a Home For Aged and Infirm Actors, where those whom now we applaud, may finish, pleasantly and peacefully, their entertaining lives.

To venture into the future, to pretend that we stood upon the spacious fields where our Retired Actors sunned themselves, is a sore temptation. "Did you ever see me in my great part," says one old man, "my great part, that the town went mad over?" "Let me see," you say, "what was the name of the play?" The ancient frowns a little, but vouchsafes, "The play was 'Peter and Paul' and my part was—." You interrupt, striving to refresh your memory, "Peter and Paul,"—let me see, who was the author?" "I have forgotten," says the actor, and leaves you, gloomily.

Yes, he had forgotten, and we, too, forget, and many of us never knew. For the author there is, at the best, a little fame, a bare living, and then—what! Legal contention, local and international, about copyrights. At something less than the best, the author turns to hack work, to newspaper work, to overtaxation of his mental store, and to an early Finis. For him there is no home, no refuge, no institution typifying any public interest in his comfort.

If we are to have an Actors' Home in America my contention is that we might as logically have an Authors' Home. The subject is not altogether new. There was discussed, some time ago, a bequest in a will whereby a house on the Riviera was to be turned into a Home for Aged Authors. The exact terms of the bequest do not matter, but it was practically as I have outlined. But Europe has enough in looking after her own. The American author is increasing so rapidly that not to write is an enviable distinction. In the fight for the laurels many will go down. Surely, for these there should be just as much provision as for the persons who, time and again, have grown fat from the genius of writers. It is an obvious proposition that without writing there can be no acting: even the directions for a pantomime have to be set down. It is notorious, also, that, only too often, writers receive from stage successes no adequate rewards. Many are the ideas that have been filched bodily by tinkers for the stage; many the plots that have served as moneymakers for actors without enriching their authors.

The question of the temperamental difference between the author and the actor, the qualities of sensitiveness and shame that, in the author, keep him from accepting that which the actor is likely to proclaim as his due, need not touch my argument. It is very possible that the average author, when distress and infirmity come upon him, would be a very difficult person to lure into no matter how comfortable an Authors' Home. The superintendence, the management, of such an institution, would be a work of infinite tact, constant genius. My concern is rather with the comparison to be drawn from the prosperity of the fund for the Actors' Home and the fact that for an Authors' Home there is nothing but this poor suggestion.

A glance at the subscriptions to the Actors' Home force the conclusion that Literature stands upon but a shoddy foundation in America. Where in the ranks of our writers, our publishers, our readers, shall we find such prosperity as these subscription lists before me declare! Where is there anything equal in letters to the note of "easy come, easy go," that is in this liberality on the part of the theatre for its people. The fund in question was started by a prominent theatrical manager's cheque for ten thousand dollars. Within fifteen days another fifty thousand had been added. The names of the subscribers were printed in heavy type, prominently, each day: there was a certain vanity and advertisement in being put down publicly for a hundred dollars where your less fortunate or stingier neighbor was only set

down for ten. Scrutiny will disclose, even in this bald subscription list, documents in support of my present contention. There is infinite humor in these two names happening to elbow each other as they actually do, thus: Tony Pastor, \$500; Richard Mansfield, \$250. The perennial Mr. Pastor, whose talents have been not exactly in a napkin, but in an opera hat, all his life, can afford to double the donation of the player, who—as not even his worst enemies can deny—has done his best to present one or more new plays each year, and who, if he had done nothing else, deserves the thanks of the entire English-speaking world for playing so admirably more than one play by George Bernard Shaw, a writer of worth and note. It is recounted that some feeling of annoyance at the praise given Mr. Shaw marred Mr. Mansfield's joy in the profits from "The Devil's Disciple," and this touch of the mumming nature fits in with the general suppression of the creative in favor of the imitative artist. "Shaw, Shaw," exclaimed Mr. Mansfield, "I hear of nothing but the brilliant Mr. Shaw. It is very tiresome." "For shame, Dick," said his wife, "look at the money we are making from the piece. You are ungrateful. You should go down on your knees and thank the Lord for so good a play." "I do, my dear, I do," said Mr. Mansfield, "but I add: 'Oh, Lord, why did it have to be by Shaw?'"

However pertinent, as proof of the public's and the player's attitude toward authors, this modern instance does not bring me much farther on my way to proving that if we owe aught to the mummer who has outlived his prosperity we owe it equally to the author.

The profession of letters in America is not as ill-paid as once it was. But as rewards have increased so have the competitors. What with the starring system that the publishers have borrowed from the theatre, and what with the cheap fecundity of the dilettante, the real artist in letters is likely, at the end of many years' devotion to his Muse, to find himself but poorly paid. It is given only to the few to have, like Mr. Hopkinson Smith, the sister arts of painting and architecture to supplement the art of words. To the majority there is, for eking out the existence that the higher walks of literature leave somewhat starved, only journalism. And our modern journalism, whatever we may say of its best moments, is, for the honest gentleman who strives to make his living by it, merely, as the author of "Intentions" once said, the old vulgarity writ large. The blackest of the censures that have ever been passed upon our Fourth Estate is from the pen of one who, more than any other American writer of late years, constituted a case in evidence of our public's neglect of the artists who best serve it. This was Walter B. Harte, the essayist. Mr. Harte wrote that, "in spite of all the literary activity and the intellectual restlessness of our time, there are not probably more than half a dozen writers in the United States who follow literature, pure and simple, as a profession; and it is noteworthy that among these there are neither poets nor essayists—the backbone of belles-lettres." That was written within the decade; it may be that the recent rush to write has twisted the truth of it a little, but the essential of it still serves. Pure literature alone may provide cake, but not bread and butter. For the bare necessities of life it becomes imperative that the man whose writing is his life must turn to the newspapers. "Literary brigandage" was what Mr. Harte called the things that have to be done for newspapers in order to live by the newspapers. "Out of the bitterness of a full knowledge" Harte wrote that "the American man of letters is an imp of letters after dark. . . . I have known hundreds of good, gentle, noble men who were bravos from high noon until two or three o'clock in the morning, who, upon coffee or quinine, to keep nature from utter insubordination, were poets, priests, and philosophers from two until six. . . . After a few years in the masked service of journalism, even the most robust talent is crippled and deformed. . . ."

Some half dozen years after that was penned the author of it was dead. He died to all intents alone. No newspaper—not one of those million mouths he had helped to prompt—printed a line about him; it was months before even the few who had known him realized that he was



dead. Yet he had written the finest book of American essays of the time: "Meditations In Motley." It rotted in the garrets of indifferent publishers; it had its share of praise from Israel Zangwill and the discriminating men of letters in London; and that was all. Its author was of a human type not unfamiliar to students of literature; he preferred the gloom of the library to the gaieties of social intercourse; when the world went wrong with him he found a corner and ended there.

Had there been a Home for Authors, this man need not have died in need and want. I do not say that he would have been an easy person to induce to such seclusion; but, even had it been necessary to shift his sick-bed bodily, there might have been something happier for him than the death that came to him. The great American public, the public that goes about echoing the name of the newest novel that the newspaper has told it to talk about, might not have had this man's death to its credit quite so shamefully.

Turning from the saddest instance in my ken, one can find even in the cheery pages of Robert Louis Stevenson an occasional hint of the poor sort of happiness that comes to the artist in letters. Here was a man whom this generation holds as the type of the pure artist, yet he says that if it had not been for his health, "which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, commonplace trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during these ill years." Stevenson, to be sure, in brighter mood, avowed that writers belonged to the same class as do the Daughters of Pleasure; they make their bread by their enjoyment. Yet to this he added "But it is not all primroses, some of it is brambly, and most of it uphill." And yet, surely, nobody has so deeply drunk of the joy of art as did Stevenson; he died full of it.

Between the delight distributed by authors and actors there can be but slight comparison. For the mummer who merely shows us a number of changing masks we may conceive a certain sort of admiration, but hardly anything like genuine affection. For the man behind the book, on the other hand, the very essence of gratitude must make itself felt. Not, I admit, in the heart of the great public. That is just the state of things it would be so pleasant to alter. The great public cares whether its actors end in comfort, but its authors may starve as they please. Hardly anyone, if one excepts Marie Corelli, holds that the public really takes the time to think about the lives and deaths of the people who pour out their souls on paper for the entertainment and instruction of that same public. "I think authors do not sufficiently bear in mind the important fact," said Miss Corelli once, "that, in this age of ours, the public thinks for itself much more extensively than we give it credit for. . . . It is a cultured public. . . ." This puts the proper hall-mark upon the Corelli. The longer one lives the more one cannot help seeing that the public mostly thinks as it is told or cajoled to think. If it can be made to think that it has never properly done its duty by the authors whose lives it has helped itself to, something stupendous will have been accomplished. Take out of the world what it owes to literature and what a void is there? Take out what we owe to actors, and what have we lost? The memory of this gesture, that grimace, or such and such a tone of the voice. The words, the kernel of the thing, would still be ours. We still could take the page and let our fancy pose the theatrical gestures for ourselves. But take away the poetry, the essays, the tragedies, and the romance, of all the great deeps of letters, and how poor the world would be? The debt to authors is so vast, so infinite, that one can nowise compute it. Yet if to these there comes the accident of ill-luck, of poverty, of illness—what sign is there in all the world that anyone cares? While a writer's vogue is on, while the newspapers kindle the flame of his fame, we pretend a sort of interest; yet the moment that new idols come, how often, or how sincerely, do we repeat the thought, "What has become of Soandso?" He may be in need, or he may not; we do not know, and we do not care.

It would be a beautiful thing, I think, if in this great Democracy, a Democracy that has been accused of caring too little for the arts, there should arise an incontestible proof of gratitude to Literature. Such a proof would be the equalling the Home for Actors that has just been made a certainty. It is true that such an institution might not be easily filled, save by main force, yet if it did no more than stand as a memorial, it would have done its duty. There is, I think, more pride in the author than in the actor. When he has come to the end of his tether he is hard to oust from the hole he has determined to crawl into for death. I could build up scores of ridiculous fancies upon the text of the cat-and-dog life that the Aged and Infirm Authors might lead in such an asylum for their old age as I have suggested. All the sad little vestiges of ancient vanities, all the pathetic egoisms, all the never-digested grievances, would clash, I dare say, into a dreadful discord. Yet I think the plan can be seriously considered, if only the question of mere physical comfort be kept in view. If one goes without the city walls, no farther than to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, one will have a notion of how the world may repay, in comfort, what has been given to it in vitality. If our bodies have, at many times and places, owed something to the deep-sea sailor,—now as we actually sailed at sea, now as we merely consumed the staple that had come over seas—how much more have not our souls owed to the author? There should be spots in plenty in this vast land of ours where a bit of land and water, a patch of God's great garden of peace, might be set aside for such a purpose. Even those whose pride would bar them without its gates would be helped by such a Home, for the thought, "Well, at the worst, I need not die in squalor" would spur many a flagging hope. The idea of the thing, as in the case of the lover and his picture of his mistress, would transcend the reality, would serve as a life-buoy.

If at the end of all endeavors, there might loom such a haven of rest as Stevenson crossed the world to find, what present buffets of fate might not the man of letters brave? The physical failure, to which Stevenson early accustomed himself, is not infrequently the writer's portion; the fashion of robustness and out-door life cannot include all men; the men who, like Stevenson, have wrought for themselves a mountain home to die in, can be counted in a breath. Stevenson once told Edmund Gosse that, if ever he had a garden he should like it to be empty, just a space to walk and talk in, with no flowers to need a gardener nor fine lawns that had to be mown. Even so, there need be little for the Aged Author we have in mind, save just a place to walk and talk in, a space much occupied, perhaps, with ghosts, but redolent, throughout, of the thanks of a sometime careless public.

Consideration of the material, rather than the sentimental, details of such a plan is likely to open most eyes to the vastness of the blessings this life has for the mummer, as against the oblivion accorded the man who puts the words into his mouth.

Note the list of subscriptions to the Actors' Home. The first cheque is that of a manager. The others come from every branch of the theater's employ, as well as from millionaires who have taken their spouses from the stage. To equal this, it would be necessary for the Authors' Home I am suggesting, that a prominent American publisher start the ball rolling with a goodly cheque. Where is the man who would do such a thing? On what corner of Fifth Avenue shall we find him? Where are the scores upon scores of writers, who, like the actors that have subscribed to their Home, can afford to sign for three figures? Yet, while there is an actual excuse for the writers being, as a class, ill able to afford even the support of their kind, for publishers there is no such explanation for inability. They make, on the average, nine-tenths of the gross receipts of their business; theatrical managers, though the total shared may be larger, do not share in as large a proportion.

The initiative, then, ought to, and must, come from some publisher. Let me be concrete. There is not the surplus available that the theatre affords, but that is chiefly because

the public's attitude towards the theatre is more opulent than that it bears to literature. To offset this, a more vigorous campaign should be waged to bring that public to a sense of its default; to wring from it, for purposes of this Fund, the support it has hitherto reserved. Suppose the fund were started, say by a member of the firm of Dodd, Mead & Co., the Century Co., the Scribners, or the McClures, there would surely be a large number of other eminent names following the good example. Large amounts could be depended on from the proprietors of many popular periodicals, as the Curtis firm of Philadelphia, the Colliers, of New York, the Harpers, and the *Youth's Companion*. The newspapers would have an excellent chance, by proclaiming and aiding the fund, to atone for the lives they have swallowed up from out the borders of literature. That the main succor in a scheme of this kind must come from the publishers needs little insistence. Some years ago a member of an eminent publishing house had the thoughtfulness to point out to authors the necessity of having some trade beside that of authorship. To this came from Mr. Ambrose Bierce, the critic, the retort that he did not believe publishers found it necessary to have any trade beside publishing. Certainly, in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, there are publishers of prosperity enough to give a tangible beginning to such a plan. There are clubs in plenty, whose business it should be to equal the record of "The Lambs" in subscribing over a thousand dollars for its fellows; the Lotos, the Grolier, the Salmagundi, the Press, and many others should make the most of such an opportunity.

It would be an easy matter to pick out the authors who could sign, from their literary earnings, cheques of fair size. Such authors as have married well, or as have in their birth come to riches, would have to equalize the deficit.

The newspapers, and the many millionaires who own newspapers, will, at the last, have to be the backbone to such an enterprise. It is they who can spur the public conscience and bring it to realization of the fact that authors, though in their lives they seem to serve their own pleasure, deserve something better than a death presided over by want. Many authors are, like Stevenson, "ordered South" from their beginnings; he is the only one easy to cite as coming into his kingdom under his own roof and fig-tree. Suppose that to some of our sincerest workers in the thorny field of letters there came the sickness that brought about incapacity, what would be their chances of comfort in old age,—comfort, at least, compatible with conscience. It is easy enough to sell one's soul to the employers of conscienceless hacks; but some would rather die than do that. It is these conscientious few that an Authors' Home might serve as safeguard.

Consideration of the literary temperament in this connection may be waived. Concerning this temperament a deal of rubbish has been shot, and will be. If I cared to concern myself with the farcical opportunities of life in an Author's Home, I dare say the subject could be made laughable enough. But the thing that appears absurd, or full of incompatibilities, is not always the thing that is impossible. Authors are no more victims of the "artistic temperament" bugbear than are actors or musicians, and for musicians an individual has accomplished that which I am now asking the public in general to do. I refer to Verdi's foundation, at a cost to himself of some twenty-thousand pounds sterling, of just such a Home for Musicians, in Italy, as I have been mooted here for authors.

In a diligent effort to exclude from this plea aught but the actual and the soberly logical I have too much escaped, perhaps, the proper note of enthusiasm. This has been because, rather than trust myself to write with my feelings free-reined, I have preferred to state the case through the words of others. What my case may lack in spontaneous sentiment, it gains, I trust, in authority.

The matter rests, at the last, with the newspapers of America. It is they who can stir the public; it is they who have, in this direction, a certain wrong to right. For in the service of the newspapers countless good men disappear,

# The Mirror

## THE RIGHT TO PROPERTY.

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

year by year, unheard of, old before their time; it is to the newspapers that the authors turn when they look for bread and butter, and it is the newspapers who exact, for that fare, so heavy a moral premium. The lot of the born newspaper-man, without any literary aspirations, is of the best; we read of large salaries, of national dignity, of wide-reaching authority. But for the few who reach to the high wage, there are hundreds who never rise, and grind themselves to death, by day and night, for a pittance. Than these there are few people more unfortunate; more than in other walks of life they give soul and body to their business, and gain, as final reward, nothing tangible. Day after day the whole mind is poured into the confines of a newspaper column, and each morning asks new efforts; the accomplishment of yesterday is as if it had never been. These words that stood for an actual thought, a year ago, cannot even have the life of a book, for, as often as not, the writer's conscience interferes, as in the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who in a now famous preface, wrote: "To serve up the weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty—no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming before me as an agricultural laborer sees the workhouse."

It is the belief of the newspapers that they are powerful educators. That literature goes farther in educating than does the theatre there can be little denial. In the cause of the theatre our newspapers have done, and are doing, great things; not the least of these is their aid for the Actors' Home. Let as much energy, as much eloquence, as much force of eminent example be expended on a project for a Home for Aged and Infirm Authors, and the newspapers of America will have eternally deserved well of Literature.

### THE MIRACULOUS CENTURY

BY RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

DEAR race of men and women, hand in hand,  
Not since sweet Eve with Adam thus did stand,  
Facing all time and fate,  
Has been a dawn of meaning so august,  
Pregnant with promise for our soul-lit dust,  
With good so great,  
As soon we glad and fortunate living must,  
Rapt-vision'd, contemplate.  
For if God's seal authority conveys,  
Its stamp is set upon these giant days,  
That marvellous things shall be;  
He hath the blindness stricken from our eyes,  
He hath brought down His secrets from the skies,  
Saying to us—"See!"  
And offering ultimate knowledge in this wise,  
Shall God draw back? Not He.  
Sing, O ye old, that saw the blossom's shoot,  
Sing, O ye young, that shall behold the fruit,  
In pride of living, sing!  
Souls have not lived when days so vast were known,  
Through all the ages till our wondrous own,  
Time's amplest swing,  
When the Miraculous Century alone  
Shall God's full teaching bring.  
Its pledge is found in what hath gone before,  
The hundred years now tallying their full score,  
The ripening of the field;  
For in their rich and final seasons came  
The falling snows and the sun's lifting flame  
On germs concealed,  
Till but for us, the living, now to claim  
All Time's completest yield.  
Out, loving souls, to where the view is wide,  
Out, trusting souls, confident and clear-eyed,  
Throng the far-stretching earth!  
For soon shall dawn the day supremely blest,  
The age of all Time's long procession best,  
Of grandest worth,  
When we proclaim, race each to race address'd,  
The Miracle Century's birth.

AS one who voted for the Democratic candidate for President, my opinions on the proposed "reorganization" of the Democratic party will be of little value to the group of estimable gentlemen who have so kindly agreed to attend to the small details of reversing the present policy of that party, particularly in regard to economic issues. However, my firm belief in the cardinal principles of true democracy, and my earnest desire to see those principles an accomplished fact, are my excuse for adding my small contribution to the discussion, which is temporarily occupying some share of public attention.

And first I wish to emphasize the MIRROR's editorial view, that the Democratic party must remain a radical party. To say nothing of the absurdity of two great parties, both doing homage to the God-of-Things-as-They-Are, it must be evident that the only reason for the existence of a Democratic party at this time is the urgent necessity for an organized movement that shall sweep away the outworn wrongs and abuses that, in the very nature of things, attach to the continuance under any system or laws for more than thirty years. Note that I say "laws," not political administrations. It is true that since 1860 we have had eight years of an alleged Democratic President, and Democratic fourth-class postmasters, but the web and woof of our institutions have been Republican.

In his "Physics and Politics" Walter Bagehot points out the inevitable tendency of human society to form a crust of conventional forms, opinions, codes, laws and systems, which stifles healthy growth, and prevents the free development of social activities into a complete and harmonious whole. And it is to this conflict between the ever-growing, ever-changing spirit of progress and advancement, and the reactionary forces that ask only to be let alone, now that society has been molded into forms that work for their aggrandizement at the expense of the less favored, that the Democratic party owes its vital force to-day.

Mr. Bryan's statement of the central issue of the recent campaign, made in a speech delivered a few days before the election: "We assert that the workers who produce the wealth of this country do not get their fair share of the wealth they create, and that some men who do no work get an unfair share of the wealth produced by the workers," is an absolute and unquestionable truth. Under this sign the Democracy can conquer.

But, and this is all important, the Democracy can only win on a platform that clearly states its purpose to bring about a more just distribution of the national wealth, and the laws or methods by which it proposes to bring about this desirable result. Changing the measure of value so that the money prices of wealth will be doubled, won't do. A scheme by which the \$750,000,000 of the Standard Oil Company will become \$1,500,000,000, while the consumer would pay twice the present price of oil, is too sadly ridiculous for discussion.

Nor is the Democratic platform more rational in its treatment of the trust question. Failing to recognize that the evils of the trusts do not lie in the aggregation of capital in great corporations, but in the monopoly powers given these corporations by National and State legislatures, the Democrats have looked to legislation against the trusts as a remedy for the effects of these monopolies instead of to the natural cause, the repeal of the class legislation which is the source of the oppressive power of the trusts.

What the Democracy must do, in order to secure a vote of confidence, is to show that it can intelligently discriminate between the good and evil in great industrial combinations, and can destroy the evils without injuring the good. To do this it must recognize as the central principle of its economic creed the Right to Property, that men have a right to that wealth which they produce, by labor of hand or brain, but not to that wealth which is taken from its producers by special privileges and class legislation and given to a favored few.

The Republican policy in economic matters has been, and is, a direct denial to the wealth-producers of the property which they create. It is a socialism of the rich and powerful, and is contrary to every principle of sturdy American individualism. If the Democratic party will take its stand on the broad assertion that all men are entitled to the wealth which they create, and will boldly declare for the repeal of every vestige of the class legislation by which property is now taken from the workers and bestowed on the beneficiaries of privilege, it can win. If it fails to take this stand, it will lose—and it will deserve to lose.



### IDLING IN JAPAN.

BY PIERRE LOTI.

[Translated from the French by A. Lenalie.]

ONE clear October morn, by a glowing sunrise, I directed my course—it matters little exactly where—toward the interior of the island of Nippon, followed by Yves, it is unnecessary to add.

In our little carts, drawn by swarthy runners, we started our voyage with some degree of éclat, moving rapidly along, our visages tingling with the cold, sharp Autumn air.

For an hour we followed the *Tokaido* (or "route of the Oriental sea"), which is the longest and most ancient public highway in the Japanese Empire. Its whole length is bordered by an uninterrupted series of shops, tea houses and hostleries; some, still smart, covered with pictures, lanterns and paper streamers; the others—these the larger number—time-worn and blackened, bearing the marks of extreme age. Wooden walls everywhere; high-peaked roofs, all thatched and uniformly surmounted by a sort of green top-knot, a fascia of grasses and iris leaves which has shaped itself on the summit of each little house. On all sides, as we journey, a charming landscape, wooded hills, tiny pagodas, ingeniously located, here and there, most picturesquely among the trees; while cool brooks wander down among the bamboo trees.

Large crowds traverse this "route of the Oriental sea," a continual going and coming; the cries of the venders, laughter, hurried meetings, hasty encounters between sprightly old codgers, rushing at breakneck speed, stopping only an instant before an inn to snatch a bowl of rice or cup of tea, then flying off again, in the opposite direction. Horses, harnessed with multi-colored ornaments, and, predominating everywhere, these runners and bearers, men performing skillfully and swiftly all the work that beasts of burden customarily do for us; some running at a rapid gait before the *djin-richi-ka* that carries the droll little olive-skinned women, or shrewd little Japanese men; others, more slowly and forcefully plodding along the route, wonderfully stocky and muscular, harnessed like oxen to the heavy stone wagons; and endless processions of the lower caste people, bearing bales of rice or cloth and porcelain boxes; enormous cases for exportation, filing along on the backs of human beings, each enwrapped in a straw sheath, like our bottles of champagne. All the movement, all the life of a great commercial artery, in this most wonderful country of the world.

After a half-hour's journeys, we leave this *Tokaido* to seek the tranquil country-side, by paths where our bearers are forced to slacken their mad speed.

Traversing now a series of paths that succeed each other, all similar, we follow the winding of these verdant alleys, our horizon ever bounded by wooded hills whose graceful contours are repeated indefinitely, always unvarying. The foliage is of a brilliant green, slightly reddened, here and there, by Autumn tints. All the length of the way there are endless rice plantations and millet fields; or the fruit orchards whose trees, all of the same species peculiar to Japan, are laden with fruit of a beautiful golden hue.

The further we penetrate into the country the more marked the difference between its calm and the hurly-





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burly of the main road; more pastoral these scenes, like to those of ancient days.

From time to time, these villages, nestled in their verdure. Along the route, peasants tilling the soil; some clothed in long cotton garments of sombre tone, or, perhaps, naked, exposing their uncovered yellow bodies; men and women with long hair, all coiffed alike in bright, blue handkerchiefs knotted under their chins. On the outskirts of these villages a prodigious number of babies, running about with smiling countenances, peering at us and courtesying ceremoniously. Little cat-like faces; droll little heads, shaved in spots, after the manner of English garden plats, with a border of hair left over each ear and, toward the nape of the neck, other spherical spots from which depend their precious queues. Each little girl, having arrived at the age of seven or eight, carries, on her back, a younger brother, whom she drags around and watches as she plays and runs about, sleeping or laughing, but never crying. The baby is attached to the older sister's back by strips of cloth, so firmly tied that the two pretty faces appear to belong to one and the same person;—Yves, in order to designate them, has originated a term that would not have occurred to me: "the double-headed children."

In front of every house is a tiny little garden, carefully cared-for, surrounded with regular-shaped, perfectly trimmed hedges; beside some unknown species of flowers grow our dahlias, zinnias, china-asters and Bengal roses, smaller than ours and of a deeper red,—and, naturally, there are Japanese anemones. In place of apple-trees that, at this season of the year, in France, are covered with red or yellow fruit, there is universally this *kaki* tree, that resembles in its foliage the medlar-tree and bears fruit of a deeper golden tint than the orange.

At every angle of the road we follow are small granite

statues of Buddha, similar to our images of saints in France. Generally, they are grouped in rows under a wooden roof that protects them from the rain; some are decked with red cloth collarettes, or pearl necklaces and bracelets. In front of them are large vases wherein are flowers. 'Tis a truly pastoral Japan that we are crossing now. Many are the pagodas,—the smallest village possesses two or three,—always perched on hillsides under the shade of large trees; they are reached by straight flights of stairs with stone or wooden steps, over-arched always by two or three religious porticos called *tori*, whose shape, forever the same, is inconceivably mysterious.

Among these rice and millet fields, now mown, yet still green, our path neither rises nor descends: we are always on a level, but still enclosed with those omnipresent hills that forever encompass us like walls. Though each little valley is radiant and inspiring in itself, the whole is disquieting and somewhat saddening, on account of the impression one receives of leaving so many similar ones in the background, all of which must be rethreaded by this single unique path. They succeed each other interminably, cross and recross in labyrinthine mode, till, at last, one becomes oppressed with the feeling of becoming deeper and deeper engulfed in this walled country, horizonless and without a perspective.

At a turn of the way, somewhat wearied by the monotony of the voyage and the jolting of our conveyances, we are suddenly roused to a spirit of extreme indignation (in the first moment of surprise, be it understood, before grasping the situation): before an isolated dwelling an old man and woman are cooking two little girls—doubtless with the intention of eating them! Near them is a large wooden tub mounted on a tripod, before a bright brush fire; within are these two tiny midgits, aged six or eight years, probably,

their heads still visible and distinguishable by us through the thin smoke.

In reality, they are simply taking a bath and the water is thus being heated that they may not contract a cold. But, truly, they have every appearance of having been placed there to boil: one would say a soup, concocted of infants, for some cannibalistic Gargantua.

And so contented, both of them, to be frolicking in the tepid water, and so amused that we should happen to be passing by at just this moment!—playing a thousand monkey-tricks for our delectation, dancing, splashing or standing upright, nude, like little devilkins which emerge from a sauce-pan. And these two old Nipponians—grandfather and mother evidently, with whitened locks falling about their parchment-like visages—seated on the door-step, watching the broth with a sort of tender simplicity, and laughing, themselves, to see us laugh.

This scene, too, is quickly left behind, the little, solitary house, the strange cuisine, the simple gaiety of the good, old people whom we shall never see again, so we continue, on and on, through the rice-plantations, now deserted, and the toy-like, monotonous hills, carrying away with us, after our shock, the remembrance of a very droll incident which will, doubtless, amuse us long hence, whenever we chance to recall it.

\*\*\*

DOES heaven appear unkind today,  
And all the world seem wrong?  
Do the high gods jeer when you try to pray?  
Don't pity yourself—that's the devil's way  
Of gripping you good and strong.  
Make of your troubles a poet's lay;  
Let Art dark Sorrow to Joy betray  
In a bit of a song.

W. M. R.

## A GREAT WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Empress Club of London, which owns its handsome quarters in Dover Street, valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is the most exclusive woman's club in England. It was founded three years ago, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and as a rendezvous for the smart set is curious in comparison with the "mixed" clubs which are so popular in London (writes Bertha Damaris Knobe in the *Bazar*). These clubs, most of them with a fashionable membership, are apt to have some specific *raison d'être*. The Albemarle, however, is a mixed club, with purely social aims. The Bath Club, one of the ultra-swell, has athletic aims. The Denison Club has charitable aspirations, the Sesame Club, literary purposes, and so one might, like Tennyson's brook run on forever in a *resume* of the mixed clubs that mark London as conspicuous. When it comes to the Empress Club comparing notes with a club exclusively of men, there are absolutely no points of distinction. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Empress Club is second in membership only to one man's club, the Constitutional Club of London, which has the exceptional enrollment of five thousand members. From these cursory comparisons it will be seen that in this strenuous day the Empress Club offers peculiar advantages to the society woman. It is not only an attractive abiding-place for the country woman who may come to town over-night for a function, but it is a convenient social centre for the in-town member. Certainly nothing could be more alluring to the woman who dotes on social chit-chat than to indulge over a companionable little tea-table in one of the elegant corners, or to have a cozy half-hour in the privacy of her own apartment. For the hostess who entertains much it is quite "the thing" for her to give her functions at the club. As mentioned, one of the large reception-rooms may be rented for this purpose. This relieves the hostess of the distress of having her home disarranged, and at the same time frees her from responsibility of directing the affair, as she simply gives an order at the office, and is sure to have every detail attended to perfectly. There are times, moreover, when the club unites in giving a big affair, as the brilliant reception on the opening evening in its new quarters last October.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The January number of *The Delineator* contains a picturesque description of "The Veiled Prophets of St. Louis." It is one of a series entitled "Pageants of Cities." This magazine has been "putting on airs," of late and is greatly improved in matter and make-up.

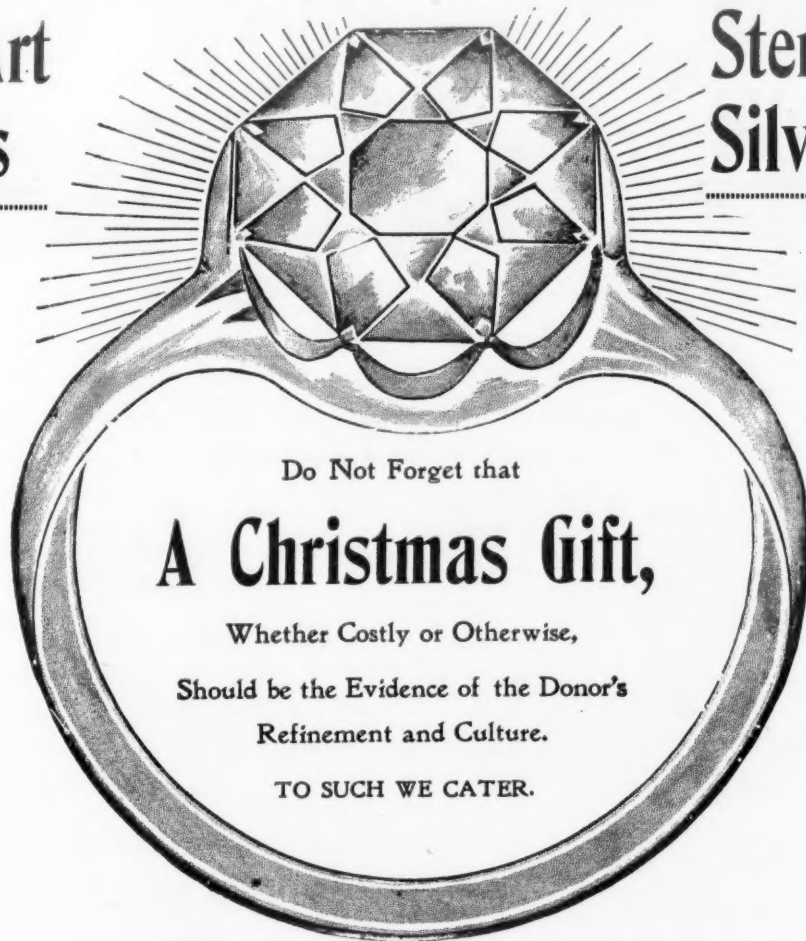
"Baby Goose; His Adventures," is the subject of a very bright and pleasing juvenile book. The verse by Miss Fannie E. Ostrander and the brilliant, colored pictures by Mr. R. W. Hirschert. It will be a great book for a Christmas gift for the wee toddlers. [Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago, Price, \$1.25.]

"Fireside Battles," by Annie G. Brown, is, as its title indicates, the story of the struggle of life as fought by one brave girl. Reared in a home of luxury, the poverty that came to so many in the South (for it is a Southern story—though, fortunately, without the dialect) finds the family reduced to working for a livelihood. With a graceful but frivolous mother the heroine has a hard battle, which she wins in the end. Miss Brown has written a pretty story in a delightfully simple style. Mr. Joseph C. Leyendecker's illustrations add a charm to the book which is otherwise very nicely printed and bound, an edition de luxe, in fact, suitable for a holiday gift. [Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago, Price \$1.25.]

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## HOW TO USE YOUR MONEY.

There are a thousand ways of investing money and those who are fortunate enough to possess "spare cash" are often puzzled to know just which is the best. For the man who is afraid to invest there are the banks paying interest on deposits, a slow but sure means of saving. For those who are able and willing to tempt the jade Fortune in buying and selling railroad stocks and bonds, or by operating in the futures of cotton, grain and provisions there are opportunities also. To speculate in these items the one important point is to secure the services of a thoroughly reliable firm of brokers, and equally important is it that the speculator have "spare cash" wherewith to invest, to be able to lose with equanimity—or, if the tide sets his way—to win. In other words no one should place all his fund on one venture, whether that venture be grain, street railroads or mining stock. In choosing the first essential, a reliable firm, Messrs. Gaylord, Blessing & Co., 307 Olive street, exactly fill the description. They have been in business here in St. Louis nearly forty years and during that period have invested millions of dollars for their customers. In buying and selling securities they operate only in listed stocks and bonds, that is, such as are recognized as legitimate.

This is in itself a security, for too often the speculator, especially the novice, is induced by unreliable and conscienceless brokers to invest in fictitious or sophisticated enterprises, in which he may make a little money at first to lose all the more in the end. Gaylord, Blessing & Co. have thousands of customers on their books to each of whom they issue their daily and weekly circulars, which tell in plain language how the stock market is going, what securities are on the upward trend and what are going down. Making plain statements of financial conditions their customers can use this information to advantage. It must be borne in mind that these reliable brokers have their correspondents in all the important centres of trade, they are well posted on the condition of growing crops, whether of cereals or cotton, and know from reliable sources which are the safest and most promising fields for investment. They do not guarantee their customers against loss; no honest brokers do that. But the people who entrust their good money to this firm may be sure of "a square deal," that their profits will be promptly and faithfully credited to them, and that whatever advantage the members of the firm may possess from their long experience in the market shall be at the service of their clients. So it stands to reason that the man with "idle cash" who

can afford to win (or lose if necessary) may, under these circumstances, confidently put himself into communication with Gaylord, Blessing & Co., and with their assistance make a good thing out of his otherwise unemployed resources. This firm has been very successful in numberless instances in their deals, and there are many families in the West, whose comfortable homes and easy circumstances are due to profitable investments made for them by these reliable brokers. Therefore, if you feel that in these halcyon days you would like to put up a little money, either for an experimental flyer, or to devote a certain sum weekly or monthly in stocks, bonds, grain or provisions, write to Gaylord Blessing & Co., and they will answer you promptly and put you in the way of making an honest investment.

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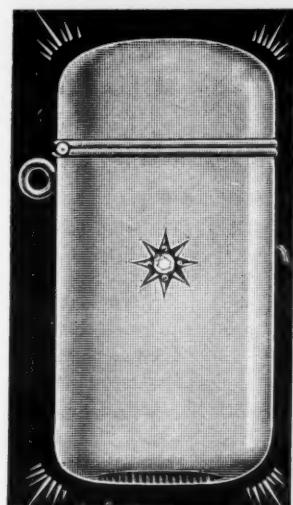


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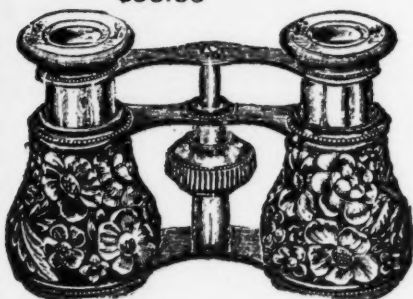


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## THE DEARTH OF CABINET LADIES.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay, who are important factors in both official and resident sets, will do little or no entertaining beyond the official breakfast which they will give in honor of the members of the diplomatic corps on New Year's day. Mrs. Hay, who is in deep mourning for her mother, Mrs. Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, O., will not receive with the other ladies of the Cabinet at the White House reception, nor will she open the series of cabinet dinners in honor of the President and Mrs. McKinley, preferring to give this stated function in the spring, when her year of mourning will have expired. This withdrawal of the wife of the Secretary of State promotes Mrs. Gage, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, to the first place in the reception line, and will give her the right of way in the social happenings of the Cabinet families. Another absentee in this circle will be Mrs. Long, whose health will not permit her to winter in Washington. As the rule of no substitute has been definitely decided upon, the list of Cabinet hostesses has been considerably curtailed and the Secretary of the Navy left without any feminine representation.

This decree, however, in no way affects the status of Miss Wilson, the young

daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture. Secretary Wilson being a widower, his daughter has enjoyed the honors as well as fulfilled all obligations of a Cabinet hostess, and, with Mrs. Gage, is the only one of the original Cabinet ladies attending Mrs. McKinley at the opening of the administration.

A matter of congratulation is the return to society of Mrs. Griggs, the pretty and charming young wife of the attorney general, whose all too short residence in Washington has been sadly interrupted by sickness and death. Mrs. Griggs is still in mourning for her mother, Mrs. Price of Paterson, N. J., but will resume her place in society and introduce her young stepdaughter, Miss Constance Griggs.

## THE PRINCETON GLEE CLUB.

The Princeton Glee Club Concert to be given in the Odeon, on Monday, December 24th, is by invitation of the Princeton Club of St. Louis. The local alumni are greatly interested in the coming of the under-graduates, and are making extensive preparations to insure the success of the concert and to give the young collegians an enjoyable time while in the city. The officers of the Princeton Club of St. Louis are: John D. Davis, President; William E. Guy, E. S. Lemoine, M. D. Vice-Presidents; Joseph W. Lewis, Secretary; K. Duncan Mellier, Treasurer; Rolla Wells, James L. Blair, Richard T. Shelton, H. N. Davis, Edward F. Goltra, Executive Committee.

The Princeton alumni have arranged to entertain the members of the various clubs, on the evening of the concert, at the University Club, and in addition to this it is probable that several other social events will be held in their honor. The patronesses for the concert will be: Mesdames William E. Guy, John David Davis, J. L. January, C. Gordon Knox, Louis Chauvenet, William Christy Bryan, John J. O'Fallon, T. S. McPheeters, H. N. Davis, Henry F. Langenberg, David C. Gamble, John Fowler, Fielding W. Oliver, George Howard Williams, William C. Glasgow, H. N. Spencer, William S. Long, Charles Claffin Allen, Edmund F. Wickham, James Lawrence Blair, Henry C. Scott, J. Lawrence Mauran, Edward F. Goltra, Julius S. Walsh, Rolla Wells, Smith P. Galt, K. Duncan Mellier, William McMillan, Breckenridge Jones, Samuel M. Kennard, Richard T. Shelton, Meade C. Williams, Andy J. Knapp, H. S. Priest.

## CHRISTMAS WEEK THEATER.

"Erminie" is the Christmas bill of the Castle Square Company at Music Hall. It has been known as the greatest operatic success since "Pinafore," and it is bright and tuneful as no other very modern opera. The Caddy will be W. H. Sloan, Erminie will be portrayed by Adelaide Norwood, Maurice Hageman will reappear as the Chevalier, Gretrude Quinlan is the Javotte, Louise Cylva, a stage beauty, is the Cerise. There are fifteen speaking parts. The scenery will be a revelation, even to confirmed Castle Square votaries. "Erminie" should have a great week. New Year's week will be devoted to "Lohengrin," with Rennyson, Norwood and Ludwig for the Elsa role, and Berthald and

Wegener as Lohengrin. Liesegang will put his Bayreuth experiences into the conducting of "Lohengrin."

Sothorn will be the attraction at the Olympic during Christmas week. The play will be "Hamlet." Southern's "Hamlet" is new, beautiful, poetical. It is put on with scenic splendor and interpreted by the most intelligent of actors in the line of legitimate. There are more than two hundred and twenty-five people employed in the production. The music is of a special interest. Miss Virginia Harned plays Ophelia. Altogether the Sothorn "Hamlet" is an important event. The critics differ with Sothorn's interpretation, but they all agree that it is a worthy essay towards the elevation of American dramatic art. There is no greater living "Hamlet" than Sothorn's.

At the Century the Christmas attraction will be Marie Burroughs, in a dramatization of Gilbert Parker's "Battle of the Strong." The play is up to the novel in quality, and that quality is of the healthiest best. The play is full of the color and passion of the French Revolution, as setting for a love story in which Miss Burroughs enacts the role of heroine. The gentler scenes are enacted in the isle of Jersey. Miss Burroughs is supported by that fine actor, Maurice Barrymore. The play has been a great success elsewhere, and should be, here.

The Standard Theatre has risen, Peenix-like, from its ashes and has located at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where its numerous friends and patrons will find "nothing changed but the house." Its attractions for the holidays are simply immense in their line.



# CHRISTMAS 1900 at Judge & Dolph's

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At Judge & Dolph's Prices, the Cost is Less than for Inferior Goods elsewhere.

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## SPECIAL

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Crabapple Blossom	per oz 49c
Jockey Club	per oz 49c

### Crown Perfume Co. (London)

Perfumes.

Violet	49c
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Frangipanni	75c oz
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Violet Reine	69c oz
Violet de Parma	69c oz
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## Pinaud's Toilet Waters.

Vegetal Lilas	54c bottle
Vegetal Violet Reine	54c bottle
Vegetal French Carnation	54c bottle
Vegetal Heliotrope (1/2 pint bottles.)	54c bottle

Johann Maria Farina Cologne (Genuine)	69c
Colgate's Toilet Waters	39c
Violet	39c
Rosadora	75c
Caprice	75c
Lafrance Rose	49c bottle
Lilac	49c bottle
Puraline Tooth Paste	20c
Hudnut's Violet Sachet	50c oz

## Hudnut's Perfumes.

Hudnut's Sweet Orchid	47c oz
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ERNEST DOWSON.

THE STORY OF A POET'S LIFE.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

I.

The death of Ernest Dowson will mean very little to the world at large, but it will mean a great deal to the few people who care passionately for poetry. A little book of verses, the manuscript of another, a one-act play in verse, a few short stories, two novels written in collaboration, some translations from the French, done for money; that is all that was left by a man who was undoubtedly a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in the most intimate sense. People will complain, probably, in his verses, of what will seem to them the factitious melancholy, the factitious idealism, and (peeping through at a few rare moments) the factitious suggestions of riot. They will see only a literary affectation, where in truth there is as genuine a note of personal sincerity as in the more explicit and arranged confessions of less admirable poets. Yes, in these few evasive, immaterial snatches of song, I find, implied for the most part, hidden away like a secret, all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal impetus of genius.

Ernest Christopher Dowson was born at The Grove, Belmont Hill, Lee, Kent, on August 2nd, 1867; he died at 26, Sandhurst Gardens, Catford, S. E., on Friday morning, February 23d, 1900, and was buried in the Roman Catholic part of the Lewisham Cemetery on February 27th. His great uncle was Alfred Domett, Browning's "Waring," at one time Prime Minister of New Zealand, and author of "Ranolf and Amohia," and other poems. His father, who had himself a taste for literature, lived a good deal in France and on the Riviera, on account of the delicacy of his health, and Ernest had a somewhat irregular education, chiefly out of England, before he entered Queen's College, Oxford. He left in 1887 without taking a degree, and came to London, where he lived for several years, often revisiting France, which was always his favorite country. Latterly, until about a year ago, he lived almost entirely in Paris, Brittany, and Normandy. Never robust, and always reckless with himself, his health had been steadily getting worse for some years, and when he came back to London he looked, as indeed he was, a dying man. Morbidly shy, with a sensitive independence which shrank from any sort of obligation, he would not communicate with his relatives, who would gladly have helped him, or with any of the really large number of attached friends whom he had in London; and, as his disease weakened him more and more, he hid himself away in his miserable lodgings, refused to see a doctor, let himself half starve, and was found one day in a Bodega with only a few shillings in his pocket, and so weak as to be hardly able to walk, by a friend, himself in some difficulties, who immediately took him back to the bricklayer's cottage in a muddy outskirt of Catford, where he was himself living, and there generously looked after him for the last six weeks of his life.

He did not realize that he was going to die, and was full of projects for the future, when the £600 which was to come to him from the sale of some property should have given him a fresh chance in the world; began

to read Dickens, whom he had never read before, with singular zest; and, on the last day of his life, sat up talking eagerly till five in the morning. At the very moment of his death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped.

II.

I cannot remember my first meeting with Ernest Dowson. It may have been in 1891, at one of the meetings of the Rhymers' Club, in an upper room at the Cheshire Cheese, where long clay pipes lay in slim heaps on the wooden tables, between tankards of ale; and young poets, then very young, recited their own verses to one another with a desperate and ineffectual attempt to get into key with the Latin Quarter. Though few of us were, as a matter of fact, Anglo-Saxon, we could not help feeling that we were in London, and the atmosphere of London is not the atmosphere of movements or of societies. In Paris it is the most natural thing in the world to meet and discuss literature, ideas, one's own and one another's work; and it can be done without pretentiousness or constraint, because, to the Latin mind, art, ideas, one's work and the work of one's friends, are definite and important things, which it would never occur to anyone to take anything but seriously. In England art has to be protected, not only against the world, but against oneself and one's fellow artist, by a kind of affected modesty which is the Englishman's natural pose, half pride and half self-distrust. So this brave venture of the Rhymers' Club, though it lasted for two or three years, and produced two little books of verse which will some day be literary curiosities, was not quite a satisfactory kind of *cénacle*. Dowson, who enjoyed the real thing so much in Paris, did not, I think, go very often; but his contributions to the first book of the club were at once the most delicate and the most distinguished poems which it contained. Was it, after all, at one of these meetings that I first saw him, or was it, perhaps, at another haunt of some of us at that time, a semi-literary tavern near Leicester Square, chosen for its convenient position between two stage-doors? It was at the time when one or two of us sincerely worshiped the ballet; Dowson, alas, never. I could never get him to see that charm in harmonious and colored movement, like bright shadows seen through the floating gauze of the music, which held me night after night at the two theatres which alone seemed to me to give an amusing color to one's dreams. Neither the stage nor the stage-door had any attraction for him; but he came to the tavern because it was a tavern, and because he could meet his friends there. Even before that time I have a vague impression of having met him, I forget where, certainly at night; and of having been struck, even then, by a look and manner of pathetic charm, a sort of Keats-like face, the face of a demoralized Keats, and by something curious in the contrast of a manner exquisitely refined, with an appearance generally somewhat dilapidated. That impression was only accentuated later on, when I came to know him, and the manner of his life, much more intimately.

I think I may date my first impression of what one calls "the real man" (as if it were more real than the poet of the disembodied verses!) from an evening in which he first introduced me to those charming supper-houses, open all night through, the cabmen's shelters. I had been talking over another

vagabond poet, Lord Rochester, with a charming and sympathetic descendant of that poet, and somewhat late at night we had come upon Dowson and another man wandering aimlessly and excitedly about the streets. He invited us to supper, we did not quite realize where, and the cabman came in with us, as we were welcomed, cordially and without comment, at a little place near the Langham, and, I recollect, very hospitably entertained. The cooking differs, as I found in time, in these supper-houses, but there the rasher was excellent and the cups admirably clean. Dowson was known there, and I used to think he was always at his best in a cabmen's shelter. Without a certain sordidness in his surroundings he was never quite comfortable, never quite himself; and at those places you are obliged to drink nothing stronger than coffee or tea. I liked to see him occasionally, for a change, drinking nothing stronger than coffee or tea. At Oxford, I believe, his favorite form of intoxication had been haschisch; afterwards he gave up this somewhat elaborate experiment in visionary sensations for readier means of oblivion; but he returned to it, I remember, for at least one afternoon, in a company of which I had been the gatherer and of which I was the host. I remember him sitting, a little anxiously, with his chin on his breast, awaiting the magic, half-shy in the midst of a bright company of young people, whom he had only seen across the footlights. The experience was not a very successful one; it ended in what should have been its first symptom, immoderate laughter.

Always, perhaps, a little consciously, but at least always sincerely, in search of new sensations, my friend found what was for him the supreme sensation in a very passionate and tender adoration of the most escaping of all ideals, the ideal of youth. Cherished, as I imagine, first only in the abstract, this search after the immature, the ripening

graces which time can only spoil in the ripening, found itself at the journey's end, as some of his friends thought, a little prematurely. I was never of their opinion. I only saw twice, and for a few moments only, the young girl to whom most of his verses were to be written, and whose presence in his life may be held to account for much of that astonishing contrast between the broad outlines of his life and work. The situation seemed to me of the most exquisite and appropriate impossibility. The daughter of a refugee, I believe of good family, reduced to keeping a humble restaurant in a foreign quarter of London, she listened to his verses, smiled charmingly, under her mother's eyes, on his two years' courtship, and at the end of two years married the waiter instead. Did she ever realize more than the obvious part of what was being offered to her, in this shy and eager devotion? Did it ever mean very much to her to have made and to have killed a poet? She had, at all events, the gift of evoking, and, in its way, of retaining, all that was most delicate, sensitive, shy, typically poetic, in a nature which I can only compare to a weedy garden, its grass trodden down by many feet, but with one small, carefully tended flower-bed, luminous with lilies. I used to think, sometimes, of Verlaine and his "girl-wife," the one really profound passion, certainly, of that passionate career; the charming, child-like creature, to whom he looked back, at the end of his life, with an unchanged tenderness and disappointment: "Vous n'avez rien compris à ma simplicité," as he lamented. In the case of Dowson, however, there was a sort of virginal devotion, as to a Madonna; and I think had things gone happily, to a conventionally happy ending, he would have felt (dare I say?) that his ideal had been spoilt.

But, for the good fortune of poets, things rarely do go happily with them, or to con-

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ventially happy endings. He used to dine every night at the little restaurant, and I can always see the picture, which I have so often seen through the window in passing; the narrow room with the rough tables, for the most part empty, except in the innermost corner, where Dowson would sit with that singularly sweet and singularly pathetic smile on his lips (a smile which seemed afraid of its right to be there, as if always dreading a rebuff) playing his invariable after-dinner game of cards. Friends would come in, during the hour before closing time; and the girl, her game of cards finished, would quietly disappear, leaving him with hardly more than the desire to kill another night as swiftly as possible.

Meanwhile, she and the mother knew that the fragile young man, who dined there so quietly every day, was apt to be quite another sort of person after he had been three hours outside. It was only when his life seemed to have been irretrievably ruined that Dowson quite deliberately abandoned himself to that craving for drink, which was doubtless lying in wait for him in his blood, as consumption was also; it was only latterly, when he had no longer any interest in life, that he really wished to die. But I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink. Sober, he was the most gentle, in manner the most gentlemanly of men; unselfish to a fault, to the extent of weakness; a delightful companion, charm itself. Under the influence of drink, he became almost literally insane, certainly quite irresponsible. He fell into furious and unreasoning passions; a vocabulary unknown to him at other times sprang up like a whirlwind; he seemed al-

ways about to commit some act of absurd violence. Along with that forgetfulness came other memories. As long as he was conscious of himself, there was but one woman for him in the world, and for her he had an infinite tenderness and an infinite respect. When that face faded from him, he saw all the other faces, and he saw no more difference than between sheep and sheep. Indeed, that curious love of the sordid, so common an affectation of the modern decadent, and with him so genuine, grew upon him, and dragged him into more and more sorry corners of a life which was never exactly "gay" to him. His father, when he died, left him in possession of an old dock, where for a time he lived in a mouldering house, in that squalid part of the East End which he came to know so well, and to feel so strangely at home in. He drank the poisonous liquors of those pot-houses which swarm about the Docks; he drifted about in whatever company came in his way; he let heedlessness develop into a curious disregard of personal tidiness. In Paris, Les Halles took the place of the Docks. At Dieppe, where I saw so much of him one summer, he discovered strange, squalid haunts about the harbor, where he made friends with amazing inn-keepers, and got into rows with the fishermen who came in to drink after midnight. At Brussels, where I was with him at the time of the Kermesse, he flung himself into all that riotous Flemish life, with a zest for what was most sordidly riotous in it. It was his own way of escape from life.

To Dowson, as to all those who have not been "content to ask unkindly gifts in vain," nature, life, destiny, whatever one chooses to call it, that power which is strength to the

strong, presented itself as a barrier against which all one's strength only served to dash one to more hopeless ruin. He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamors for nothing. He was a child, clamoring for so many things, all impossible. With a body too weak for ordinary existence, he desired all the enchantments of all the senses. With a soul too shy to tell its own secret, except in exquisite evasions, he desired the boundless confidence of love. He sang one tune, over and over, and no one listened to him. He had only to form the most simple wish, and it was denied him. He gave way to ill-luck, not knowing that he was giving way to his own weakness, and he tried to escape from the consciousness of things as they were at the best, by voluntarily choosing to accept them at their worst. For with him it was always voluntary. He was never quite without money; he had a little money of his own, and he had for many years a weekly allowance from Mr. Smithers, in return for translations from the French, or, if he chose to do it, original work. He was unhappy, and he dared not think. To unhappy men, thought, if it can be set at work on abstract questions, is the only substitute for happiness; if it has not strength to overleap the barrier which shuts one in upon oneself, it is the one unwearying torture. Dowson had exquisite sensibility, he vibrated in harmony with every delicate emotion; but he had no outlook, he had not the escape of intellect. His only escape, then, was to plunge into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. The more he soiled himself at that gross contact, the further would he seem to

be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world. Seeing himself moving to the sound of lutes, in some courtly disguise, down an alley of Watteau's Versailles, while he touched finger-tips with a divine creature in rose-leaf silks, what was there left for him, as the dream obstinately refused to realize itself, but a blind flight into some Teniers kitchen, where boors are making merry, without thought of yesterday or to-morrow? There, perhaps, in that ferment of animal life, he could forget life as he dreamed it, with too faint hold upon his dreams to make dreams come true.

For, there is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes, or chooses, our own fate. We can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely and persistently enough. Whether we shall get it sooner or later is the concern of fate; but we shall get it. It may come when we have no longer any use for it, when we have gone on willing it out of habit, or so as not to confess that we have failed. But it will come. So few people succeed greatly because so few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that end without deviating and without tiring. But we all know that the man who works for money day and night gets rich; and the man who works day and night for no matter what kind of material power, gets the power. It is the same with the deeper, more spiritual, as it seems vaguer issues, which make for happiness and every intangible success. It is only the dreams of those light sleepers who dream faintly that do not come true.

We get out of life, all of us, what we



bring to it; that, and that only, is what it can teach us. There are men whom Dowson's experiences would have made great men, or great writers; for him they did very little. Love and regret, with here and there the suggestion of an uncomfoting pleasure snatched by the way, are all that he has to sing of; and he could have sung of them at much less "expense of spirit," and, one fancies, without the "waste of shame" at all. Think what Villon got directly out of his own life, what Verlaine, what Musset, what Byron, got directly out of their own lives! It requires a strong man to "sin strongly" and profit by it. To Dowson the tragedy of his own life could only have resulted in an elegy. "I have flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng," he confesses, in his most beautiful poem; but it was as one who flings roses in a dream, as he passes with shut eyes through an unsubstantial throng. The depths into which he plunged were always waters of oblivion, and he returned forgetting them. He is always a very ghostly lover, wandering in a land of perpetual twilight, as he holds a whispered *colloque sentimental* with the ghost of an old love:

*"Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé,  
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé."*

It was, indeed, almost a literal unconsciousness, as of one who leads two lives, severed from one another as completely as sleep is from waking. Thus we get in his work very little of the personal appeal of those to whom riotous living, misery, a cross destiny, have been of so real a value. And it is important to draw this distinction, if only for the benefit of those young men who are convinced that the first step towards genius is disorder. Dowson is precisely one of the people who are pointed out as confirming this theory. And yet Dowson was precisely one of those who owed least to circumstances; and, in succumbing to them, he did no more than succumb to the destructive forces which, shut up within him, pulled down the house of life upon his own head.

A soul "unspotted from the world," in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; that improbability is what all who knew him saw in Dowson, as his youthful physical grace gave way year by year, and the personal charm underlying it remained unchanged. There never was a simpler or more attaching charm, because there never was a sweeter or more honest nature. It was not because he ever said anything particularly clever or particularly interesting, it was not because he gave you ideas, or impressed you by any strength or originality, that you liked to be with him; but because of a certain engaging quality, which seemed unconscious of itself, which was never anxious to be or to do anything, which simply existed, as perfume exists in a flower. Drink was like a heavy curtain, blotting out everything of a sudden; when the curtain lifted, nothing had changed. Living always that double life, he had his true and his false aspect, and the true life was the expression of that fresh, delicate, and uncontaminated nature which some of us knew in him, and which remains for us, untouched by the other, in every line that he wrote.

III.

Dowson was the only poet I ever knew who ever cared more for his prose than his verse; but he was wrong, and it is not by his prose that he will live, exquisite as that

prose was, at its best. He wrote two novels in collaboration with Mr. Arthur Moore; "A Comedy of Masks" in 1893, and "Adrian Rome" in 1899, both done under the influence of Mr. Henry James, both interesting because they were personal studies, and studies of known surroundings, rather than for their actual value as novels. A volume of "Stories and Studies in Sentiment," called "Dilemmas," in which the influence of Mr. Wedmore was felt in addition to the influence of Mr. James, appeared in 1895. Several other short stories, among his best work in prose, have not yet been reprinted from the *Savoy*. Some translations from the French, done as hack work, need not be mentioned here, though they were never without some traces of his peculiar quality of charm in language. The short stories were indeed rather "studies in sentiment" than stories; studies of singular delicacy, but with only a faint hold on life, so that perhaps the best of them was not unnaturally a study in the approaches of death: "The Dying of Francis Donne." For the most part they dealt with the same motives as the poems, hopeless and reverent love, the ethics of renunciation, the disappointment of those who are too weak or too unlucky to take what they desire. They have a sad and quiet beauty of their own, the beauty of second thoughts and subdued emotions, of choice and scholarly English, moving in the more fluid and reticent harmonies of prose almost as daintily as if it were moving to the measure of verse. Dowson's care over English prose was like that of a Frenchman writing his own language with the respect which Frenchmen pay to French. Even English things had to come to him through France, if he was to prize them very highly; and there is a passage in "Dilemmas," which I have always thought very characteristic of his own tastes, as it refers to an "infinitesimal library, a few French novels, an Horace, and some well-thumbed volumes of the modern English poets in the familiar edition of Tauchnitz." He was Latin by all his affinities, and that very quality of slightness, of parsimony almost in his dealings with life and the substance of art, connects him with the artists of Latin races, who have always been so fastidious in their rejection of mere nature, when it comes too nakedly or too clamorously into sight and hearing, and so gratefully content with a few choice things faultlessly done.

And Dowson in his verse (the "Verse" of 1896. "The Pierrot of the Minute, a dramatic phantasy is one act," of 1897, the posthumous volume, "Decorations" was the same scrupulous artist as in his prose, and more felicitously at home there. He was quite Latin in his feeling for youth, and death, and "the old age of roses," and the pathos of our little hour in which to live and love; Latin in his elegance, reticence, and simple grace in the treatment of these motives; Latin, finally, in his sense of their sufficiency for the whole of one's mental attitude. He used the commonplaces of poetry frankly, making them his own by his belief in them: the Horatian Cynara or Neobule was still the natural symbol for him when he wished to be most personal. I remember his saying to me that his ideal of a line of verse was the line of Poe:

"The viol, the violet, and the vine;" and the gracious, not remote or unreal beauty, which clings about such words and such images as these, was always to him the true poetical beauty. There never was a poet to whom verse came more naturally,

for the song's sake; his theories were all æsthetic, almost technical ones, such as a theory, indicated by his preference for the line of Poe, that the letter "V" was the most beautiful of the letters, and could never be brought into verse too often. For any more abstract theories he had neither tolerance nor need. Poetry as a philosophy did not exist for him; it existed solely as the loveliest of the arts. He loved the elegance of Horace, all that was most complex in the simplicity of Poe, most bird-like in the human melodies of Verlaine. He had the pure lyric gift unweighted or unballasted by any other quality of mind or emotion; and a song, for him, was music first, and then whatever you please afterwards, so long as it suggested, never told, some delicate sentiment, a sigh or a caress; finding words, at times, as perfect as these words of a poem headed, "O Mors! quam amara est mors in tua homini pacem habenti in substantia suis."

"Exceeding sorrow  
Consumeth my sad heart!  
Because to-morrow  
We must depart,  
Now is exceeding sorrow  
All my part!

"Give over playing,  
Cast thy viol away:  
Merely laying  
Thine head my way:  
Prithee, give over playing,  
Grave or gay.

"Be no word spoken;  
Weep nothing; let a pale  
Silence, unbroken  
Silence prevail!  
Prithee, be no word spoken,  
Lest I fail!

"Forget to-morrow!  
Weep nothing; only lay  
In silent sorrow

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Thine head my way:  
Let us forget to-morrow,  
This one day!"

There, surely, the music of silence speaks, if it has ever spoken. The words seem to tremble back into the silence which their whisper has interrupted, but not before they have created for us a mood, such a mood as the Venetian Pastoral attributed to Giorgione renders in painting. Languid, half inarticulate, coming from the heart of a drowsy sorrow very conscious of itself, and not less sorrowful because it sees its own face looking mournfully back out of the water, the song seems to have been made by some fastidious amateur of grief, and it has all the sighs and tremors of the mood, wrought into a faultless strain of music. Stepping out of a paradise in which pain becomes so lovely, he can see the beauty which is the other side of madness, and, in a sonnet "To one in Bedlam," can create a more positive, a more poignant mood, with this fine subtlety:

"With delicate, mad hands, behind his sordid bars,  
Surely he hath his posies, which they tear and twine;  
Those scentless wisps of straw, that miserably line  
His strait, caged universe, whereat the dull world stares,  
Pendant and pitiful. O, how his rapt gaze wars  
With their stupidity! Know they what dreams divine  
Lift his long, laughing reveries like enchanted wine,  
And make his melancholy germane to the stars?"

"O lamentable brother! if those pity thee,  
Am I not fain of all thine lone eyes promise me:  
Half a fool's kingdom, far from men who sow and reap,  
All their days, vanity? Better than mortal flowers,  
Thy moon-kissed roses seem; better than love or sleep,  
The star-crowned solitude of thine oblivious hours!"

Here, in the moment's intensity of this comradeship with madness, observe how beautiful the whole thing becomes; how instinctively the imagination of the poet turns what is sordid into a radiance, all stars and flowers and the divine part of forgetfulness! It is a symbol of the two sides of his own life: the side open to the street, and the side turned away from it, where he could "hush and bless himself with silence." No one ever worshiped beauty more devoutly, and just as we see him here transfiguring a dreadful thing with beauty, so we shall see, everywhere in his work, that he never admitted an emotion which he could not so transfigure. He knew his limits only too well; he knew that the deeper and graver things of life were for the most part outside the circle of his magic; he passed them by, leaving much of himself unexpressed because he would permit himself to express nothing imperfectly, or according to anything but his own conception of the dignity of poetry. In the lyric in which he has epitomized himself and his whole life, a lyric which is certainly one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time, "*Non sum q̄lalis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ*," he has for once said everything, and he has said it to an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music:

"Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine,  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion;  
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion,  
All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat it,

Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
When I awoke and found the dawn was grey:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

"I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.  
"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

Here, perpetuated by some unique energy of a temperament rarely so much the master of itself, is the song of passion and the passions, at their eternal war in the soul which they quicken or deaden, and in the body which they break down between them. In the second book, the book of "Decorations" there are a few pieces which repeat, only more faintly, this very personal note. Downson could never have developed; he had already said, in his first book of verse, all that he had to say. Had he lived, had he gone on writing, he could only have echoed himself; and probably it would have been the less essential part of himself; his obligation to Swinburne, always evident, increasing as his own inspiration failed him. He was always without ambition, writing to please his own fastidious taste, with a kind of proud humility in his attitude towards the public, not expecting or requiring recognition. He died obscure, having ceased to care even for the delightful labor of writing. He died young, worn out by what was never really life to him, leaving a little verse which has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old.

#### WHAT SHALL IT BE?

You have only a few days in which to answer the momentous question, What shall I give "him" or "her" for a Christmas gift? This question can be promptly answered for you by Mr. Geo. F. Heffernan, the art dealer, at Eighth and Locust streets. He has a very fine assortment of pictures at all prices to suit, and of every style, sacred and secular, fine engravings, water colors, etchings, color-types, etc. A nicely framed engraving or etching, is a gift that any person of taste will appreciate. It will make as durable a keepsake as almost anything one could think of for a present and can be selected to suit the tastes and idiosyncrasies of the recipient.

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GOT HIM GUESSING: "And have you tried the plan of greeting your husband with kind words when he comes home late, as I suggested?" asked the elderly friend "I have," said the youngish lady, "and it works like a charm. He stays home all the time now trying to figure out what is the matter."—*Indianapolis Press*

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## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its walls on the southern side;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.  
Rats!  
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in their cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own  
ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.  
At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a  
noddy;  
And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe—ease!  
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.  
An hour they sat in counsel—  
At length the Mayor broke silence:  
"For a guilden I'd my ermine gown sell;  
I wish I were a mile hence!  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!  
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"  
(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat:  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew  
mutinous  
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous),  
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a pat!"  
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger;  
And in did come the strangest figure.  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin!  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.  
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,  
Starting up at the tramp of doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-  
stone!"  
He advanced to the council-table:  
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm  
able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

After me so as you never saw!  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm—  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—  
And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self-same  
check;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
straying,  
As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture, so old-fangled.)  
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;  
I eased in Asia the Nizam  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;  
And, as for what your brain bewilders—  
If I can rid your town of rats,  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclama-  
tion  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.  
Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-  
bling;  
And out of the houses the rats came  
tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step by step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished  
Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary,  
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of  
the pipe,  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press' gripe—  
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,  
And breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!  
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."  
You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace

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Of the rats!" when suddenly, up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a "First, if you please, my thousand  
guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked  
blue;  
So did the Corporation, too.  
For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing  
wink,  
"Our business was done at the river's brink;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something to drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!  
The Piper's face fell, and he cried:  
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.  
With him I proved no bargain-driver;  
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;  
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a  
bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and  
hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chat-  
tering,

And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley  
is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and  
laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood.

Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters

Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However, he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast!  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's  
side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,  
And the Piper advanced and the children  
followed;

And when all were in, to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say:

"It's dull in our town since my playmates  
left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks  
here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,  
And piper and dancers were gone forever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly

If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear:

"And so long after what happened here  
On the twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."

And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat  
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

Nor suffered they hostility or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn.

But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the Great Church window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress—  
On which their neighbors lay such stress—  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterranean prison  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago, in a mighty band,  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willie, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or  
from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep  
our promise.

—Robert Browning.

As I came by the kitchen window,  
Jane, I thought I saw you on a young  
man's knee!" "Well, ma'am, it is an artist  
friend of mine, and I have been giving him  
a few sittings."—*Fun*

She—"If you love me so much why don't  
you prove it by some act of courage."  
He—"Great Scott! haven't I been hanging  
around for two hours when you were playing  
golf?"—*Brooklyn Life*

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THE LITTLE WOMAN.

At the supper party were the prima donna of the Traumeri Opera Company; two lesser lights of the stage; Barrington of the *Age*; Hopkinson, of the *Voice*; Casper Long, of the Star Theatre; J. Cortez De Lancy and a reporter for the *Eite News*.

J. Cortez was the worse for his cups. For the second time he rose, leaned across the table and touched the diva's shoulder. Up to that time no one had paid any attention to his increasing familiarity. Now Barrington flushed and extending his hand, forced J. Cortez down into his seat. The young man sprang up, striking out blindly. Barrington lost his patience.

"Well, then!" he exclaimed, frowning, and pushed J. Cortez back into his chair with such suddenness that he sat dazed.

Of all at the table but two were cool. The diva came over and sat at Barrington's side.

"Come," she said, laying a hand upon his sleeve, "you're going to be angry. Take me out. Get a carriage."

"I'm not angry," said Barrington, still frowning, the veins in his neck beating. "I've got to take care of this little beast."

"Think of me," said the diva. "Come. Get my coat."

He obeyed.

"You're strong," said she, as he assisted her with the wrap. Barrington smiled and shook her playfully by the lapels. She was a large woman, but felt herself move under his hand as if it cost him no effort. "I'm disposed to be afraid of you," she added, irrelevantly. "I've always had such a contempt for men."

"Afraid of me?" said Barrington. "I hardly—"

"Oh, dear me, not afraid of your temper. Only afraid you might learn my secret."

Barrington looked at her for a moment. "I know it now," he said, quietly. The diva flushed for the first time.

"Oh, no, you don't," said she.

They had drawn aside and were now able to step away from the confused group without attracting attention.

"I know your secret," said Barrington. "It's this: You pass as a cynical woman, a woman not to be impressed by any man, able and content to get along in the world without any affection or any assistance from any man in the world. That's what you seem or what you wish to seem. What you are is quite a different thing."

"And what am I, please?"

"You are, properly and exactly speaking, a great blonde baby."

They stood in silence for a time. At last she said, slowly:

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right. You've come near guessing it—too near guessing it—for us all."

"And you want to lean, and to be petted, and to be taken care of, and to be freed of thinking."

"No man ever did," said she, ungrammatically but unmistakably.

"But some man will."

They were at the door facing the curb, at which stood the line of carriages. Barrington flushed, fumbled and paused.

"I—ah, well, the best way is the straightest," he said. "I've not a cent."

"Nor I," said the diva, like a gentleman, seeing that it would be easy to embarrass him. "It's lovely. Let us walk."

So they passed on up the crowded, garish street, actors in the comedy of life.

"So you're 'broke?'" said the diva.

"Yes, I spent my last silver for my rose," and he touched the flower in his lapel.

"Glad you got it," said his companion. "I hate a man who wears a white flower."

It's like the white feather to me." She bent over, her hand upon the sleeve of his coat.

"You've got on a patched glove, haven't you?" she said.

"Yes," said he, shortly.

"Mended?"

"Yes."

"By a woman?"

"Yes."

"It's like you to be truthful," said the diva, sighing after a little pause. "The old story, I suppose. The city is so full of it. Yet you wonder that I have never cared for a man. Why should I? Why should any woman? Why does she?"

"She's so little," said Barrington, his voice changing. "And I—well—"

"You love her," said the diva, finishing for him, after a pause.

Barrington remained silent.

"Yet you go out for an evening like this, with all sorts of persons, with Kittie Graves, with that fool DeLancy—with me," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, now, be fair, at least with yourself," said Barrington.

"Be fair!" said the diva, slowly. "That is just what I am. That is just what I have always tried to be. If I had not, I might at least have married again, and to advantage. Or I might have had a larger salary."

"I know," said Barrington. "You've been one among a thousand. Don't think I never knew, or that I did not admire you for it. It's rare enough."

They walked on along the city street through a hectic hour, talking little, but not needing to talk much. At length it became a question of parting.

"You've learned my secret," said the diva, sighing. "You can understand a woman, it seems. I might as well tell you, or you would see it, anyway—I should learn to love you if I saw much of you. So we must not meet. You're strong; that's what a woman likes, first. Now, be fair. That's what a woman likes, too. Be fair to us all—to the other woman. We're all alike. We're all babies, wanting to be comforted. God knows, a woman needs comforting, the way life runs!"

"Now, we can't be together," she resumed slowly and evenly; "we mustn't, dear boy. If you had me to love you, you wouldn't be any better off, and you wouldn't be any nearer the end of the problem. We women are much alike. Now, I'm sending you back to her, where you belong. You seem a grand fellow, you're so strong; and I like you so much. I'm a good fellow myself, you know."

"Remember, dear boy, we may all be full of the primeval passions—being a woman, I neither affirm nor deny—but to-day is to-day. We're in the wagon of to-day, and if we fall out, it is into the mire, whether the mire be naturally or only artificially muddy. Fall out, if you must. You're savage, and I admit I love you for being so, as women always have loved and always will love the savage—though no woman would confess it except when parting. Fall out of the wagon, my boy, if you will. But do you want to pull a weak, warm-hearted little woman with you? Would you?"

"Yes, we're all alike. We're all babies—we always will be, God help us! We'll always be that way. But you love this little

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woman—I know you do, from what you do not say. Go back to her and be a man, and I'll—I'll love you all the more. Go and marry this little woman, and if God ever sends you a baby, I think I shall love it to death, for you, because you were a man."

"You're pretty plain," said Barrington. To this she paid no attention. He groaned in a hoarse, suppressed way, his face set.

"Yes?" said she, waiting.

"It's—it's partly the money," said he.

"How can a man marry?"

"Now you make me angry with you," said the other. "It is not the part of a man like you to talk that way. There is just as much sky and just as much earth to-day as there was when the first sweet woman loved the first strong man. Of course, you've been foolish with your money."

"I've no capital—"

"Oh, you coward! Here, then, I'll give you all the capital you need. See!"

She had fumbled in her muff and fallen upon a pencil, which she tore from its tablet and handed to him.

"Take it," said she. "I know very well it's capital enough for you."

The man began to straighten up as he listened.

"You—you're a good fellow, that's what you are," said he, chokingly. "I can't begin to pay you for—for—"

"Yes," said she, "you can. Wait!" She loosened the rose from his coat. "We must go," said she, softly. "Tell me when it's going to be?"

"To-morrow," said he with a snap of his jaws. "To-morrow, if the little woman will, and as soon as we can find the minister. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old boy."—*E. Hough, in the Smart Set.*

"This is a great story," said the new reporter, "but I can't think of a good head for it. It's about a trusted employe, whose accounts were found to be crooked, and when he was accused of it dropped dead." "That's easy," said the Snake Editor, helpfully; "head it 'Died from Exposure.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

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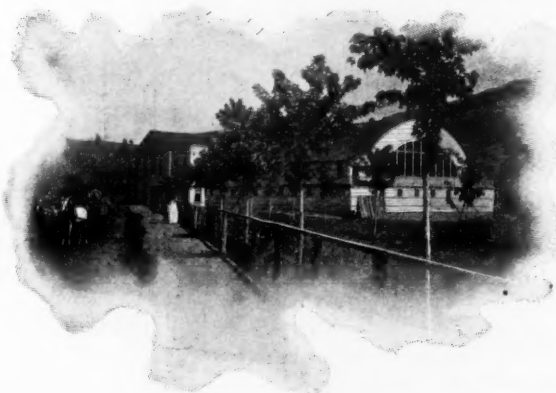
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### THINGS WE DON'T NOTE.

BY JAMES IRVING CRABBE.

[For the MIRROR.]

Among the many things the average man doesn't know, there are some that seem to justify the charge of "obtuseness" which *Sherlock Holmes* made against his friend and pupil, *Dr. Watson*. You remember that he made the charge because *Watson* couldn't tell how many steps there were in a certain staircase that he had ascended hundreds of times. But surely the point was not well taken, however smart it might appear in *Dr. Conan Doyle's* famous amateur detective. It would be easy to name a number of commonplace things that one ought to know and doesn't. For instance, how many male readers of the *MIRROR* could tell in a moment how many buttons there are on their vests, or how many on their coats, including the superfluous ones on the back? And speaking of stairs and their enumeration, who knows whether the top one that brings you to the landing should be counted in, or whether it is a step at all? And how about the last step? Perhaps a "scientific" or "expert" settlement of the step problem might be of assistance to those who cannot understand why the year 1900 isn't the first of the Twentieth century.

Then how many persons who have watches on whose dials are Roman numerals are aware that one of the hours is not marked on that system, namely 4 o'clock? Also, that watches with minute dials have only eleven hours marked? Another mark of "obtuseness," of the *Sherlock Holmes* type, may be that thousands of people who cross the Eads Bridge couldn't tell off-hand how many arches or spans it has.

Still more surprising is the failure of a certain citizen of North St. Louis to remember the names of his seven "olive branches,"—though his mental failure is surpassed by that of the applicant for a marriage license who didn't know the surname of his bride-elect.

It is when one is brought into a court of justice as a witness that the failure to appreciate the importance of common-place calculation is made capital of by the cross-questioning attorney. "How far was the defendant from the prosecuting witness when he fired?" is a crucial question that is well calculated to bother any but such an expert on distances as a surveyor, or, perhaps, a paving contractor.

That "trifles make the sum of human things," as *Hannah More* said or sung, is well illustrated in the courts when some apparently insignificant detail as to distance, time, condition of the weather, etc., will tell for or against a prisoner.

Sometimes, in great emergencies, the suggestion of an obvious, commonplace has been of great importance. An instance occurred the day after the terrible cyclone in May, 1896. The general office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in this city, was congested with messages from all over the country. So thick and fast did these "notes of interrogation," messages of condolence, sympathy and proffers of substantial help arrive that it became evident that only an army of messengers could deliver them, and the management was fairly nonplused as to how to dispose of this telegraphic cyclone. In this emergency came the common-place suggestion, "mail the messages," from a mere lad. This was done and, of course, nearly all were delivered within the succeeding twelve hours.

We have all heard the story of the celebrated philosopher who had two holes bored in his library door for his pet cat and her kitten. It hadn't occurred to his mathematical mind that the hole large enough for puss would be ample for the kitten. While the anecdote is of the *ben trovato* order it illustrates well enough that failing of an exactness in the appreciation of the commonplace unfairly ascribed by *Dr. Doyle* to "obtuseness."

Fairly within the realm of commonplace enumeration are those required at the "gents' furnishing stores" (which, one gladly notes, are becoming known by the older and more genteel title of "haberdashers") as to the sizes of the prospective purchaser's underwear, collars, cuffs, etc. "Some of the most intelligent of my customers," said an Olive street merchant to the writer, "don't know the size they need for their collars or cuffs, and fully fifty per cent don't know the numbers of drawers or vests." To illustrate his point he told how a Fourth street bank cashier, who could calculate easily the interest of any given amount at so much per cent, couldn't remember whether his gloves were "No. 15," or "No. 7," the size of his collar, or *vice versa*.

The banker's failing, however, was not as bad as that of the colored "pusson" who applied to a policeman to direct her to the home of her sister. She explained to him that she knew the right number, "but disremembered de name ob der street"—and to whom the officer responded, "Yis, and I suppose some d—d fool tould ye to ax a polisman!"

All of these instances, and they might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, for almost everybody could cite some, indicate that there is in most men and women a limit to the exactitude of information they possess, that no one can

claim to know all of the most commonplace things, and that most of us are more or less ignorant of them though not otherwise lacking in intelligence. Finally, the truth of the adage, ascribed to an Arabian philosopher, is made apparent: "The fool thinks himself wise, the wise man knows himself to be a fool."

### THE GREAT HISTORICAL NOVEL.

The young novelist laid his card on the great publisher's desk and then began unwrapping a large bundle that was fastened with heavy ropes.

"I have here," he said, "a novel which—" "Pardon me for interrupting you," the publisher said, "but there's no use undoing it. We have more books on hand now than we shall be able to publish in the next five years. It will only be a waste of time for us to discuss your work. Take it somewhere else."

A look of sadness took the place of the hopeful expression that had illuminated the young novelist's countenance, and, turning toward the door, he said: "I don't mind telling you that *George Washington* is the hero of this tale."

"Ah, very good," the publisher answered; "George, if worked up properly, ought to make a first-class hero."

"And," the novelist continued, as he took a step or two toward the hall, "*Benedict Arnold* is the villain of the story. *Benjamin Franklin* is the funny man—the fellow that says the droll things, you know. *Dolly Madison* figures in it as the beautiful, gentle maiden who doesn't know her own heart until every male character in the book has taken a twang at the strings, and *Thomas Jefferson* is the wise chap who can't



see a joke and is always trying to get off logic. But I'm taking up your time. Excuse me. Printem & Co., across the street, seem to be bringing out a good many successful books lately, I guess I'll go over there. By the way, I've worked up the duel scene between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton in great shape. I have them fight first with knives, then they try it with swords; upon a third occasion they use pitchforks; at another time they come together with clubbed guns, and finally with pistols, according to the historical fact. Israel Putnam's leap over the precipice with his horse, and Patrick Henry's defiance of King George, in the Virginia Legislature, form thrilling chapters of my story. Perhaps at some future time—"

"Ho! Help! Help!" shouted the publisher; "stop this man! Don't let him get away! He has a historical novel! Come back! Come back! Please come back and name your terms. William," the head of the great firm said, turning to his secretary, "write a half-page advertisement at once, mentioning the fact that 1,260,000 copies of Mr.—Mr.—ah, what is your name? Mr. Carvel-Johnstone's novel have already been sold and that the publishers confidently expect a sale of 7,000,000 more before the proofs are read."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

#### MISS RATCLIFF.

BY OPIE READ.

Rollins could at least congratulate himself that he had saved the life of a handsome young woman. This is the story: High among the hills was a lake so romantic as to have been pictured by many an artist. For the most part, the shores were gently sloping, but at one end arose a great rock, bearing a resemblance to the Evil One, poets said, hence this beautiful body of water, this great dew drop, was called Devil's Lake.

Rollins arrived one evening in time to see the water "a-blush," as he termed it, with the last rays of the sun. At the same time he saw a young woman whose eyes commanded his heart to stand and deliver up its homage, and it did. She was alone, standing dreamily in a patch of hazel, near the shore; and Rollins afterward remarked that, for a moment, he had mistaken her head for some sort of bloom, so yellow was her hair. He saw her again at breakfast the next morning, with several young ladies, and he gazed at her in a sort of rapture. Later in the day he was walking along the shore. And there she was, strolling in advance of him. Her eyes were cast downward; she seemed to be in a deep study. He halted to gaze upon her, his thievish eyes stealing themselves full of her. She turned her face toward him and he fancied that she had strolled off thus, alone, to let her spirit sorrow in solitude. Suddenly she halted at the water's edge, raised her hands and then—threw herself into the lake. In a second, Rollins had leaped from the shore. So quick had he been that the water thrown highest by her splash, fell upon him, and it seemed as perfumed wine spilled upon him by the gods. That's what he said. He seized her in his arms, and already she appeared unconscious, so completely had she resigned herself to death. She did not struggle, and he feared that she was dead. He took her to the shore, placed her sitting upon a rock, glanced about to see if any one were looking, and, not knowing what else to do, crooned a song remembered from boyhood and fanned her. How pale she was, her listless head resting against a

scrub oak, the water dripping from her yellow hair! Presently she opened her eyes, looked at him for one moment and then sank as if into a dream, her eyes closed. Rollins glanced about, scratching his head. The adventure was new to him. But after a time he touched her on the shoulder and said: "Won't you please wake up?" She opened her eyes and he added: "So kind of you." Then, realizing that he might appear ridiculous in her sight, or in her mind's eye, for her physical eyes were closed again, he said: "I beg your pardon." She opened her eyes, started, drew herself up, shuddered, and then, with his assistance, slowly arose to her feet. He had taken her hand to lead her to the pathway, but gently she freed herself from him; and he thought that she was going away without a word, but she halted, turned about and thus spoke to him: "You saved my life, and perhaps I may live to thank you, but now I must in the frankness due to you, express regret that I did not succeed."

"Miss," said Rollins, "I can well understand why some persons, made wretched by disease and the loss of hope—why they should wish to die, but why should you desire to end your life. I—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it is idle to speculate. Perhaps I was rash—yes, let me acknowledge that I was; and after this admission it is but appropriate that I should thank you, for you must have got wet."

"Well," drawled Rollins, "I went in over head and ears, if that's any information."

"Yes," she said, as if musing, "so you did, and we both are dripping. But, before we separate, may I request you not to mention this—affair?"

"Assuredly; and I will grant it, if you promise me not to make further attempt upon your life."

"Such a promise—to a stranger!"

"I beg your pardon for my neglect to introduce myself, but—but, as you perhaps have observed, we met under peculiar, I might say, conditions. My name is Rollins."

She bowed. "I cannot say, Mr. Rollins, that I am glad to meet you. How often we say that when it is a mere subterfuge. But I am taking up your time without introducing myself. I am Miss Ratcliff."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Ratcliff."

"Thank you. And now I shall have to bid you good-bye."

"Good day, rather than good-bye, I hope," he replied.

She bowed to him and walked away, agile and graceful in her clinging garments. And he watched her till the undergrowth in the woods hid her from view. Then he began to think that in his talk he had rendered himself foolish, and he felt disposed to run after her and apologize, but he didn't—he walked away with a picture in his mind, that of the girl's eyes as he had gazed into them. He wandered about and sometimes he would halt and rub his eyes, as if to erase the picture, and later in the day, when he turned toward the hotel, a trembling seized upon him and shook him as an ague shakes its victim in the swamps. Was he afraid to meet her again? He had never been a society man. During boyhood he had gone into a lawyer's office, and there he had remained, a close student, a man hard at work. And, gradually, his opinion had become valuable and his fame was spreading. He stood in sharp contrast to the "old-time" lawyer who went about from court to court, swaying juries and winning cases by the emotional power of eloquence. The "old-

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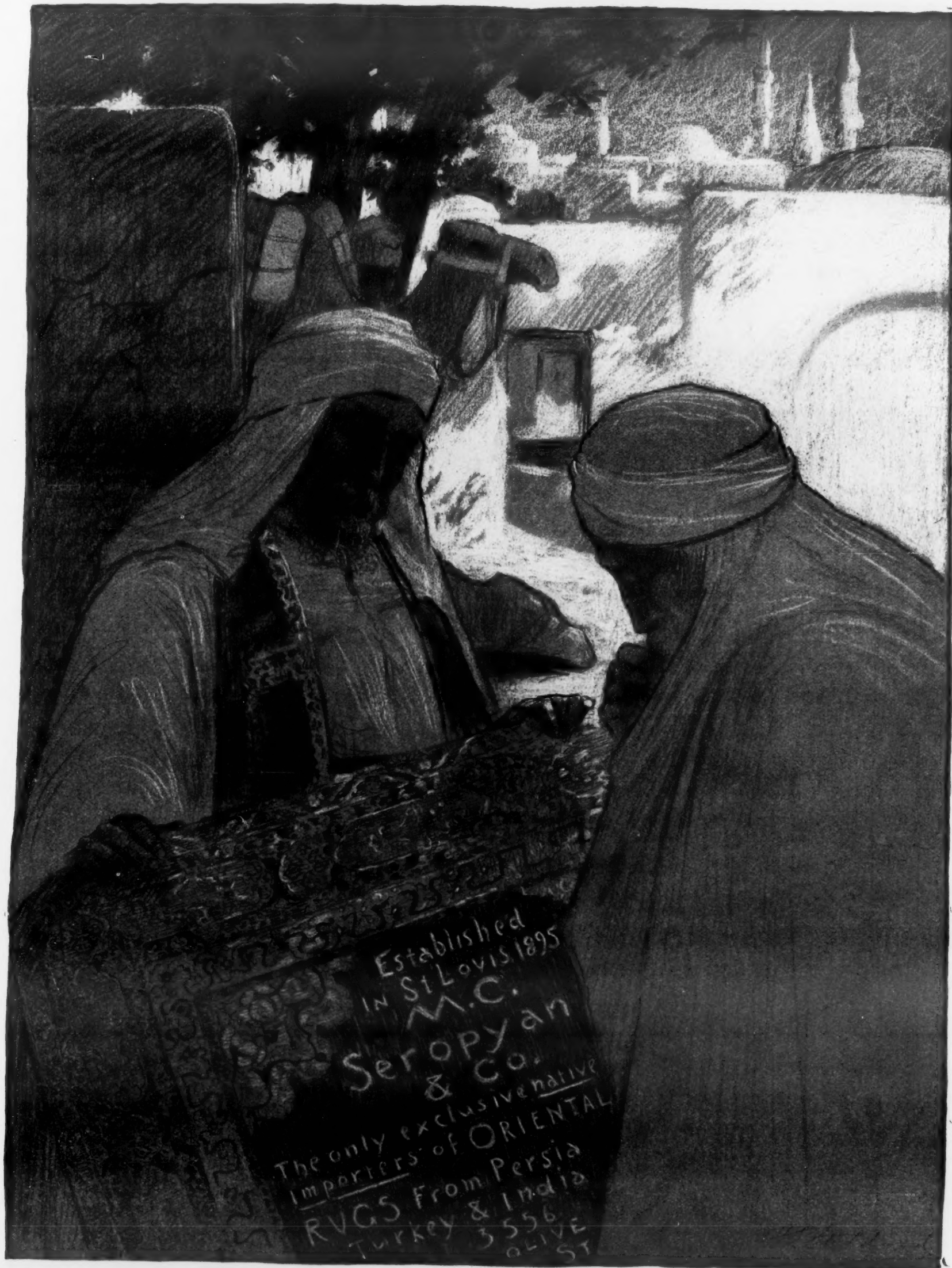
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timer" might be ignorant of the fundamental principles of law—that made no particular difference. What he wanted to know was man—the jury. But Rollins did not know man. He knew law. And, for the most part, he was as dry as the law demanded, but he was no stranger to sentiment. A man who knew him well said that once he had gone so far as to write a poem, but this was never proved.

Yes, he was seized with a peculiar trembling as he turned toward the hotel, and, upon entering the dining-room, he was convinced that the rascally head waiter noticed his shaking. Courage gradually came to him, and he looked about, finally permitting his eyes to wander over to the table at which Miss Ratcliff was wont to sit, and, for a few

moments, he was grateful that she was not there, and then came a deadening sense of disappointment. The saving of her life might not give her pleasure, but the lawyer within him declared that she ought at least to explore his intentions and feel thankful accordingly. Later in the day he heard that she was ill, and then he was enlightened to the fact that the secret which he held in common with her had been discovered, to the extent that she had accidentally fallen into the lake and that he had rescued her. But why didn't her friends come to thank him? Was the saving of a life so casual a thing? Did her companions view it as too trivial to be mentioned? And then a desire for revenge arose within him. But the next day, several of the young women





who sat at the table with Miss Ratcliff came forward and thanked him with demure courtesies and the tips of their fingers, which they, doubtless, thought was shaking hands. "Ah, but for you," said one of them, "Clara would have lost her life, for she can't swim."

"How is she now?" Rollins inquired.

"Oh, she is improving. And I think that she must feel ever so grateful to you?"

"The evidence has failed to bring out that fact, Miss, but let us hope so—I mean that I trust that she will continue to improve."

Early the next morning Rollins met Clara in a path that led down to the water. He stepped aside to let her pass. But she halted, giving him a full view of her eyes, and said: "I hope you have suffered no inconvenience from—"

"Oh, not all," he broke in. "The fact is that I rather enjoyed—I mean none whatever." He turned about, went with her to the hotel and together they sat upon the veranda. A girl came along and, halting for a moment, said: "Clara, I took your Scott, but I won't lose your place and I'll give it back whenever you want it." Clara nodded, said "yes," and the young woman passed on. After a time Rollins looked up and asked: "Took your what?"

"One of Scott's novels. I return to him now and then—driven by the rage-books of the day, the book which the publisher, rather than the author, compels one to read."

Rollins studied for a time and said, "Good," and after a few moments of further reflection, he added: "There is an ever abiding charm in Sir Walter. Greater novels may come, but if they do come, they go, while Scott remains with us. Why? Because he does not strive to teach, to explore a human heart and to pick out of it hundreds of pages of nothing. A great Frenchman said that he halted at the threshold of the soul, but no matter; he did not photograph, but gave us oil paintings, flashed a bright light upon history and with his romance keeps the heart young; and what is more charming than a young heart in an old body?" And he looked at her, wondering how it was that a devotee of the Waverly novels could, except through romantic troubles, seek self-destruction. Then it was clear that her heart had met with a disappointment.

"How long have you been engaged with the volume spoken of by the young lady just now?" he asked.

"I don't skim. I always read slowly. Let me see. Nearly a week."

"Before—before we met."

"Yes, I began it several days before."

She had broken off in the middle of a fascinating story to kill herself. Yes, undoubtedly it was an affair of the heart. Some wretch had won her heart, and had wrung it with his brutal hands—had proved faithless. But how could a man cease to love so beautiful a woman?

"You don't look as if you ever had a trouble," he said.

And appealingly she looked at him. "Please let us not talk of that," she said, and then she made a remark that caused his blood to leap. "Perhaps I am wiser now. It may be that now I believe it possible for a heart to be broken and—mended."

"It may be possible," Rollins spoke up quickly, "that what we believed to be a heart broken was after all a heart abused." She nodded an agreement with him, and for a time they sat in silence, and he caught himself foolishly wishing that she would go away,

to give him an opportunity to muse alone over what she had said about the mending of a broken heart. But if he desired to be alone why didn't he go away? He asked himself this question, and then realized that he was shaking his head. After a while they began to speak again, and they talked for a long time before he left her, to wander out into the woods; but he could recall nothing that either of them had said, after she had spoken of mending a broken heart. That night there was a ball, and he danced with her, and set to the rhythm of the music were the words, "Hearts are broken but mended again." Ah, and the next morning a young man came, and, from the fragments of a talk indulged in by two women walking on the veranda, Rollins understood that Clara had been expecting the new comer, and that it would not be very long before she might expect him every evening. He was the wretch who had broken her heart, and now he had set about to mend it again. That was clear enough, and Rollins went out into the woods to drive the woman out of his mind, and when he thought that he had succeeded, he discovered that she had taken up an abode in his heart, and after a struggle he saw that her habitation of his heart was likely to be of long or of permanent duration. He remembered that he had an especially important case to come up at the approaching term of court, and that he had not given to it the degree of study which its weight demanded; so, without bidding any one farewell, he returned to the city. But the law books were spiritless in his hands, and precedents, once so full of taste to him, were now as fruit that had withered and fallen from the tree. A lawyer who came to consult him said: "Rollins, I don't believe you are well. Why don't you go to the country and stay during this hot weather. You are working too hard to sustain your reputation for learning in the law. I'll tell you a good place. Go out to Devil's Lake."

"Oh, that's all very well," Rollins replied. "But I could never rest in the country. It is necessary for me to be in the swift current of affairs."

But he returned to Devil's Lake the very next day, and shortly after his arrival he met Clara on the veranda. "That fellow" was not with her. They sat in rocking chairs and talked ramblingly, and he waited for her to ask him why he had left so suddenly, but she did not, and then bitterly he said to himself: "I'll be hanged if she knows that I went away. That breaker and mender of hearts must have kept her well engaged."

"How long do you expect to remain?" she asked, looking at him, and her eyes were frank.

"I oughtn't to remain at all—I mean that I don't know. I went in the other day and have just returned."

"Oh, why didn't you tell us you were going?"

"I didn't have an opportunity to tell you." This was a desperate thrust, but it missed.

"No? But you didn't say anything to any one, did you?"

"Yes, to the clerk. Necessarily, I asked him for my bill." And he expected to see her wither under this hot fire, but she didn't. And then, realizing his stupidity, he added: "I wish to inform you that I am a fool."

"Yes? But let us hope that it isn't so bad as that." And then, as if repenting of her apparent carelessness, she said: "Don't say that, Mr. Rollins. It grieves me."

"Grieves you! Could it make any difference to you whether or not I regard myself as a fool?"

Her eyes shot forth arrows of mischief.

"Oh, yes, it makes a decided difference. No woman would like to reflect that a man had saved her life because he was a—I beg your pardon," she added, catching a quick change in Rollins' countenance and becoming serious. He bowed and after a few moments, remarked: "You may have noticed that I don't know much about women."

"I don't either," she spoke up. "At Vassar, you know, we studied man—we wanted to understand him, believing that we knew all about woman, but, coming away, we found that we didn't. And I am now inclined to believe that woman is the greater study. But what were you going to say?"

"I said that I knew but little about woman and I was going to say that I'd like to know why you wanted to kill yourself. Would you mind telling a man who never did you any harm—I mean would you mind telling me that?"

"Some time, perhaps, but not now. Something must happen first—something that we expected would be great fun, but which now would have none of the elements of fun. But I must not talk about it."

He told her that she was more than ever a puzzle to him. "What is it you expected to happen? And if it was to be fun at one time why wouldn't it be fun now?"

"I can't tell you anything now," she said.

"Will you ever tell me?"

"I don't know. I hope so."

Several persons came along and Rollins bowed himself off the veranda and went again into the unsatisfactory wood. And the next morning "that fellow" appeared again, and Rollins, pushed to the last degree of annoyance, packed up and returned to town. But within three days he was back again, walking up and down the veranda. A man with whom he talked a number of times, joined him. "Well," said the man, "the season is drawing to a close and they are thinning out. Miss Ratcliff and her party left this morning."

"Why the deuce didn't you tell me—I mean you don't tell me," and to conceal his disappointment he remarked: "I came out this time on hurried business—and by the way, doesn't a train to the city pass here to-night?"

The next day he was at his desk, with a large book open before him, not a law book, a city directory. And in it there were any number of Ratcliffs—Ratcliff, A. C. provision merchant; Ratcliff This and Ratcliff That. But here was Ratcliff, physician. But why didn't it say whether or not he had a daughter named Clara? Yes, the Doctor must be the man. She had not spoken of her father's profession, but now he remembered that there was something about her that marked her as the daughter of a physician. He didn't know what that something was; but there was no need to specify. To remember that there was something was quite enough. He decided to call at the Doctor's house and ask if he had a daughter Clara, and he was bold in this intention till he found the number, on a solemn brick house, old fashioned, with a narrow door and three stone steps leading up to the threshold—he was strong until he stood in front of that house, and then his heart began to beat fast. It wouldn't do to ask so foolish a question. He must adopt some other plan, so he rang the bell, in the hope that his plan might ripen before the door was opened, but it didn't. A red-headed girl came to the door and invited him in and he followed her into a reception room, his plan still green in his mind. The girl said that

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the Doctor would soon be in, and left him gazing at a picture of a snow-storm. It cooled him and the raw absurdity of his mission dawned upon him and became clear. There was not a cloud in it now. Self ridicule seemed to leap forth and squat upon his mind with an up-curved smile, like Humpty-Dumpty. He started at the sounds of slippers feet, and then he stood gazing at a portly man. Not knowing what else to do, his plan still remaining green, he held out his hand, which the Doctor, rather astonished, took, retained for a moment and then returned; and Rollins looked as if he didn't know what to do with it, now that he had got it back.

"Well, sir," said the physician, "what can I do for you?"

Rollins hemmed and hawed, and the Doctor told him to speak out. The visitor brightened with an idea, the ripening of his plan. "I should like to have your expert opinion in court," said he—"case of insanity; and as I happened to be passing I thought I would stop. It is a very sad case—of a young woman of about twenty years of age—a Miss Jones, Clara Jones, I think." He halted to see whether the name, Clara, would have any effect upon the doctor. It did not and, backing toward the door, Rollins continued: "But as I am in a hurry now I will call again and speak more definitely upon the subject. Good day."

He called at the house of four other Ratcliffs during the afternoon, and the next day was digging additional streets and numbers out of the directory when in came Dr. Ratcliff. "I have called," said he, "to inquire as to the time you may need my services. Within a few days from now I shall leave the city, to be gone nearly a month."

Rollins began to fidget. "Ah, yes," said he, "but the fact is that the case has been indefinitely postponed. The young woman has suddenly recovered her mind—wonderful cure, I am told. Sorry to have troubled you, Doctor."

"Oh, it was no trouble at all, I assure you. By the way, my daughter saw you, as you were leaving the house, and she tells me that she met you out at Devil's Lake."

And now how warm became this cool lawyer! He shook hands with the Doctor and together they went out to lunch and drank a bottle of grape juice, a wine-colored pledge of friendship. The Doctor thought that Rollins was the most entertaining young fellow he had seen, and Rollins knew that the physician was as polished a gentleman as lived in America. The medical man spoke of his daughter's accomplishments. She was awarded a medal as a prize for swimming.

"Swimming!" Rollins exclaimed. "Why I was given to understand that she couldn't swim a stroke."

"Why, bless your soul," cried the Doctor, "she is the finest swimmer in the country."

"Is that so? Why, then I didn't save her life—I mean that to save my life I never could win a prize at swimming."

"Nor I either. Well, you must come to see us."

And Rollins went not later than the next day; and when he and the girl were alone in the drawing room he remarked that she continued to be a mystery to him. "Oh," she laughed, "a woman likes to be a mystery, for being such she can't be plain."

Rollins reflected for a time and cried out: "Good! sparkling—being obscured by mystery can't be plain—very good," and, after another short season of thought, he added: By the way, your father tells me

you are an expert swimmer. One of your friends told me that you could not swim." He looked at her, expecting to see her blush, but she did not: she looked at him with a tantalizing smile. "Oh, if you don't deny that you are a swimmer you must thereby declare that I did not necessarily save your life, that you could have got out of the water if you had wanted to—but I forget. You did not swim, because you wanted to die. But for all that I don't understand it, when your father says that you won a medal for swimming and when one of your school companions declares that you can't swim."

He went away more puzzled than ever. He resolved the situation into a question of law, as nearly as he could, and viewed it from all points, and still was puzzled. One evening he received a sweet-smelling, purple note, inviting him to take Christmas dinner at the Doctor's house. A sleet was driving hard when he set out, and he pictured the warm and glowing room with the girl beside him, and for a moment his heart was as warm and as light as the picture, but the dark cloud of mystery fell suddenly upon the scene and his heart seemed to shiver with the cold. Ah, and there she was, just as his fancy had pictured her; and she gave him her cordial hand and smiled upon him. "It seems to me," said he, sitting down, "that all mysteries should be cleared up every Christmas day—all summer mysteries, at least. You have had me at a disadvantage, for, from the first, you couldn't help understanding me."

Her eyes were aglow as she looked upon him. Yes, that heart was so simple that she had understood it from the first. "I will tell you something," she said, "but you mustn't be angry. Out at that hotel we were adventurous, my friends and I—just out of school and full of mischief. We assumed the right to play pranks upon man, whom we so devotedly had studied. Well, my prank time came and about that time you arrived. We heard that you cared nothing for women, that you were wedded to your musty books, and I made a wager with one of the girls, that I would compel you—and I must beg your pardon as I go along—compel you to propose to me. No, it wasn't right, I admit, but we had discovered that man has no real heart, you know. Well, I knew that if you should think that you had saved my life, you would feel that you had a claim on me—that out of a sort of pity, if for no other cause, you would—fall, let me call it. Then we were going to tell you of the joke and give you a dinner. It was all so clear then, but how—how vague it is now. But as time moved along I began to see something pathetic in—the joke. My heart reproved me and I dreaded the—culmination. Then Mr. Stillman came—"

"Yes," Rollins broke in sullenly, "and who is he?"

"He was to have been my husband."

"Ah, he broke your heart and mended it."

She laughed. "I merely spoke of breaking and mending hearts to render myself more mysterious and therefore more interesting in your sight. I—I found that he had never touched my heart." He was trembling now, gazing at her, and though his own eyes were misty, he thought that there were tears in hers. "I told him to go," she said.

"Why did you tell him that?"

"Oh," she cried, trying to laugh, "is a man as much of a goose at Christmas as at any other time?"

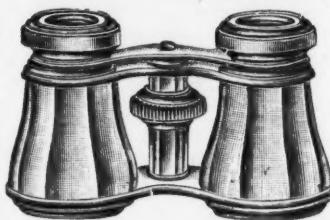
"Yes," he replied, "as much of a goose or a turkey, one or the other," and they

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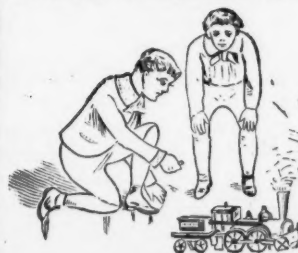
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laughed with their heads close together; his arms were about her, and he declared that it was such a joke. "But why did you tell him to go?" he insisted and she replied: "Because some one else had come," and they laughed again. And when the Doctor came in Rollins said: "Here is that case of insanity I was telling you about," and they all laughed.

### IN THE STUDIO

They met at Strauss' Studio on the fourth floor of the new Y. M. C. A. Building, Grand and Franklin avenues—two lovely young things who had come to have their photographs taken by the leading artist photographer in the world. They were looking at the specimens of work exhibited by the young lady at the desk.

"Don't you think Strauss is just lovely, May? He's so clever. You think you're having your own way about posing, and all that, and all the time you're doing what he wants and—why he manages a woman just like a woman manages a man."

"Oh, Laura, isn't this a lovely album of 'human documents' of Mrs. Lily Carr Norton—from babyhood to beautiful matronhood. It's the story of her life from year to year and as it lies there, bound, it reminds me of Mendelssohn's songs without words."

"And just look at this photograph of Julia Marlowe in her man's attire, as she appears in 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' Isn't it just the acme of art. It's a profile view, but how fine and strong and brave it looks, and yet it has that same suggestion of humor that the play has. Actually, Strauss can photograph the meaning of a face. It seems to me, indeed, as if his camera sometimes has an x-ray quality that penetrates to the secrets of character."

"Dear me, you talk like a book. I hope he doesn't x-ray me and find out what a silly goose I am and how much I think of—"

"Percy—oh, I know!"

"Well, yes, of Percy. But, by the way, Percy tells me that Strauss is a wonder for nerve. Would you believe it, Percy says that Strauss was kept up all night the other night, refusing the reporters of all the papers the right to use a photograph of the lady who was recently sued for divorce. He wouldn't give up a picture until he got the lady's permission, and, of course, they couldn't get that. It would have been a great 'ad' for him to give the picture and have it printed with his name attached in all the papers, but he wouldn't do it."

"Speaking of divorce. See this picture of this doll-like little woman here in this gorgeous gown, Mrs. —. Well, she and her husband are going to quit. They say that she is seen too often with a young bachelor cavalier to suit the husband. Isn't she a dream?"

"Yes, and isn't he a 'chump'?"

"Who—the husband, or the—the other fellow?"

"The other fellow—a 'silly awss,' as the English Lord said in Willie Collier's play, 'On the Quiet.' The husband's a fine fellow. You can see him out there in the hall, in the gallery of immortals. Who is this?"

"That—oh, that's a photograph of Zorn's picture of Mrs. Joy."

"Um-m-m. Well, maybe the picture's good,

high art, but it isn't as pretty as Mrs. Joy. Zorn can't draw or paint a woman's picture. His men are fine. But he don't catch a woman at all. I see he's suing Mr. Pierce for \$12,000 for three pictures. Well, with Mr. Fred Lehmann in the case the suit should be a feast. It will be like Whistler's suit against Ruskin, and will reek with the wit and satire of 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.' Zorn may be a great artist, and if people hire him to paint his style of painting they ought to pay him, but for beauty I'd rather have one of these Strauss artist proof photos than the Swede's 'studies in dis-temper.'"

"Yes, isn't this artist's proof of Mrs. H— just like a fine etching. And oh, what a darling baby."

"The dear!"

"The cute, sweet, lovely angel."

"It takes a genius to photograph children. There's no one I ever saw that could equal Strauss in giving the effect of perfect naturalness to children."

"Who's this little woman with the lovely eyes and the shiny satin gown?"

"That's Mrs. —. Poor little thing. They say her husband is cutting up awful. How sad her eyes look."

"Yes, that's it. I tell you that Strauss gets everything in the picture. Ugh! I feel like I was going to confession against my will, in coming here to get my photos taken."

"Oh! Here's the heroine of the recent elopement. Isn't she pretty?"

"Indeed she is. But why did she elope?"

"Just romance. You know Jack was always spouting poetry. He was an intense romantic. I suppose he is yet. And he was clever. No one thought he'd ever marry—he was so devoted to a good time. But he's the most liberal fellow you ever saw and perfectly tireless in social entertainment. He's all right."

"Weren't you rather,—well, didn't you like him a little once yourself?"

"Oh yes, as a friend, but he was too ardent and poetical for me. You ought to read 'Tommy and Grizel,' my dear."

"And here's the charming widow in Axminster place. Isn't she just the most bewitching. I'm sure that gown must have come from Paquin. And I don't blame the young banker for loving her so desperately, even though she declares that she doesn't think of marriage. She's very musical, you know, wedded to her art and all that sort of thing."

"Who's this, with the face that is so strong and yet sparkles with humor and ginger?"

"That's Mrs. —. She's the real thing. The men rave over her. Money? She has money to burn and yet she doesn't splurge at all. Oh yes, loves her husband dearly, though they did say she married him for his money. You know Tom,—well, Tom says she always reminds him of Peg Woffington, with her vivacity and wit and independence."

"Ugh! Here's the man that made all the trouble."

"What trouble?"

"All the trouble there has been in society recently. The trouble at the West End Hotel. The trouble that smashed two happy homes—oo-oo-oo-oo. Who'd think it?"

"Yes, he is ugly."

"Oh, goodness, what a mistake I've made. This isn't he at all. I'm glad too. It would

be a shame for Strauss to have his picture here to show to young girls like us. Did you ever meet him?"

"Who?"

"The home-destroyer."

"No."

"Well I did—and say, he's just the simplest sort of fellow. One of those fellows that sort of look up to you and plead to be reformed."

Yes; that's the kind they usually are."

"How do you know?"

"My goodness! Don't you think I'm of age. I know lots of things. And I know the most dangerous thing a woman can attempt is the reformation of a young man."

"Here's a pretty woman."

"Well, I should say. Why that's Mrs. —: used to be one of the beauties. I wonder what has become of her. She has disappeared as if the earth swallowed her. No one that knew her knows where she is. They say that her heart was broken by the failure of—"

"Her husband?"

"No, you goose. Women don't break their hearts over the failures or even the deaths of their husbands."

"That sounds like a sentence from a *Town Topics* story."

"Does it? Well, that reminds me, if you read that paper you'll know all the things that have been imagined concerning the original of this picture, and even if they're all true, I'm sorry for her."

"After all that has been said?"

"Yes, after all that has been said. A woman with a certain kind of husband can't be blamed for many things she wouldn't do if she had had another sort of husband."

"This girl looks like champagne and cherries and the treader tune with a soft pedal."

"Yes, that's she. She's going to marry a warm baby. They say he fights at the drop of the hat, and that there's nobody can drive a midnight hack as he can. Its funny, after your brother tells you about a fellow like this girl's fiance to see him at church with the girl, looking as if he'd never left mamma's apron strings."

"They say her sister is a peach."

"Yes, and together they make a pear. There's a joke for you, isn't it?"

"Where d'ye get it?"

"At the Standard."

Oh! oh!! oh!!!

"I mean that my brother Jim got it at the Standard, and he told it to me to show that the Standard shows are not as bad as they are made out to be."

"That man, Jim Butler, must be awful."

"Oh, I don't know. My oldest brother went to school with him and he says he's a good fellow. Besides, I see the *Globe-Democrat* says that Mr. James L. Blair and Mr. Frederick Judson and Mr. Thomas S. McPheeters all helped elect him to Congress; so he can't be so bad when such men support him."

"I wonder if he's in the gallery of 'immortals'?"

"Let's go see."

"Oh, yes, and do show me Harry Hawes. I've heard he's so lovely. And that Tom Hennings, too. They say he's as handsome as a young god."

"They are all Adonises. I've seen them with Jack Boogher several times. They must all be in the gallery of 'immortals.'"

You know if you're a man and Strauss hasn't got your picture and your autograph in the gallery of 'immortals,' you're not in the ranks of the 'some pumpkins' at all. I don't believe you're eligible to office or to have your name in the paper if you are not in the Strauss gallery of 'immortals.' I wonder why he doesn't have a gallery of 'immortals' for the women, but I guess that the thing would never do. The ones that were not in it wouldn't leave a shred of reputation to those that were in it. And many of those in the collection would be trying to get others out of it. No: on second thought, I don't think a gallery of female 'immortals' would do. An attempt to establish one would create more disorder than the great street car strike."

"Who's the handsomest man in town—no, I mean, barring your bright particular?"

"Oh well, if you mean a man I'm not particularly interested in, I should say Charlie Galloway, the organist."

"How funny! That's my idea, too."

"Say—what's that? Mr. Strauss wants me? Oh, but I'm nervous. I hate to have a picture taken. But Strauss is so nice. And so many people want me to let him take me. Do wait! Then I'll wait for you and we'll go down to the Mercantile Club and get a snack and I'll tell you the latest about the row between Mr. and Mrs. —."

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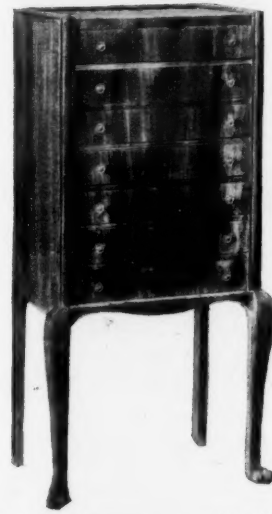
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## DOBLEY'S TOOTH PULLED.

Dobley's tooth was loose. It was a front tooth and in its wobbling condition it did not add to Dobley's charm or to his comfort. At breakfast Mrs. Dobley told him that his mastication of the ham reminded her of a goat on her uncle's farm in Vermont.

Going down in the elevator that morning Dobley met a man he knew who told him that it was possible nowadays to have a loose tooth tightened back in its place. He said he had a friend who had had a tooth pulled by mistake and had it put back just as nice as you please. He advised Dobley to see the man and gave him an address, a place on Sixth avenue.

Dobley left the office early, determined to have his tooth fixed before he went home. Mr. Dobley's remark about her uncle's goat rather rankled in his mind. When he got to the dentist's he didn't quite fancy the place. They had a sort of "puller in" in uniform located at the door to give out cards and entice people in to have their teeth fixed. Then there was a case at the door which filled Dobley with misgiving. It seemed such a showy way of advertising a profession. The case was square and held a little gilt tree that looked like a hat-stand, but instead of hats full sets of teeth blossomed on every bough. They seemed to grin in a sneering way at Dobley, and he was just about to turn away when the uniformed man took hold of his arm and yanked him into the elevator.

Dobley walked into the "Dental Parlor." That was the name in gilt on the door, and a tough young man came up and asked him if he wanted a tooth out. Dobley said no, that he wanted one in: that he heard they replanted teeth and he had one he wished fixed while he waited.

The young man, who didn't seem to have the slightest sense of humor, said he'd look at it, and led Dobley to a plush chair, and then screwed it up in some way that made Dobley feel foolish. Then the dentist opened Dobley's mouth as though it were a tobacco pouch and whistled as he looked at the teeth in a way Dobley thought disrespectful.

Suddenly he let go of Dobley's lip and said: "You can't do anything with that tooth. You got to lose it. You'll lose all your teeth. They're goin' to drop out one by one. The gums are bad."

"Wh-wh-a-a-at?" said Dobley.

"I'll make you two nice plates—upper and lower. But you'd better get those things out at once or you'll have no gums left to put a plate on."

Dobley gasped. "Oh, I guess my teeth'll last a few days more," he said sarcastically. "That's about the limit," said the tough dentist.

"I'll put you in another," said the dentist, "but I can't guarantee it. Those teeth of yours aren't goin' to stay in. You'll have to get it pulled somewhere else. I don't do extracting."

Dobley took his hat and staggered out to the elevator. When he reached the open air he breathed easier. The idea of losing all his teeth was a new and horrible one to him. It was difficult for him to get accustomed to the notion. Suddenly, as he walked along the avenue, his attention was attracted by two wax heads that wiggled coquettishly from side to side on some sort of a machine pivot.

One of the heads represented a blonde young lady extremely décolleté and the other a brunette man in a paper collar. Both

were smiling in a ghastly way at Dobley, as they nodded from side to side, and Dobley's eye was caught by a card underneath which said: "People Will Admire Your Lovely Teeth if You Buy Them from Us."

Dobley walked in like a man in a dream and climbed the narrow stairs. A man with black whiskers met him at the top, and Dobley told him he wanted his opinion on his teeth. The dentist led him to another of the chairs and Dobley got in nervously. He had lost all the jaunty that usually distinguished him.

He opened his mouth and the dentist began to tap on Dobley's teeth with some sort of an icepick he had. "You want this out?" he asked, indicating the loose one.

"Yes," said Dobley. "How about the others? Going to drop out one by one, eh? I am to be the great gumless wonder in another week or two, yes?"

"Oh, no," said the dentist: "your teeth are not in the best condition, but I can fix 'em up for you with a bridge and a couple of crowns. There is considerable work to be done in your mouth. These sharp teeth in your under jaw give you a—tough look, if you'll excuse me."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Dobley; "you think they'll really last a while yet?"

"I'll fix 'em, my dear sir, so's they'll last forever! I'll improve your looks so that you won't know yourself."

"How much 'll it cost?" asked Dobley.

"Oh, it is difficult to estimate exactly," said the dentist. "I should think—let me see again—ah—yes—say \$240—would fix them up in perfect style."

"Quite so," said Dobley.

"You'd have to have them taken out elsewhere; we don't pull teeth here. We are dental surgeons."

It was dusk when Dobley reached the street again, and he felt confused. His teeth had suddenly become a trouble that blotted out every other interest in life. He knew he had a home somewhere in Harlem and a wife and a faithful dog. No doubt dinner was waiting now for him. He pictured himself reaching home with all his teeth gone.

Just then he came upon another case of teeth. It was illuminated by electric light, and there was something about its artistic simplicity that appealed to Dobley's taste. A crumpled piece of white velvet covered the lower part of the case and on this separate teeth were strewn carelessly and yet symmetrically like pearls in a jeweller's window. Dobley compared the neat arrangement with the garish tree and the ghastly heads. He found himself tripping up stairs like a fawn.

A fat, jolly looking man met him and shook hands with him like an old friend. "Tooth out?" he said, sympathetically.

"Yes," said Dobley. The fat man led the way to a chair humming, "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," "This'll come out like a bird," he said, looking at Dobley's tooth. Then Dobley felt a jerk and heard the fat man say: "All bets off!"

"How is it you pull teeth?" asked Dobley.

"That's all I do," said the fat man. "The other fellows do all the fancy work and I do the pullin'. They send people to me. I could pull teeth in my sleep."

"Say," said Dobley, "tell me honestly what do you think of my teeth?"

"Oh, they're pretty bad," said the fat man. "All Americans have bad teeth, if they haven't false ones, as a rule. They'll hold you for a while."

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"Don't you think they'll drop out one by one?" asked Dobley anxiously.

"Every one's teeth 'll drop out one by one, if they live long enough," said the fat man. "You've been seein' some of the boys, I guess. They like to scare people with a ghost story like that once in a while. It's the dull season now, you know."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Dobley, his voice trembling with gratitude. He felt as though the fat man had saved his life.

"A dollar 'll do, I guess," said the fat man. "Come in again when you've anything in my line."—N. Y. Sun.

"Mother, I wish you would speak to Sir Charles about smoking those horrid cigar-

ettes. Why, the odor is something awful!" "Why, my dear, you would marry a man of rank, you know."—Melbourne Times.

Husband: "Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost me a heap of money!" Wife: "Freddie, dear, what do I care for money, when it is a question of pleasing you?"—Town and Country Journal.

"I cannot understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman. "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal!"

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## THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS.

BY W. L. SCHUYLER.

Who has not revelled in the glories of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," (a new and sumptuous edition of which, reproducing in fac-simile the famous unexpurgated edition of Burton, is now being offered subscribers by agents of the Burton Society of Denver.) Who has not trembled with the fisherman before the mighty genie of the bottle, laughed with Abou Hassan, the "sleeper awakened," and accompanied the fascinating Sinbad the Sailor on his marvelous voyages? The "open sesame" of the "forty thieves," the wonderful lamp of Aladdin and the "Barmecide feast" of the inimitable "Barber's sixth brother," have become household words, while the story of "Alnaschar" has been used to point many a moral and the nocturnal adventures of the "good Haroun al Raschid" have adorned many a tale. Since its first appearance in French, the work has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and new editions are brought out every year, to the lasting delight of all the young folks and those older folks who remain young in spirit. There is no work of fiction of any age or any country which has enjoyed, enjoys now, or probably will enjoy the popularity of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." And yet this book, so fascinating, so filled with the spirit of love, marvel and adventure, is but a faint and partial reflection of the glowing original, which has delighted all good Mussulmen for centuries. The original contains more than four times as much matter as our standard version, some of the most beautiful and characteristic stories having been published in English only within the past eight years, while some of the most popular tales, like those of "Ali Baba" and "Aladdin" are not to be found in any MS. of the original "Nights."

This, however, was not the fault of the first translator, Antoine Galland, one of the earliest Arabian scholars, who began the publication of his *Mille et une Nuits. Contes Arabes traduits en François*, in 1704, and so gained for himself immediate fame and the grateful remembrance of all succeeding generations of young folks. He did the best that he could. In those days of limited intercourse with the Orient he was only able to obtain a MS. of the first portion of the *Alf Laylah wa Laylah* (Thousand Nights and a Night,) and this he translated in accordance with the literary traditions of his time, producing an exceedingly Frenchy and not very accurate, but most readable, work. "It cannot but be evident," says John Payne, "to the impartial reader, who does not look at Oriental literature solely from the scholastic point of view, that in M. Galland's translation, fragmentary as it is, he is in the presence of a monumental literary work, and one that is destined to live from its intrinsic artistic value, whatever the future may bring forth in the way of more perfect and more conscientious reproduction of the original it professed to represent. Numerous as are the mistakes and inaccuracies, willful and involuntary, that deface it, there lives in it, if not the letter, emphatically the true spirit of Oriental romance." So popular was it that nine years after the first French version appeared the fourth English edition had been published.

As Galland knew his MS. was incomplete, he filled out the work with eleven other stories, which he had probably picked up in his Oriental travels. Some of these

have attained a greater popularity than the genuine "Nights." These are: 1, "The History of the Prince Leyn Alasnam;" 2, "The History of Cododad;" 3, "The Sleeper Awakened;" 4, "Aladdin;" 5, "The Blind Man, Baba Abdallah;" 6, "Sidi Nouman;" 7, "Cogia Hassan;" 8, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves;" 9, "Ali Cogia;" 10, "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peri Banou;" and 11, "The Sisters Who Envied Their Younger Sister," and, of course, as the conclusion, which should tell the fate of the fair narrator, Scheherazade, was lacking in Galland's MS., he was obliged to invent an ending in which King Schahriar pardons his fair companion on account of her delightful stories. In the original, however, he pardons her, not on account of her literary ability, but because she has managed, in some mysterious way, to bear him three children without breaking the continuous thread of her narrative for 1001 nights. This feat any woman might be proud of and it is no wonder that Schahriar felt that he possessed a veritable *rara avis*. Galland's first edition appeared in twelve volumes, at intervals of about a year each. In the first two volumes he kept the Arabian division into "nights," beginning each one with the exordium of Dinarzade: "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, tell one of those stories that you know so well." But some young men, tired by this flat uniformity, went one night, when it was very cold, and knocked at the door of the worthy translator, who ran to the window in his *robe de nuit* (nightgown.) After having kept him shivering for some time by divers insignificant questions, they wound up by saying: "Oh, Monsieur Galland, if you are not asleep tell us one of those beautiful stories that you know so well." The quick-witted Frenchman took the hint and the division into nights disappeared from the next volume.

Besides these omissions, Galland, out of deference to the literary taste of his time, rather paraphrased the tales than translated them. He ignored altogether the rhymed prose which occurs so often and omitted nearly all the verse, rendering only a few lines in balanced prose. All the proverbs, epigrams, and moral reflections, which are such a characteristic part of the original, are passed over, and many of the finer traits of character which lend such a charm to the personages, were missed altogether. As Captain Burton says: "It shows only a single side of the gem that has so many facets. By deference to public taste, it was compelled to expunge the often repulsive simplicity, the childish indecencies and the wild revels of the original, contrasting with the gorgeous tints, the elevated morality, and the religious tone of passages which crowd upon them. We miss the *odeur de sang*, (odor of blood,) which taints the *parfums du harem* (perfumes of the harem,) also the humorous tale and the Rabelaisian outbreak."

In spite of its many deficiencies, Galland's version was the only one accessible to the public for fully a century. In 1800, a certain Dr. Jonathan Scott printed his "Tales, Anecdotes and Letters," translated from the Arabic and Persian, containing some of the missing stories, and in 1811 issued his edition of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," with some new tales from the MS. of E. Wortley Montague, but as it was not very well done into English, the reading public took very little notice of it, preferring the more readable Galland. In Germany, the first attempt to improve on Galland, and show what the "Nights" really were, was made by

Dr. Max Habicht, whose "Thousand and One Nights, for the first time, from a Tunisian MS., completely translated, appeared in 1824-1825." But the MS. was very imperfect and the translation more so. The celebrated Oriental scholar, J. Von Hammer-Purgstall, during his short stay in Cairo and Constantinople, turned into French the tales omitted by Galland. These were translated into German, and published in 1823. And then, as the original French MS. was carelessly lost, these *contes inédites* were turned back into French and published by G. S. Trebutien, in 1828, this being a translation of a translation of a translation and, as Von Hammer-Purgstall himself took great liberties with the text, abridging and cutting to please himself, the value of this French version may be easily estimated. Another German version, by Dr. Gustav Weil, "*Zum Ersten male aus dem Urtext vollständig und treu uebersetzt*," (for the first time out of the original text completely, faithfully translated,) appeared in 1838, and has run through several editions. This is the best of all the continental translations, but is somewhat dry in style, and, as it was intended for the general public, it is not so "*vollständig und treu uebersetzt*" (completely and beautifully translated) as the translator claimed.

In 1839, appeared in England the well known "New Translation of the Thousand and One Nights," by the great Arabian scholar, Edward William Lane. This brought before English readers a great many new stories, and, besides, was beautifully illustrated. Burton says that "Lane taught what Eastern illustrations should be. It was also accompanied by a superb series of notes, filled with explanations of Oriental life and customs and with extracts from other Oriental literature." These have since been published in a separate volume entitled "Arabian Life in the Middle Ages," and form an excellent ethnological text-book on Eastern peoples.

But Lane's style was extremely heavy, almost Johnsonian; he omitted fully one-third of the tales and some of those the very best, cut the remainder to suit the general public and his own somewhat whimsical taste, and left out nearly all the ten thousand verses, translating only a few in a pseudo-biblical style. Still, for nearly fifty years, this was the best version English readers could command and it has run through several English and American editions. Both our St. Louis libraries have excellent copies of this translation. As for the Italians and Spaniards and other Europeans, they have remained satisfied with translations of Galland's delightful imperfections.

At last, in 1852, the great traveler and Oriental scholar, Sir Richard F. Burton, resolved, in company with a friend named Steinhauser, to make a complete translation of the work for the benefit of scholars and students; Steinhauser to take the prose and Burton the verse. They worked on it for years, at odd times, corresponding frequently on the subject. But as Steinhauser died suddenly, and his MS. was scattered, Burton had to go on with the work alone. Finally, in 1881, when he had finished the translation and was copying and revising, he saw a notice, in the literary journals, of a new version by Mr. John Payne, well known to scholars by his fine verse, and especially by his translations of "The Poems of Master Francis Villon, of Paris." "I wrote to Mr. Payne, who was wholly unconscious that we were engaged in the same work," says Burton, "and freely offered him precedence and possession of the field till no longer wanted." This generous



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offer was immediately accepted and the Payne version, in nine beautifully printed volumes, followed by four others of miscellaneous Arabian tales from the varying MSS. of the "Nights," appeared in 1884, "printed for subscribers only." The edition was limited to 500 numbered copies and the author bound himself not to publish another complete edition. An American reprint of 500 copies from the same plates was begun for Richard Worthington, 770 Broadway, but after the first two or three volumes had appeared, the publisher's name disappeared from the title page and the original title page, "printed for subscribers only" was restored. The volumes also were delivered by way of Canada. The fine Puritanical hand of Anthony Comstock was plainly discernible in this. Burton says of this edition, which was dedicated to him, that when it appeared it was "the first and sole complete translation of the great compendium. His (Payne's) version is most readable, his English, with a sub-flavor of Mabinogionic archaicism, is admirable; and his style gives life and light to the nine volumes. . . . He succeeds admirably in the most difficult passages and he often hits upon choice and special terms and the exact vernacular equivalent of the foreign word, so happily and so picturesquely that all future translators must, per-

force, use the same expressions, under pain of falling far short."

In 1885, at last, the long expected "Burton" edition saw the light and its thousand copies were eagerly snapped up by all students and book fanciers who could afford the price, for Captain Burton's translation is probably nearer the actual "Arabian Nights" than any other published in any language. He retains the original division into "nights," giving the opening and closing remarks of Schahriar, Scherherzade and her sister each time. It is absolutely uncut, all the plain language and indecencies being given with greater plainness than even in Payne's version. (N. B.—The good Comstock, being resolved that American scholars should be kept as pure as he, promptly seized the American edition—which, however, has not prevented all the needed copies from being smuggled over the Canadian border.) Besides, Burton preserves the "seja" or rhymed prose, which Payne had left unrhymed, translates all the ten thousand lofty, exquisite, commonplace and indecent verses, and accompanies the whole work with a series of notes fully equal to those of Lane in value. It is said that any one who reads the complete "Arabian Nights," together with Burton's and Lane's notes, will have a better knowledge of Eastern life than


is possessed by most Oriental travelers.

In this respect, however, Payne's version is the superior one. The literary style, as admitted by Burton himself, is much finer and more impressive, Burton being given to coining words like "ensorcelled," and such expressions as "she snorted and snarked," besides being careless generally; while the other is the finished work of a master in English. Then, too, the poetry is translated in a much more poetical way, for Payne is a born poet and Burton is not, and, besides, the former rendered, as closely as the genius of the English language would allow, the metres and "rhyme-schemes" of the original, a thing which the latter early abandoned as being altogether too difficult for him.

In 1886, appeared "The Lady Burton edition." Isabel Burton, feeling "that to limit the work to a thousand people was squandering on a few what the many should enjoy," had her husband's work carefully "prepared for household reading" by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., and published by Waterlow and Sons, London. Those whose zeal for ethnological information is not sufficient to carry them through the indecencies of the complete edition, or those who can not get access to a copy of it, will find this a most excellent work, for Burton's "foreword" and "terminal essay" and nearly all of his in-

valuable notes are retained. The object of Mr. McCarthy was to make as few omissions as possible and, as Lady Burton says: "I guarantee that no mother shall regret her girl's reading this 'Arabian Nights.' You will be deprived of nothing of the original save 215 out of the 3,215 pages, and you will have all the gain." A copy of this edition is in both St. Louis libraries, and those who desire to know something of the original should at least examine it.

Lady Burton deserves the thanks of the reading public for this "household edition," though it must be said, in justice to the original edition and to Payne's translation, that the indecencies which have been so much talked of are not so terrible after all. Oriental people are in the habit of "calling a spade a spade" and so do not drag in the obscenities in order to pander to a diseased appetite. The relations of the sexes are treated as frankly as in a medical work or in the authorized version of the Old Testament, or in the average masculine conversation of the present day. A lady once told Sterne that she thought his "Tristram Shandy" indecent. "No more indecent madam," he replied, "than your baby there rolling on the floor and kicking up his legs." The same may be said of the "Nights," and lovers of pornography will not be repaid for the task of



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reading the nine volumes of Payne or the ten of Burton. Pierre Loti says that, in Constantinople, the good Turkish fathers take their little boys to see shadow-pictures where "amorous adventures are represented so realistically as to make a gendarme blush," and neither parent nor child seems any the worse for it. "Altera patria, alteri mores. And it must be said in credit to both Payne and Burton that they have rendered the "peculiar" passages in a truly Oriental spirit. There are several copies of Payne's version owned by book fanciers in this city, but, as far as I know, none of Burton's, which commands from \$125 to \$150, about double the cost of Payne's. Most of the libraries in our larger cities have copies (for special circulation) of one or both, but in this respect, both of our libraries are deficient. It is said, however, that six copies of the Denver Burton Club reproduction have been subscribed for in St. Louis by gentlemen of wealth and literary tastes.

Here is a specimen of verse as translated by Burton and by Payne, and which is also a good example of the lofty or moral style of Arabian poetry with which the "Nights" are filled. The following is Payne's version:

"Say unto those that grieve, at whom doth fate  
her arrows cast,  
How many a one hath she raised up but to lay  
low at last!"

Lo, if ye sleep, the eye of God is never closed  
in sleep.  
For whom indeed is life serene, for whom is  
Fortune fast?"

Burton translates the same in this fashion:

"Say him who careless sleeps, that while the  
shaft of fortune flies,  
How many doth this shifting world lay low and  
raise to rise?  
Although thine eye be sealed in sleep, sleep not  
th' Almighty's eyes;

And who hath found Time ever fair, or Fate in  
constant guise?"

The introduction begins, as usual in Oriental works, with the following ascription to Allah, which in Burton's translation gives a very fair instance of the "seja" or rhyming prose form: "In the name of Allah, the compassionating, the compassionate! Praise be to Allah—the beneficent King—The Creator of the Universe—Lord of the three Worlds—Who set up the firmament without pillars in its stead—And who stretched out the earth even as a bed—And grace and prayer blessing be upon our Lord Mohammed—Lord of Apostolic men—And upon his family and companion train—Prayer and blessings enduring and grace which unto the day of doom shall remain—Amen!—O Thou of the three worlds sovereign!"

It will not be amiss to conclude with the beautiful sonnet by Swinburne "To Richard F. Burton, on his translation of the Arabian Nights."

"Westward the sun sinks, grave and glad; but far  
Eastward, with laughter and tempestuous  
tears,

Cloud, rain and splendor as of Orient spears,  
Keen as the sea's thrill toward a kindling star,  
The sundown breaks the barren twilight's bar,  
And fires the mist and slays it; years on years,  
Vanish, but he that harkens eastward hears  
Bright music from the world where shadows are.

Where shadows are not shadows. Hand in  
hand  
A man's word bids them rise and smile and  
stand

And triumph. All that glorious Orient glows  
Defiant of the dusk. Our twilight land  
Trembles; but all the heaven is all one rose  
Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts and  
snows."

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#### THE TEST OF KELLEY.

There was a thief among the hands of the Blue Mill. Five pieces of cloth had been stolen from the finishing room in two months. The boss, because he suspected Peter Kelley, said to the bookkeeper, on payday:

"Put \$2 too much in Kelley's envelope, George. If he keeps it we'll know who's 'it.'"

Kelley, a small, sad man, got \$7 a week. For this, veiled in a mist of steam, he stood on a box from 6:30 in the morning till 6 at night, and stirred a kettle in the dye house with a pole. The kettle was eight feet in depth by ten feet in diameter, a round tub filled with a boiling mush of dye liquor and wool. Sometimes the mush was yellow, sometimes it was scarlet, but it was always furiously boiling, always very difficult to stir. Overcome by the heat one summer day, a man had fallen into it.

And Kelley, patient and bored, would push his big pole down to the bottom, and then, with the edge of the kettle for a fulcrum, he would pry the heavy masses of wool upwards and forwards. He kept the wool moving all the time; he kept it from packing; and the dye liquor circulated freely through it, and it took on a color perfectly uniform.

This work, which he had pursued, without a day's vacation since his youth, had deformed him somewhat. The muscles that it brought in play were huge; his other muscles were shrunken and flabby. He stirred the kettle powerfully and gracefully, but in everything else, in getting up, in sitting down, in running, in walking, he was like an old man cramped with rheumatism.

He got his envelope in the afternoon, but did not open it till evening, on the way home. He would have gone back and returned the surplus two-dollar bill to the bookkeeper then, but the office was closed, perhaps.

Shorty Rogers, a brother kettle-stirrer, stumped along beside him. He did not know why he said nothing to Shorty about the mistake.

Shorty said: "We'll have a beer."

And they turned in at Hogan's place—two little, awkward, round-shouldered men—and had a beer. Then Kelley said: "We'll have another," and he laid a two-dollar bill on the bar.

Rogers was surprised. For his friend, though he opened his envelope before surrendering it, was not in the habit of spending any of the money till after a consultation with his wife. Some men hand over theirs still sealed, but Kelley thought that a degrading thing for the head of a house to do. He noticed now the surprise of Rogers, and

frowned as he blew the froth from the top of his glass, and then jumped back cleverly to escape a wetting.

He put the change into his envelope and continued on his homeward way. But he shifted the change to his pocket before he entered the house, lest his wife, on learning of the bookkeeper's error, reproach him for having broken the two dollar bill. Now she would think he had it tucked away somewhere, ready to be returned in the morning.

She was not beautiful, nor neat, but he loved her in a calm way. He valued her respect. She, too, worked hard. With seven dollars a week she paid the rent, she marketed and kept house for him and for the children, and from dawn till dark she washed, sewed, cooked, scrubbed on her hands and knees, scraped with her fingernails the caked black grease from inside the frying pans. Misshapen and withered, made old at thirty-five by hard and sordid work, she could not have been very happy. In her girlhood, perhaps, in the enchanted time when she had walked slowly with her lover down moonlit lanes on summer nights, she had dreamed of a future more beautiful than this.

He told her after supper that he would keep twenty cents.

"All right," she said.

And he went out ashamed because he was going to buy a glass of beer and a paper of tobacco.

He had said nothing about the error to her. He intended to add the dime that would remain from his two purchases to the change in his pocket, and to get another two dollar bill for the bookkeeper. Then on his return, when he could show the bill he would tell her.

He came home short a quarter. But he did not care. Could he not easily enough borrow this missing quarter from her in the morning? For that matter, could he not return the money he had left, with some sort of an apology, and ask the bookkeeper to deduct the deficit from his next pay? Life seemed easy and pleasant to him.

He sat on the front doorstep and dreamed and smoked. It was so nice out there that he hated the thought of going in to bed. But his wife called:

"Oh, Pete."

Was her tone shocked, sorrowful? He hastened to reassure her. With indescribable annoyance then he noted that his speech was a little thick. She might think, from his slightly thick speech, she might think. . . . The town clock struck twelve. Five hours were left to him for sleep.

It was not enough sleep, and he was horribly ill and sad when he got up at dawn.



Pulses of pain beat in his head, he was dizzy, he trembled with a great dread of something. What was this thing which terrified him so? He remembered and groaned. It was the missing quarter.

He could take nothing for breakfast but a cup of black, unsweetened coffee, and over each gulp made a dismal face.

"I must have drunk more than I thought last night," he said gloomily and humbly. "No more for me. No more. Never again," he solemnly swore.

Where could he get the quarter that he needed? From his wife? Impossible! He had fallen low enough in her eyes as it was. He might borrow it from some one at the mill.

He tried to borrow it and failed. He was much worried. But to comfort him the thought kept coming that no one knew, that it would not matter if he should keep the \$2, while to torture him was the thought that at any moment he might be sent for, since this was a test of his honesty.

On his box, in his cloud of steam, he stirred the kettle and suffered from remorse, from nausea and from a sense of guilt. With a wild look around he would lay down his pole and wipe the sweat from his face and neck, wringing out a little stream from his blackened bandanna handkerchief, which he would knot then around his throat again.

He felt better by noon. He drank water copiously then and enjoyed a couple of raw onions dipped deep in salt, though the soggy bread and cold fried pork in his kettle he did not try to eat. He longed for his bed and deep, reviving sleep. The error did not worry him now so much. He put it from him, telling himself resolutely that the next morning, sure, he would either have the \$2 entire and return it, or he would return \$1.75 he did have and ask that the deficit be charged him.

The whistle blew at last, and he and Shorty Rogers set out for home.

"I got the price of a beer," said Rogers. There was some mental struggle, and they turned in at Hogan's again.

Beer had never tasted so delicious in Kelley's dry and feverish mouth, and at midnight he rolled home drunk. It was the first time since his marriage.

Bitter enough was his grief when he got up at dawn, and again he swore he would stop drinking. He was afraid to count the money in his pocket. He did not count it till he had nearly reached the mill. Eight cents! Only 8 cents was left.

He stood, sick and miserable, stirring the kettle in the damp, hot dye house, and and through the long hours he asked himself what on earth he was to do about this error, which might be, after all, a test. The office boy touched his elbow.

"The boss wants to see you upstairs."

Kelly went upstairs. Murderers go so to the gallows. And he admitted to the boss that he had found a surplus of \$2 in his envelope.

But he would not admit that he had stolen any cloth from the finishing room, nor would he admit that he had intended to keep the surplus money. He tried to explain why he had not yet made restitution; why he knew he would have done so in time. But it was hard to explain.

The boss could see he was lying. He knew himself he was lying. Well he knew that, tempted, he had fallen.

So he was discharged and he went home and told his wife. He told her all the story and she, too, saw that he had fallen. Still

he was not a thief in her eyes—her woman's eyes. That comforted him.

But he knew he was a thief all the same.

"Maggie, what is to become of us?"

"Never mind. We'll get along somehow."

For the next month he went from mill to mill asking sorrowfully for work, which he could not get, because everybody knew. The weekly paper had printed a humorous story of the test, though with a merciful omission of the names. But everybody knew the names.

He shunned his friends. They would come up and say: "Doin' anything yet, Pete?" And then their cruel eyes would study his confusion and they would smile slightly.

In that month his wife supported the family by taking in washing. He did most of the housework. There was no more manhood left in him. In bed at night he would sigh and moan.

"Pete, don't take it to heart, so."

"I don't see what's to be done, Maggie."

"We'll move away from here. We'll manage it somehow."

One morning an Italian with a rickety horse and a rickety wagon took all their goods away in one load. They disappeared then, leaving no debts behind them, only a dishonored name.

A little while after they were gone two more pieces of cloth were stolen from the finishing room of the Blue Mill. The watchman turned detective, caught the thief, who confessed. Kelley, it seemed, had been quite innocent.

The boss considered all that he had done and felt sorry. In his contrition he said Kelly could have his job back if he returned to Manayunk and asked for it.

But Kelly never returned.—*W. B. Trites, in Philadelphia Record.*

#### HE DECEIVED HER.

"So your engagement is broken?" said the girl in gray.

"Yes it is," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?"

"He basely deceived me," answered the girl in brown. "You see, it was this way. I asked him one day to promise me that he never again would smoke cigarettes, and he promised. Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form, and he promised to do that. Later I told him I had a horror of anyone who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought clubs had a bad influence on young men and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling and made him promise that he would stop playing cards and betting on the races."

"Well, you didn't demand a great deal of him, did you?" said the girl in gray. "I suppose he deceived you in the matter?"

"He did."

"Broke his promise, did he?"

"Oh, no! I could have forgiven him that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man I found that he didn't require any reforming. He wasn't addicted to a single one of the habits I made him promise to break. It was a terrible shock, and I broke the engagement at once. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting."

*The Doctor:* "It's twins, sir." *Young-husband:* "I might have known it; it's my wife's hobby that two can live as cheap as one."—*Melbourne Times.*

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## Selecting a Wife



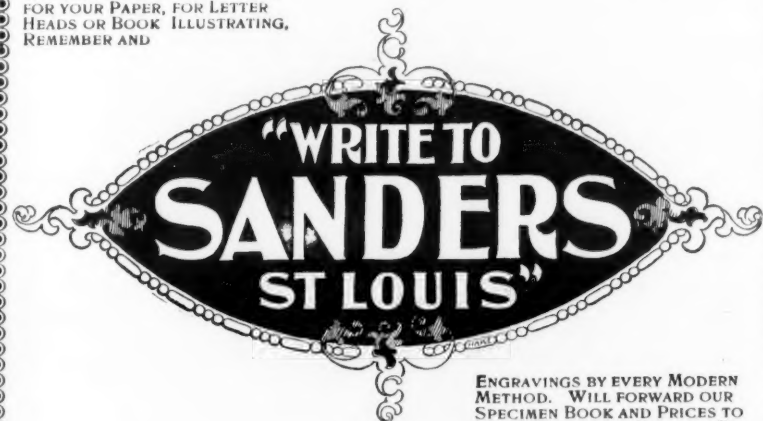
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#### A REPENTANT SINNER.

The friends of Count Leof Tolstoi believe that they have discovered the cause of his excommunication from the Russian church, in his latest story, "A Repentant Sinner." Following is a translation of the story:

"There once dwelt on the earth a man sixty-six years old. He had lived his entire life without virtue and without repentance. And this man became sick, and still he did not repent. And when death approached and his last hour had come he prayed:

"'Lord, as Thou didst pardon the thief on the cross, pardon me.'

"After he had spoken he gave up the ghost, and his spirit, beloved of God, had faith in the mercy of the Creator and soared to the threshold of Paradise. And the sinner knocked suppliantly for entrance into heaven. From behind the gates came a voice saying:

"'Who knocks at the gate of Paradise! How did he live on earth?'

"The voice of the judge replied, enumerating all the sins of the man. There was not one virtue to his credit. And the voice from behind the gate said:

"'Sinners cannot enter the portals of heaven. Depart.'

"But the man said: 'Lord, I hear Thy voice, but I have never seen Thy face, and I do not know Thy name.'

"And the voice replied: 'I am Peter the Apostle.'

"And the sinner said: 'Have pity on me, Peter. Remember the weakness of men and the great heart of God. Were you not a disciple of Christ? Was it not you who received the doctrine from His lips? You have had the example of His life. Oh, remember! He was in trouble and asked you three times not to sleep, but to pray; and you slept because your eyelids were heavy with sleep, and thrice He came and found you asleep. Even so have I done. Recall also that you renounced Him three times be-

fore Caiphas, after promising Him thrice never to deny Him. This also have I done. You will not keep me out of heaven, will you?'

"And the voice died away behind the gates of Paradise. At the same instant the sinner ceased knocking, for the gates of heaven opened. But another voice was heard from behind an inner door, which demanded:

"'Who is this man, and how did he live on earth?'

"Once more the voice of the accuser replied, enumerating all the sins of the man.

"And there was not a single meritorious action to his credit. And the voice replied from behind the inner door:

"'Depart. So ignoble a sinner cannot live among us in Paradise.'

"And the man said: 'Lord, I hear Thy voice, but I have never seen Thy face, nor do I know Thy name.'

"'I am the royal prophet, David.'

"The sinner did not despair. He did not recede, but said:

"'Have pity on me, King David. Remember the weakness of man and the large heart of God. God loved you. He gave you a place above other men. You had everything—royalty, glory, gold, favorites, and children. But, from the infinite height of your position, you saw the wife of a poor man. Sin surrounded you. You yielded to temptation and you took the wife of Uriah, and delivered her husband to the avenging sword of the Ammonites. You, the king, took from the poor man his last ewe. Even so have I done. And remember how you repentantly said: 'I remember my sins, and I repent of them.' Even so have I done, and surely you will not bar the door of heaven for me.'

"And the voice died away from behind the inner door of heaven. At that moment the sinner ceased knocking, for the door was opened half way. Then a third voice came from behind the door, and said:

"'Who is this man and how did he live on earth?'

"And for the third time the voice of the

accuser replied, enumerating the man's sins without recounting a single virtue. And the voice replied:

"'Get thee hence! Such sinners cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"And the man said: 'I hear thy voice, but I have never seen thy face and I do not know thy name.'

"And the voice replied: 'I am John the Evangelist, the favorite disciple of Christ.'

"At that the sinner rejoiced, and said: 'Now, they surely cannot keep me out. Peter and David let me enter because they knew the weakness of human nature and the great heart of God. You, John, will surely let me enter, because you are filled with love. Was it not you, O John the Evangelist, who exclaimed in your lifetime: 'God is love, and who does not love cannot know God?' Was it not you who in your weakness but repentance exclaimed: 'Brothers, love ye one another?' How will you then refuse me, how will you deny me entrance? Either renounce what you have said, or love me and open for me the inner door of heaven.'

"And the door opened wide and John the Evangelist embraced the sinner, and allowed him to enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Town Talk*.

#### A CHINESE DUDE.

The allied troops in China are understood to have acquired an extraordinary amount of furs and other finery in which Peking, owing to the number of its well-dressed aristocrats, was peculiarly rich, says the *London Daily Mail*. The overdressed Chinaman is a familiar figure in Peking, and the troops have probably secured many wardrobes belonging to absent owners.

The Chinese dude has many strange habits. First of all, to be a dude a Chinaman of pretensions must boast of an ancestry. With a lineage of merely 500 years or so he would be classed as a parvenu and scorned accordingly. To have any social prestige a family must date back one, two or three thousand years. Money may be of service and influence in some ways. It may even buy office. But it plays no part in the Chinaman's social condition. It entitles him to no social consideration whatever.

To be a society man in China, costume is all important. But it must be inherited. Rare furs, embroideries, Oriental stones, especially fine bits of jade of rare tint, are handed down, just as family plate is in England, to add luster to a great name.

On social occasions of great moment the Chinese dude arrays himself in the costume of his ancestors, in embroidered robes, in the richest furs, as sable and silver fox, and dons the invariable sign of grandeur—a jade ring of rarest quality, a light sea-green. The ring itself is about one inch wide, and is worn on the thumb.

The condition of the nails denotes rank, prestige, power. The dude allows his to grow about one-inch and a half long, sometimes two inches. They often curl over like the talons of a bird, showing that the "high born" is quite above the pale of manual labor. These things—the claw-like nails, the light green jade ring, the gorgeous embroideries several generations old, the rich furs—assert his social rank, just as the number of outriders indicate his official position.

If not too exalted in rank the Chinese man of fashion goes to the playhouse for his chief recreation. If too high up in the social scale for such a journey the players

come to him, and he enjoys the theater at home.

Unwritten law requires that the glass of fashion and the mold of form (in China) must be an expert with the bow and arrow, an accomplished horseman and a proficient gambler. No 'gambling, no dude; *noblesse oblige*. Gambling enters into every transaction of the man's life. In a restaurant, for instance, some game of chance is played with the cashier to see whether the price of the dinner is to be twice the sum charged or whether the patron is to have it free.

With the jade ring on his thumb, in silken robes, with embroideries that pleased his great-great-grandfather, preceded and followed by a retinue of servants, the Chinese dude goes out for a fashionable promenade, always with a little twig in his hand.

Upon this twig perches a little brown bird, which every now and then he tosses up in the air, sometimes as high as twenty feet. The bird circles above him, swoops down suddenly and pecks a seed from his lips. Then it flutters back to its perch for repose, twittering and content.

In spite of his external grandeur and gorgeous display, the Chinese man of fashion knows nothing whatever of cleanliness, hygiene, personal decency, as understood by the "red-haired devils of the west." Picturesque and interesting as a part of a pageant, a closer view of the dude in China reveals a man that, in social and domestic life, is indeed a yellow terror.

#### DEADLY EDUCATION.

The stress of modern education has enormously taxed the brains of children by the multiplicity of studies. Children cannot assimilate the ideas in widely differing departments of knowledge at one and the same time. The effort to do so deranges in many instances the entire nervous system of the child. The so-called nervous child is not only not normal, but may be the victim of the education methods of the present day. The examination system is often a horror to such a child, as the writer knows from his own experience. The studies required of a growing child should never be allowed to disturb the health or interfere with proper rest and exercise. The modern city child seems to be unable to endure the burdens of civilized life as easily as did the children of the past, who were brought up in the country and spent the greater part of the time in fresh open air. Whether our fathers were more hardy and robust as children than the progeny of the present generation may be an open question, but certainly the conditions of civilized life have so completely changed, that at the present day mental and physical education possess equal importance for the growing child. The mind of the child to-day is too often developed at the expense of its vitality and health.

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RULERS.—"What's the matter, Bobby?" "Gra'ma, they's too many folks a-bringin' me up. I'd get along better 'f I on'y had you."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

DISTANT RELATIVES.—"I understand that you are a distant relative of the wealthy Goldmans." "Yes." "How distant?" "As distant as they can keep me."—*Philadelphia Record*.

MUCH IN LITTLE.—*Fat woman*: "That was a very small piece of glass you ate this morning, is your appetite failing?" *Glass-eater*: "Not at all. That was a magnifying glass."—*New York Journal*.



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## GOD.

[The following ode on God, by the Russian poet Derzhavin, is said to have been so greatly admired by one of the Emperors of China that he ordered it inscribed on silk in letters of gold and hung in the chief room in his palace.—Eds.]

O thou Eternal one! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged through Time's all devastating  
flight,  
Thou only God;—there is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend, and none  
explore,  
Who fillest existence with Thyself alone;  
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er:  
Being, whom we call God—and know no  
more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy  
May measure out the ocean-deep, may  
count  
The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for  
Thee  
There is no weight nor measure, none can  
mount  
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest  
spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain  
would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost ere thought can mount  
so high,  
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First Chaos, then Existence;—Lord, on  
Thee

Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy,  
harmony,

—Sole origin; all life, all beauty Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art and wert, and shalt be! glorious,  
great,  
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe sur-  
round,

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with  
breath!

Thou the beginning and the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death.

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth  
from Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy  
praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy com-  
mand,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them?—Piles of crystal  
light,

A glorious company of golden streams,  
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright,  
Suns of light systems, with their joyous  
beams?

But thou to those are as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water to the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to  
Thee?

And what am I, then? Heaven's unnum-  
bered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
Against Thy greatness; is a cipher brought  
Against infinity! What am I, then?—  
Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light  
divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom,  
too:

Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.  
Naught! But I live, and on Hope's  
pinions fly

Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee  
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,  
Even to the eternal throne of Thy divinity;  
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.

Though but an atom 'mid immensity,  
Still I am something fashioned by Thy  
hand;

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and  
earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realm where angels have their  
birth,

Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

The claim of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost;

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And the next step is Spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!  
Whence came I here, and how? so mar-  
velously  
Constructed and conceived? Unknown?  
This clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
From out itself alone it could not be.  
Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and thy word  
Created me. Thou source of life and  
good!  
Thou, spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright pleni-  
tude  
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring  
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
E'en to its source—to Thee—its author—  
there!  
O thought ineffable! O vision blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all of  
Thee,  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and  
good—

'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

*Translation by Sir John Bowring.*

### ATTENTIONS.

"You don't send me any more violets or  
American beauties or boxes of candy," she  
murmured.

"No," answered Mr. Blykins. "But that  
is no sign I am not as attentive as ever. If  
you would rather have violets and roses and  
boxes of candy than the cabbages and pota-  
toes and sirloin steaks that I send around,  
say the word. Your slightest wish shall be  
gratified, even if I have to eat at a dairy  
lunchroom."

"Isn't that a very slow horse of yours?"  
"Well, he isn't much for speed; but he's  
easily frightened, and runs away a good  
deal, so that he gets there just the same."  
*Melbourne Times.*



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### WOMEN ASTRONOMERS.

Urania, the muse of astronomy, was a woman; but most of her devotees have been of the other sex. There have been some notable exceptions, however, and these have not been confined to the present age, with its "new women," but have existed throughout antiquity. In *The Humanitarian* (London, November), Prof. J. E. Gore gives a brief list of the women who have distinguished themselves in this direction. He says:

"Aganice, an Egyptian princess, is said to have tried to predict future events by the aid of the stars. This was, of course, in the interests of astrology; but the first woman really noted as an astronomer seems to have been Aglaonice, a lady of Thessaly, who could predict eclipses by means of the period known as the Saros, a lunar cycle discovered by the Chaldean astronomers, consisting of eighteen years, in which eclipses of the sun and moon recur in nearly the same order as during the preceding period of eighteen years.

"The beautiful and famous Hypatia, daughter of Theon, of Alexandria, seems to have been versed in geometry, algebra and philosophy, as well as astronomy. We learn from history that she wrote a commentary on Ptolemy's system of astronomy, but this work has been unfortunately lost. . . . Several centuries then elapsed before we hear of another woman interesting herself in the study of astronomy. Indeed, astronomy was at such a low ebb in the eight centuries which elapsed between Ptolemy and the Arab prince and astronomer, Albategnius, that only eight observations are recorded as

having been made during this long period! In the seventeenth century a Parisian lady, Jeanne Dummée, wrote a work in which she defended the system of Copernicus, and explained the motions of the earth and the appearance of Venus and the other planets with great clearness. . . .

"The famous astronomer, Hevelius, who had an observatory at Danzig, was ably assisted in his astronomical observations by his wife, Elizabeth Korpman. They worked together during a period of twenty-seven years, and the result of their efforts was the publication of the works, 'Prodromus Astronomicæ,' a catalogue of 1,888 stars, and the famous work 'Machina Cœlestis.' The observatory was destroyed by fire in 1679, and Hevelius died in 1687, it is said, of a broken heart. After his death his wife edited and published the 'Prodromus Astronomicæ.'

"Another woman astronomer who lived about this period was Marie-Claire Muller, wife of Jean Muller, perhaps better known as Regiomontanus. They had an observatory at Nuremberg in the seventeenth century.

"The wife of the famous astronomer, Godfrey Kirch, calculated ephemerides for almanacs for many years in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries; and in the year 1702 she had the good fortune to discover a comet."

Women, Professor Gore goes on to tell us, have distinguished themselves not only in astronomical observations, but also in the mathematical theory. In the first half of the eighteenth century the Marquise Du Chatelet translated into French the "Principia" of Newton. Newton's philosophy was also expounded by the famous Milanese lady, Maie-Gaetana Agnesi, to whom the Pope offered

the professorship of mathematics in the of Bologna. To quote further:

"Another famous woman computer was Madame Nicoli Reine Lepaute, wife of M. Lepaute, watchmaker to Louis XV., king of France. She helped her husband in his calculations connected with astronomical pendulums, and assisted the famous Clairaut in his calculations respecting the return of Halley's comet, in 1758. This famous problem in the theory of perturbations was a work of great labor, and for eighteen months Clairaut and Madame Lepaute calculated all day, and sometimes even at meals.

Madame Lepaute also made the calculations of the comet of 1762, the annular eclipse of 1764, and ephemerides of the sun, moon and planets for the *Connaissance des Temps*. About the same period Madame Dupierry calculated numerous eclipses of the moon. She was the first lady who filled the office of professor of astronomy in Paris.

"The famous astronomer, Sir William Herschel, found an able assistant in his sister, Caroline Herschel, who helped him in all his labors during a period of fifty years, not only in astronomical observations, but in the manufacture of his telescopes. In the years 1786 to 1789, Caroline Herschel herself discovered no less than six comets, and in the preparation of Herschel's catalogues of stars, double stars and nebulae, she was of great assistance to her illustrious brother. A contemporary of Caroline Herschel was Madame Lalande, who assisted her husband in the reduction of the stars contained in the well-known catalogue of Lalande.

"Among other women computers may be mentioned Madame Rumker, who calculated the orbits of comets, and discovered the

comet of 1847; Madame Yvon Villarceau, who applied her husband's method to the calculation of binary star orbits; and Maria Mitchell, the first lady astronomer in the United States, who served as assistant to her father, and afterward become director of the Vassar College Observatory, at Poughkeepsie, a post which she held for eighteen years.

"In the domain of mathematical astronomy, we must not omit the names of Mary Somerville and Sophie Kowalewski. Mrs. Somerville wrote 'The Mechanism of the Heavens,' a work founded on Laplace's great work the 'Mécanique Céleste,' and Sophie Kowalewski held a professorship in the University of Stockholm."—*The Literary Digest*.

\* \* \*

One of Mr. Whistler's art students at the schools in Paris the other day asked the master very seriously if he thought that she might paint Nature exactly as she saw her. Mr. Whistler very promptly replied: "There is no earthly reason why you should not paint Nature exactly as you see her, so long, my dear lady, as you do not see Nature exactly as you paint her."

\* \* \*

What our Dramatist has to put up with. *His Wife* (reading a Sunday paper)—*Après ça Hamlet*, they say *à dire* that you and Shakespeare represent the very opposite poles of the dramatic art! He—"Ah, that's a nasty one for Shakespeare."—*Punch*.

\* \* \*

*Lady* (angrily, to servant)—"Mary! some silver spoons have mysteriously disappeared, and you will have to go." *Servant* (indignantly)—"I ain't no detective, mum. Wot's the good of sendin' me arter the spoons?"—*Fun*.

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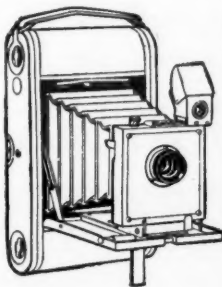


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### SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous British composer, died suddenly recently in London. His career was intimately connected with that of his collaborator in comic opera, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and "Gilbert and Sullivan operas" is a designation very familiar to Americans.

Of Sir Arthur many anecdotes are told. Writing in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, (November 24), Walter Browne, who, as a singer in one of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera companies, was constantly thrown with the composer, gives a few reminiscences which are of interest. His first meeting with Sullivan was under trying circumstances. In 1881, Mr. Browne was engaged to sing *Colonel Caverley* in "Patience." He writes:

"I had been told to go to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office . . . to meet Mr. Sullivan and have him 'try my voice.' On my arrival, twenty minutes before time, I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. Mr. Carte was not there, but seated at a piano, humming a plaintive melody, was a man little older than myself, a plump, rosy-cheeked fellow, with black hair, side-whiskers and mustache and dark brown eyes twinkling with kindness and good nature. He stopped singing when I entered and asked me if I wanted to see Mr. Carte.

"I have come to sing to Mr. Sullivan," I replied a little proudly.

"Really!" he said, elevating his bushy eyebrows. "Well, I hope, for your own sake, that you are in good voice." And he turned again to the piano with a pleasant little laugh.

"Sudden fear of failure made my heart sink. 'Have you ever sung before him?' I asked a little huskily, for the thought of the ordeal before me already gave me a tickling sensation in my throat, and I was

mentally resolving to make an excuse and an appointment for the following day.

"Oh! yes. He's heard me sing," chuckled the provoking young man at the piano, thumping out an amazing sequence of chords. Then he suddenly wheeled around and said abruptly:

"Look here, young man. Take my advice. Sing a song or two now to get your voice into trim and see what sort of form you are in. Got any music? I'll play your accompaniments for you. Come along."

"Taking the roll from my hand he selected Pissuti's 'Bedouin Love Song' and Ardit's 'Stirrup Cup.' I felt no nervousness while singing to this stranger, only a little annoyance that he 'vamped' or glossed over the more difficult part of the accompaniment to the first song. I probably never sang better in my life. But I felt like an awful fool when, immediately on the termination of my second song, Mr. Carte stalked into the room, saying:

"Hello, Sullivan! 'Fraid I'm a little late. This is Mr. Browne, the young man I wanted you to hear. What do you think?"

"He's all right, Carte," said the composer, laughing; and, rising from the piano, he extended his little fat hand to me. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Browne," he continued. "You have a nice voice, but you must let me show you how to make the break half a note higher. I think you will find it to your advantage."

Gilbert and Sullivan had a strong aversion to letting the titles of their operas become known until the night of their first production. Apropos of this, Mr. Browne writes:

"When 'Iolanthe' was being prepared there was much speculation in the public press as to what it would be called. The dramatic writers prophesied that as 'Pinafore' 'The Pirates of Penzance' and 'Patience' had all been so successful, the

sequence would not be broken, and the name of the next work would begin with the letter 'P.' Possibly in deference to this notion, and to aid in preserving the mystery, the opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of 'Perola.' It was only at the eleventh hour—at the last dress rehearsal, in fact—that the company was instructed to substitute the name 'Iolanthe' for that of 'Perola' wherever it occurred in the text or in the songs.

"Consternation seized upon the company. Amidst the nervous excitement of a first night it was no light task to replace, vocally and in the dialogue, a name of three syllables which had already become familiar, by one of four which had rarely, if ever, been heard before. I well remember Mr. Sullivan taking two or three very much scared vocalists aside and whispering in a joking manner:

"Never mind so long as you sing the music. Use any old name that happens to come first to you. Nobody in the audience, except Mr. Gilbert, will be any wiser, and he won't be there."

"Mr. Gilbert never attended the first production of one of his works. He was of such a nervous temperament that he dared not. He walked up and down the Thames embankment, within easy distance of the theater, and was fetched by an attendant just as the opera terminated, barely in time to take his complimentary call before the curtain. As a matter of fact, the name 'Perola' was spoken two or three times during the initial performance of 'Iolanthe,' but even the newspaper critics gave no hint of ever having noticed the error."

Mr. Browne gives us also this item about "The Lost Chord":

"I have heard Mr. Sullivan say that when he first conceived the idea of setting the words of 'The Lost Chord' to music he went down to the old Savoy Chapel [London], and there, seated at the organ to which he had sung as a boy, he received that inspiration which resulted in what has been adjudged one of the greatest compositions of modern times."

PROPER INDIGNATION.—"What do you think, Sue?" said Miss Frocks. "Mr. Spudds actually proposed to me on a postal-card."

"Well, I suppose you accepted him in the same way," added Miss Kittish.

"I did nothing of the sort. I mailed him a type-written slip announcing that none but sealed proposals could be considered."—*Harper's Bazar*.

HIS PROFESSION.—Judge (to prisoner who has been captured in a raid on a gambling-house): "What is your occupation?"

Prisoner: "I am a locksmith, your honor."

Judge: "How did you happen to be found in a gambling-house, and what were you doing when the police appeared?"

Prisoner: "I was making a bolt for the door."—*The Green Bag*.

HIS ANSWER.—"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of them," was the triumphant reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

WILLING TO HELP.—Ernest (boldly): "If I thought no one was looking I would kiss you."

Dora (shyly): "Shall I close my eyes!"—*Puck*.

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## ART IN LIFE AND WORK.

At the threshold of the Twentieth Century it is pleasant to reflect that, among other things, there has been a vast improvement in household decoration. This has come about as one of the results of the increase of education, especially in the fine arts. It is within the memory of readers that in the homes of well-to-do people the decorations consisted of cheap pictures, the napery was unadorned white (or sometimes red!) and the walls, chinaware, (or stoneware) etc., of the same plain color. The change visible to-day has brought brightness and beauty into the homes of the people, and from sources previously inaccessible on account of the cost. Art materials used in the adornment of the "House Beautiful," for instance, silk fillos (floss silk), for decorative purposes. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford to use this material, and the production in this country was limited. To-day, on the contrary, one concern, that of Belding Bros. & Co., runs four mills in the United States and one in Canada, and, even with this great output, only keeps pace with the increasing demand for their manufactures. One of the most important of these is "wash silk," important as being the material used for art decoration of table linen, toilet napery, sofa pillows, ornamented doilies for vases, etc., and for a variety of objects in which aesthetic taste and artistic skill combined can beautify common things. Forty years ago the price of the fillos used for this work was fully 75 per cent higher than to-day, and Belding Brothers manufactured an assortment of 65 colors. To-day their sample card shows 500 colors, in addition to which there is an immense number of supplementary "shadow" colors and also each season the firm brings out the new colors, demanded by the ever-changing "styles" and fashions. As noted above, the cost price to the consumer has steadily diminished as the output to meet the demand has increased. This firm of Belding Bros. & Co., who were the pioneers in this business, and are easily the largest manufacturers have been doing an immense amount of good to the women of America. Thousands of women, most of them brought up in refined homes, have earned their living by making wash silk embroideries. A lady possessing artistic taste—which is absolutely necessary—can earn from \$10 to \$25 a week at this work. The materials required are the linen goods, napkins, doilies, sofa pillows, ornamental pieces, etc., on which the design is stamped, and the wash silks. Belding Brothers manufacture all these goods. The designs stamped on this class of goods are very artistic, consisting of floral wreaths, vines and grouped flowers worked in natural colors. More ambitious pieces are pictures in which by a slight addition of the artist's brush not only are the art effects secured but, also, by the aid of the shadow tones all the effects of light and shade.

In addition to the wash silks, Belding Brothers manufacture Ladies' Silk Hosiery, (chiefly at their mill at Northampton, Mass.), Spool Silk for dressmakers, milliners and kindred lines; Machine Silks in spool and skein, for merchant tailors and also various grades of these for clothing manufacturers, shoetrade, etc. Silk Braids and Silk Fabrics for linings of high grade men's clothing, and for ladies' garments of fur and other materials. In all these lines the increase of the firm's business has been phenomenal. The general agency in St. Louis affords striking evidence of this growth, due to the unvary-

ing excellence and reliability of the goods manufactured by the house. Starting New Year's, 1873, in a small room in the building, corner of Fourth and Washington avenue, the demand for more space has taken them from one location to another until the present premises, 706-708 Washington avenue, have proved inadequate and, to-day, Messrs. Coyle and Sargent, the enterprising general agents, will move to 1121-1123 Washington avenue. Here they will occupy two great floors, each 50x137 feet and expect to make a splendid exhibit here in addition to that which their house will make at the World's Fair in 1903.

## SHOT BY A CORPSE.

Mr. A. G. Hales writes to the *Daily News*: "So our dead lay, and grinned at those other dead, and the fierce sun dried flesh and blood on Briton and on Boer, for both remained unburied for a while; and so it came to pass that a Boer commando retook those lines where those who died for us were lying, and as they marched amongst our dead, they saw a sergeant lying at full length, shot through the brain, yet even in death the man looked like some fighting machine suddenly gone out of order. His rifle was pressed against his shoulder, his left hand grasped the barrel on the underside the forefingers of the right hand pressed the trigger lightly, the barrel rested out upon a rock, and his death-dulled eye still glared along the sights, for dissolution had come to him just as he bent his head to fire at those who shot him, and now his hands had stiffened in the unbendable stiffness of eternal sleep. A Boer soldier saw the sergeant as he lay, and with rude hands grasped the barrel and tried to jerk it from the dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in a line with his own breast, and the unyielding finger on the trigger did the rest, the rifle spoke from the dead man's hand, and the bullet passing through the Boer's heart laid him beside the Briton.

"Sounds like a journalistic lie, does it not? Read it in a novel, and you would laugh, would you not? But it is the eternal truth, all the same, for the comrade of the Boer who died that day, killed by a dead man, told me the tale himself, and he was one of those who planted the dead Dutchman on the slope of Spion Kop."

## THE WOMAN VOTER.

The results of the elections in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho have an interest that does not attach to the returns from other States. In these States the women have full suffrage, and vote for all offices, including Presidential electors. The woman vote in these States is, therefore, interesting as forming a basis for calculating the influence of this factor in politics and for estimating the extent to which women are apt to avail themselves of the full elective franchise when granted to them. It must be conceded (says the *Chicago Times-Herald*), after an analysis of the returns from these States, that the favorite argument of the opponents of woman suffrage—that the great majority of women will not vote if granted the privilege—has to be taken with several grains of allowance. In Colorado the woman vote increased from 46,720 in 1896 to 86,943, owing, possibly, to the greater interest taken in the election because of the marked subsidence of free-silver sentiment, but more directly, however, to their wish to effect the defeat of Senator E. O. Wolcott, whose recent divorce had

provoked the opposition of the women of Colorado. Two other deductions that may be made from the returns are: the disinclination of women to support candidates of their own sex for office and a disposition to rebuke any attempts on the part of party bosses to control or manipulate the woman vote. The only woman candidate for office in Utah—the woman who seconded the nomination of Bryan in the Kansas City convention—ran far behind her ticket and was defeated, although a woman of great personal popularity. In Wyoming a Democratic candidate for Congress, who had made a statement in a letter to the Anti-Suffrage

Association of New York that "the woman vote was the easiest thing to get and to manipulate of any element in politics," was defeated by the votes of women. It is also alleged that the woman vote was nearly a third of the vote cast, and threw the State to McKinley.

Among the campaign stories told is this one: The trolley stops; an Irish lady and ten children climb in.

Conductor—"Are these your children, madam, or is it a picnic?"

The Lady—"They are my children and it's no picnic."—Schoolmaster.

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Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.  
My Dear Mr. Swoboda:—As I have had numerous requests by mail from different sections of the country to give my ideas of your system of physiological exercise, I will write you this letter which if you see fit, you can have published, and which will prove I hope, an answer to all these inquiries as I am a pretty busy man.

On February 15, 1898, after years of gradual but certain decline, physically and mentally, I had a complete nervous prostration or collapse. It was impossible for me to sleep without medicine and I went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. I tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place, took hunting trips in Colorado and a seacoast trip to Northern Maine with no appreciable result. I had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action.

I was advised by Mr. Seested, business manager of the Kansas City Star, to call on you with my physician, you will remember, I called and spent two hours with you and he advised me to take the treatment, as it could do me no harm and might do me a great deal of good. That was on October 24, 1898. At that time I felt sure I was going to lose my mind. I could not sleep without medicine, was completely unfitted for business or for anything else, and there was scarcely a

function of my body that would work satisfactorily. Within thirty days after beginning your exercise treatment, my constipation had gone, and I have never taken a physic since; within sixty days I was attending to considerable business and within ninety days I was at my desk, and have grown stronger ever since, until to-day, I weigh more than I ever did in my life, with not a pound nor an ounce of surplus flesh.

I am in better health than I have ever been in my life. Constipation gone, nervous dyspepsia gone, the nervous prostration feeling entirely eradicated, and my ability to sleep is equal to that of any period in my life.

Trusting this letter may be instrumental in causing other sufferers to take hold of your natural, rational line of treatment and follow it to the same splendid result that the writer did, I beg to remain, Yours with sincerest gratitude.

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### THE MODERN ARISTOTLE.

A newspaper paragraph recently announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer, now in his eighty-first year, was going over all his work carefully, with a view to finding places where he might correct by later knowledge and experience the assertions and arguments of his earlier years. The English Aristotle is finishing up and polishing off his life work, preparatory to his departure. The paragraph is merely a peg upon which to hang an "appreciation" of Mr. Spencer's work in small compass, which yet gives a very good idea of the vastness of the man's work.

Nearly twenty-three centuries have elapsed since the great Greek philosopher, the tutor of Alexander, the Macedonian Conqueror, made all human knowledge his affair, and organized it into a system which stood unshaken for almost two thousand years. He was the cynosure of his time. Both Philip and Alexander courted him. When he was preparing his celebrated treatise on animals thousands of men were, by imperial decree, placed under his orders for the work of procuring zoological specimens. When he gave his lectures in Athens men forgot ordinary occupations to attend them and to talk about him. Now observe the difference of times and men.

Like Aristotle, Herbert Spencer has taken all knowledge for his theme. For fifty years he has kept at the forefront of scientific advance, not as a worker in laboratories, a naturalist in the field, a patient delver in the mines, but as a thinker, an organizer, grasping all the threads of discovery and seeking to combine them into a logical whole. He was ahead of Darwin in the suggestion of the modern theory of evo-

lution, and he has carried that theory into scientific domains far beyond the reach of the famous naturalist who wrote the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man." His philosophic system leaves nothing unincorporated, and scientific workers find inspiration and guidance in his books.

Yet what does the public know of Herbert Spencer? Even in England, how does his fame compare with that of Aristotle in Greece? To the vast majority of the English-speaking world Herbert Spencer is simply a name which they see semi-occasionally in their newspapers, but which makes for them no very definite impression. He does not start into being a real tangible figure before their mind's eyes as do President McKinley, Queen Victoria, Thomas A. Edison, or even some of the writers of evanescent novels and jingles of the day. But when the nineteenth century has grown dim in the remoteness of time, perhaps, the organizer of modern evolutionary science into a philosophic system will have his turn.

To show one law runs through all phenomena, how morals, politics and the domestic relations, as well as the whirling of nebulous clouds, the radiation of suns, the formation of worlds and the development of vegetable and animal life, are linked together as the results of evolutionary progress—such has been the life work of Herbert Spencer. Biology, psychology, sociology, astronomy, government, religion—all are embraced in his system. Nothing escapes him, and the vigor of his thought is matched by the perspicuity of his literary style. There is no writer of the present day who cannot improve himself by the study of Herbert Spencer's manner and art of putting things.

One of his earliest essays was on the "Philosophy of Style." It is a gem. In its forty pages the student of English language can learn more than from the study of twenty grammars and treatises on rhetoric. It is the doctrine of the conservation of energy applied to the use of language.

"Whatever is absorbed by the machine," says Mr. Spencer, "is deducted from the result."

If you compel your reader or your listener to exhaust his mental power in interpreting your language, he will have none left for the comprehension of your ideas. And then the philosopher gives precept and example to show how words can best be combined in order to economize the reader's attention. The fundamental idea of his entire system, which soars from the earth to the stars, is embraced in this dissertation on literary style—there can be no increase and no diminution of the sum total of force, of whatever kind, in the universe.

It should not be supposed that Mr. Spencer or Mr. Darwin, or Mr. Wallace, or Mr. Huxley, or all of them together, invented an absolutely new thing when each, in his way, assisted in developing the theory of evolution. To go back only to the Greeks—they already had the idea. It has been the fashion in some quarters to treat Aristotle as a blind tyrant in the world of thought, obstructing the progress of science by his errors. But if Aristotle's philosophy has, at times, proved antagonistic to scientific advancement, it was not his fault, but the fault of his narrow-minded followers. In the light of his day Aristotle was no less advanced than is Spencer in our time. In fact he was farther ahead of his contemporaries. He had the germ of the doctrine of evolution.

He taught that although all sublunary things are subject to dissolution yet their substance does not perish, but merely undergoes a change; that from the scattered elements of one thing another rises, and that the mass of the universe always remains the same. As far as his light extended he was an evolutionist, and had he lived to-day the system of philosophy he would have developed could not have been essentially different from that of Herbert Spencer.

In one respect the great English philosopher has had an immense advantage over the Greek. Although Alexander placed an army of men at the disposition of Aristotle to enable him to procure facts for his treatise on animals—and Aristotle actually knew some of the most amazing things discovered by modern naturalists—yet these were not trained scientific observers. There was no natural science in those days, as we understand the term. Consequently, Aristotle had to construct his system out of the most imperfect and fragmentary materials.

Herbert Spencer, on the other hand, has had for his contemporaries some of the greatest and most original investigators that science has ever known. They have not acted under his orders, but as fast as they have dug out the facts he has seized and combined them. Often he has been able to indicate promising lines of investigation, hidden ledges of pure metal, waiting to be worked. Not that his leadership has been generally recognized or acknowledged by his fellow-workers. Science also has its jealousies and its bigotries. The man whose main strength lies in his faculties of accurate and minute observation is seldom



disposed to accept any thing at the hands of another whose power consists of broad grasp of thought and generalization. But it is the thinker, the generalizer and the organizer who speaks for future ages; the workers must fall into the ranks behind him, and this is the place that Herbert Spencer occupies in the science of the nineteenth century. He will stand for our descendants as the great contemporary exponent of the philosophy of evolution.

### BUYING FALL HATS.

PLACE.—Any large millinery establishment.  
TIME.—The present.

PERSONS.—A number of HAUGHTY SALESWOMEN; a lordly FLOORWALKER; a number of weary looking POSSIBLE PURCHASERS wearing their summer and last summer hats.

FIRST POSSIBLE PURCHASER (to floorwalker).—I wish to look at plain black hats.

FLOORWALKER.—Certainly, madam; take a seat, madam. Miss Panne, are you engaged? Show this lady some gay red hats.

FIRST POSSIBLE PURCHASER.—I wish to see plain black hats.

FLOORWALKER (airily).—Oh, certainly; bright blue hats, Miss Panne.

MISS PANNE glides swishingly across the room; returns with her arms full of peacock blue, Nile green, burnt orange, royal blue, royal purple, solferino, shrimp pink, pure white, old rose, turquoise, cerise, magenta, and automobile red hats.]

THE CUSTOMER.—I said plain black hats.

MISS PANNE [addressing the ceiling].—They're not wearing plain black hats this season.

SECOND POSSIBLE PURCHASER [to HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN, holding in her hand a young hen roost of a hat].—I'm a member of the Audubon Society, I tell you, and I want no hat with birds' feathers upon it—not even a goose-quill. Show me something that isn't feather trimmed.

[Haughty SALESWOMAN sails off; returns with a setting-hen turban in one hand and a bird-of-paradise poke in the other, and says, as Audubon bolts for the door: "They're not belonging to the Audubon Society this season." FLOORWALKER prostrates himself before a portly dame clad unostentatiously in cloth of gold and sunburst.

FLOORWALKER [between salaams].—State Federation millinery! In a special room, all to itself, madam. No one allowed to come within ten yards of it unless she can show membership in at least seven clubs and wears the minimum number of badges—one hundred and seven. Miss Velours will take you there. [Aside to MISS VELOURS].—Treat her white. She's Mrs. S. Ervinia Second-the Motion, seventeenth vice-president of Sorosis, and she's good for sixteen bonnets at least—one for each session of her hen-party up at Albany next month.

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER on the shady side of sixty with graying, sandy hair, turned-up nose, wart on chin; the customer is seated before a mirror; upon her head is a rakish cart-wheel in cerise velvet and turquoise tulle, with white plumes dangling over one ear].—Beautiful, madam; beautiful! And such a simple little hat! We call it our rainy-day hat; so suited to wet weather and that sort of service, you know. They're not wearing fancy hats in the rain this season. Not every woman could, of course, stand so severe a style, but you, madam, can of course, stand to wear anything. Yes, madam. Paid or charged?

HAUGHTY SALESWOMEN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER, whose head nestles into a hat with all the ease of a round peg in a square hole]. Not comfortable, madam? Well, you know they're not wearing comfortable hats this season. Really, I should hate to suggest a single alteration. However, [sighing], if you wish we can turn the hat inside out. [Turns it inside out]. We often do that when cranks—I mean customers, complain. Or we can stamp on it [jumps up and down on hat several times]. This not only enlarges it, but alters the shape. If you like, of course, we can make it still larger by adding a bay-window in front and putting a cupola on top. Some cra—customers prefer a porte cochere in front and a balcony at one side. Any carpenter will tell you that's all this hat needs.

FLOORWALKER [to a CUSTOMER, who asks to look at hats under \$165.38].—They're not wearing hats under \$165.38 this season.

HAUGHTY SALESWOMEN [to DOUBTFUL PURCHASER; a regular circus of a hat is on the DOUBTFUL PURCHASER'S head; on her face an expression as though she half suspected she was the fright she is].—Let me get a veil and then you can see how the hat really looks on you. You can never tell how any hat is going to look until you see it with a veil, you know. There [throwing the glamour of a bit of dotted net over the reddened nose, the freckled cheeks and the uninteresting eyes.] now you can see for yourself how becoming that hat is. [Ties veil with a fetching knot in the back. Still sees mingled doubt and suspicion on the face behind the veil.] Of course it isn't every woman who looks well in a veil; so few, [with a sigh.] But—yes, madam. Oh, by this evening, most assuredly, madam. Paid or charged?

HAUGHTY SALESWOMAN [to POSSIBLE PURCHASER upon the apex of whose top-knot topples a hat the size of a dime].—Too small? Oh, no, indeed. They're not wearing hats to fit this season, you know. Just let me get you a magnifying glass. There, you see it doesn't look small. If it feels too small it's the fault of your hair—that's the trouble. Now, if you would just wear your hair a trifle higher or lower, or over one ear or down your back like a Chinaman's pig-tail, or have it shaved off altogether. They're not wearing much hair this season, you know.—New York Sun.

"I suppose, doctor, that a large proportion of the ills of your patients are imaginary?" "Yes, sir, quite a large proportion." "And your treatment of such cases, I suppose, is by imaginary pills?" "Well, I suppose you might call it that." "Then, of course, for treating imaginary ills with imaginary pills, you send in imaginary bills?" "Oh, my dear sir, nothing of the kind! There's nothing imaginary about the bills; I have to draw the line somewhere."

Angelina: "And you have been thinking of me when you were away?" Edwin: "Yes, dearest, I was thinking about you so, about two o'clock yesterday afternoon!" Angelina: "How sweet of you, darling! Do tell me how and what you thought!" Edwin: "Well, my own one, I thought how fond you were of lobsters—and—I had one."—Punch.

Mrs. Newrich: "Henry, you gave yourself away badly at the dinner table to-night. Do you know you were actually eating with your knife?" Mr. Newrich: No? Was I, though? I hope none of our guests noticed it." Mrs. Newrich: "Oh, I don't care so much about them—but our English butler did."—Wilmington Gazette.

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## WAGNER'S LOVE FOR DOGS.

The following interesting stories are told of Richard Wagner in the *Staats-Zeitung* by August Wilhelmj, the celebrated violinist:

"Any one who wished to enter the narrow circle of Wagner's friends was compelled to earn that privilege by taking care of a superannuated dog or a crippled canary. I was present when the young Countess Arnim was conducted into the 'Home for Incurables' in which Wagner kept a collection of aged and infirm animals, for distribution among his friends. After making her selection among the inmates, the countess had to sign a paper in which she promised to take the best possible care of the animal as long as it should live, as a return for the services rendered to mankind by animals.

"The last time I was in Baireuth, Wagner was hard at work on 'Tristram und Isolde.' One day as he and I were walking together, almost in silence (for even on a stroll his guests seldom ventured to interrupt the current of his thoughts), he suddenly stopped and exclaimed angrily:

"'Look! Look there!' He pointed to a boy who was fastening about a large stone one end of a string, the other end of which was tied to a dog's leg. Wagner rushed up to the lad and asked what he was doing.

"'Going to drown the dog,' said the boy.

"'Why?'

"'Because he's old and no good. He's half blind.'

"'How long have you had him?'

"'About ten years as a house dog. He used to draw milk and vegetables to market.'

"'So!' exclaimed Wagner. 'And now you won't give this faithful servant food and lodging in his old age. Shame on you!'

"'No, we can't be bothered with a sick old dog,' answered the yokel, proceeding with his executioner's work. But Wagner seized his arm and said:

"'Here is a thaler [about 71 cents]. I will buy the dog. Take yourself off, and remember that you were about to do something shameful. A beast feels the sting of ingratitude as keenly as a man.'

"The boy thanked him and went off, blushing a little, but carefully pocketing the coin. That dog attempted to follow, but was driven back. Wagner now tried to coax the dog to stay with us, but as he stooped to stroke him the beast bit his hand. Wagner turned pale and uttered a sharp cry of pain and I raised my cane to chastise the snarling brute. But Wagner stopped me.

"'Would you punish him for being true to his old master?' he said.

"We bandaged the injured hand, and, wonderful to relate, when Wagner made a second attempt to caress the dog, the animal, as if conscious of his fault and anxious to make amends, now licked the hand that stroked him. And from that moment Karo, who under Wagner's care soon presented a respectable appearance, was constantly at the master's side. Wagner could not use his right hand for two weeks, and his work suffered seriously in consequence. But no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint, though usually he was impatient of the slightest annoyance or interruption."—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*

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SELF-INTEREST.—*Mother* (reading telegram): "Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose, and four teeth out."

FATHER (eagerly): "And who won?"

MOTHER: "He doesn't say."

FATHER (impatiently): "Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself! Now I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper."—*Fuck.*

## THE BEST NOVELS OF 1900.

A plebiscite was recently taken by the London *Academy* in order to determine what are the twelve most popular novels published prior to October of this year in England. The following are the books of popularity ("Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, was published too late to enter into the competition:)

"Quisante," by Anthony Hope Hawkins; "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie; "Robert Orange," by Mrs. Craigie; "The Isle of Unrest," by S. R. Crockett; "The Farringtons," by Miss E. T. Fowler; "The Increasing Purpose" ("The Reign of Law") by James Lane Allen; "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs; "Senator North," by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Gateless Barrier," by Lucas Malet; "The Master Christian," by Miss Marie Corelli; "Sophia," by Stanley J. Weyman.

The next twelve most popular books were the following:

"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland; "Love and Mr. Lewisham," by H. G. Wells; "By Order of the Company" ("The Descendant"), by Ellen Glasgow; "The Soft Side," by Henry James; "Voices of the Night," by Flora A. Steel; "The Fourth Generation," by Sir Walter Besant; "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain; "The West End," by Percy White; "The Lane that Has No Turning," by Gilbert Parker; "A Gift from the Grave," ("The Touchstone"), by Edith Wharton; "The Brass Bottle," by F. Anstey; "Red Pottage," by Mary Cholmondeley.

Still another list of twelve novels is submitted by *The Academy*, in which it ignores "all the noises of the market-place, all rumors of vast circulations, and all influences extraneous to literary art." This list is designed, says *The Academy*, with the purpose of correcting "the wider deviations of public opinion—that opinion which, after much turning, always approaches a true standard at last—and of calling attention to fine work that may have gained less than adequate notice." It is as follows:

"The Increasing Purpose," by James Lane Allen; "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie; "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad; "The Courtesy Dame," by R. Murray Gilchrist; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland; "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes; "Quisante," by Anthony Hope; "A Master of Craft," by W. W. Jacobs; "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts; "Love and Mr. Lewisham," by H. G. Wells; "A Gift from the Grave," by Edith Wharton; "The West End," by Percy White.

It is noteworthy that in the first list the third, sixth, and eighth books are by Americans; while in the second list the third, fourth, sixth, seventh and tenth are by Americans, and the ninth is by a Canadian. In the third list, the first, sixth, and eleventh books are from American authors.

THINKING ABOUT IT.—*Papa* (from next room): "Ethel, aren't you going to light the gas in there?"

*Ethel*: "Yes, papa; we were just speaking of—er—striking a match."—*Tit-Bits.*

TOO BAD.—*Mrs. Bings*: "That's just like a man."

*Bingo*: "What have I done now?"

*Mrs. Bings*: "I spent a day making that pillow, and now you've put your head on it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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THE PARSLEY BED.

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Sarah Mary had a friendly little star who used to look in at her window every night and talk to her. He had done that for years, ever since she had been put to lie on her back because of the pain in it that kept her awake.

Talking to the star had made the long nights seem short; only when the sky was clouded she used to sigh and wish for another night to come, so that she might see her star again and talk to him.

"In the day, when I am not here," said the star, "are you all alone? Have you no brother or sister to come and make play-talk with you?"

"I have nobody," said Sarah Mary; "mother is too busy, but she comes in and looks at me, and makes my bed and tucks me in again. Only she can't spare time to talk, she has so many other things to do."

"Shall I send you a little brother?" asked the star. "Would you like one?" Sarah Mary said she would.

Her mother surprised her the next day by asking the same question, but her mother didn't seem so happy about it as the star.

"O, it's all right, pretty mother!" said Sarah Mary. "He is sure to come. He has been promised. He will be here soon now?"

Her mother said, "What do you know about it?"

"More than you!" said Sarah Mary, nodding and laughing. Her mother called her a wicked little thing and went away.

Two nights afterwards the star began nodding at Sarah Mary and bidding her keep a look out.

"Is he coming?" she asked.

"They are letting down the baby-stair," said her friend. "Why don't you come and meet him and show him the way?"

"But I can't," said Mary, "I've got a back."

"Try," answered the star. So she tried, and found herself standing quite upright by the side of her bed.

"Where is the baby-stair?" she asked.

"Out here, out here!" said the star. "Come along."

Sarah Mary went downstairs, and the door opened with a soft mew to let her out. There, in the garden, she saw something silvery and streaking like a moonbeam; but it did not come from the moon. The foot of it stood right in the middle of the parsley-bed.

Up at the far end she saw her star nodding encouragement at her. "Come along up!" it called to her; "he is more than half-way down."

Sarah Mary began to mount the stair, it was cold and slithering, like an ice-slide, but she did not slip.

Here and there, as she went up, the way branched; and, looking down, she saw that it led to other parsley-beds, and by every route a baby went tumbling and rolling. Once she saw three together, holding each other by the heel; their little mouths were pursed up with self-importance at being so many more than were expected.

But still Sarah Mary had not caught sight of any baby that seemed like the little brother promised to her. "Come along up, come along up!" nodded the star.

Presently, round a corner, she came upon the very one. Fat creases ran in smiles all over his small body, he opened his eyes very wide to look at her, and his mouth—but he was not able to speak.

Sarah Mary tried to catch him and hug

him there and then on the baby-stair; but he was too quick past her. "Dear star," she called up the slope, "he has run away from me!"

"Come along up!" cried the star. "Don't look back, or you will lose your balance!" But she couldn't help turning round to see where her new little brother was disappearing to so fast. And as she turned and saw all the giddy way she had come her foot slipped, and down she fell.

"O, my back, my back!" she cried, as she went sliding.

Down in the farmer's garden, when they came to look for the new baby in its correct and proper place, by his side they found Sarah Mary, the pain in her back quite over, lying dead in the parsley-bed.—Black and White.

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## FROHMAN ON THE DRAMA.

At the recent dinner of the American Dramatists' Club, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke read a letter of regret from Daniel Frohman, in which that gentleman said some things true, if not new, concerning the American drama. In declaring that the club in question contains writers who have been responsible for some of the greatest successes that we have ever had on the American stage, and their results are worthy of celebration, he asserts that the stimulus of the work of the members of the club encourages managers to look forward with hope to the younger generation assembled to dine with the men who had won dramatic distinction. His letter, found in the *Dramatic Mirror*, then proceeds as follows:

"The press sometimes derides managers for apparently ignoring the 'domestic article.' I am sure that among your members these statements can be disproved by their own experience. But it will probably not be controverted that the English writers seem more prolific than ours; superior sometimes in technique, and often in literary art, and frequently in invention; and they show an expertness in that treatment of character which gives such distinction to a work for the stage, though the effect of the artistic beauty of their plays is often destroyed, as a marketable commodity in this country, by their themes. The average English audience appears to like what is called the problem play. The American audience, to its credit, turns from it. Sensationalism on the stage may thrive for the moment, but enduring prosperity comes mainly to the plays of wholesome interest, where the integrity of the hearthstone and the purity of the family relations are maintained. This is where the American dramatist steps in.

"There are no distinctively American plays anywhere on the boards in which the dignity and sanctity of the domestic relations are not the fundamental factors of their equipment. It is difficult naturally to write strong plays, or to devise strong situations, without trenching upon propositions which are not always good subjects for general discussion in the family circle; but when a good theme, nobly envired, is disclosed, the American audience responds quickly. This is one of the main reasons for the success of the American play. It is also a fact that an American play, especially on an American subject, is not only more congenial to the taste of our public, but the records show that it is capable of earning more money, and earning it for a longer time, than many plays from foreign sources; and while all classes of American plays may not always be suitable to any one manager, there is always a field for them in this country—the greatest dramatic market in the world.

"But the difficulty of providing material for the vast assortment of people which makes up our public is a greater problem here than it is abroad. The English author writes for an audience that is exclusively English, the French and German writers for audiences that are entirely French and German; but the American author and manager have to consider the taste of a far more heterogeneous public. The distinctively American patron is not the one factor to consider, for the American theatre profits by the patronage of people made up of every nationality in the world. It is not, therefore, so, homogeneous in its tastes as the audience abroad, and the manager, in considering plays, must therefore appeal to a

wider and more varied patronage. The vast variety of our stage entertainments further proves this. All kinds of people have to be entertained, and our entertainments must be so assorted as to meet this demand; and every play and every entertainment naturally draws to itself its own peculiar class of discriminating devotees.

"I have been quoted in some papers as stating that there is 'no American drama,' a statement which it seemed almost unnecessary for me to controvert. I have expressed regret that out of the vast output of dramatic material I have not always been able to find the particular class of play which I sought, but, as I said before, I am in nowise dismayed; and the fact that I

have in my possession good material impending for production from five important American writers tends to show that, so far as I at least am concerned, the American drama is not altogether disregarded."

\*\*\*

## A BLACK SHEEP.

One of the stories that the late Senator Palmer was fondest of telling had to do with an aged gentlewoman bearing the same name as himself, who lives somewhere down on the eastern shore of Virginia, in the county where Senator Palmer's grandfather was born. One of the Senator's Washington friends happened to meet the old lady down there and asked her if she were not a

kinswoman of his. She did not know, but thought perhaps she might be. The gentleman was of Virginian descent, was he not? And in the United States Senate? Yes, she was quite sure he was a kinsman.

"Was he in the army?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the Senator's friend "he was in the army and a general."

The old lady was positive that he was a relation.

"But," went on the friend, "he was a general in the union army."

The old lady's face fell, but she rallied.

"Well," she said, "you know there's a black sheep in every family."

\*\*\*

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### A VALENCIAN VENGEANCE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

It was the end of the first week of the Christmas fiesta at Cordova. The King, with all his noble train, had come to lend his Christian presence to the ceremonials which were to wipe away the last stain of Moorish idolatry for the grand mosque. For a month the chattering monks, like busy crows in the haunt of banished eagles, had scraped and scoured and scrubbed among the forest of jasper and porphyry pillars, till the air of its dim vistas was pungent with hartshorn, and Moslem dust, ten centuries at rest, rose up in the pale sunbeams like the departing ghosts of forgotten Caliphs.

For a week, the old city had rung from noon till noon with the tumult of a Christian carnival. The narrow streets were choked and gasping with contending streams of roysterers. Rival matadores and picadores and banderilleros from Madrid and Seville jostled and challenged each other in the crowds. Mimmers from Paris, musicians from Italy, gamblers from Montenegro, acrobats from Malta and wantons from everywhere laughed and gabbled, fought, swore, drank and danced in the taverns, in the cafes, in the patios and plazas from dark till dawn. At noon each day, the tide of humanity surged towards the plaza de toros, where princes, prelates, peons and grandees screamed "bravos" at the bull-fighters or lolled over their cigarettes, while acrobats, equestrians, wrestlers and a lion-tamer filled in the intervals with bloodless circus-feats.

It was Christmas eve, and at midnight the climax of the blessed festivities was to be reached with solemn mass in the trans-

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figured mosque. The day had sped well. Emilio, the gigantic Catalan, had slain six bulls successively with the first thrust of his mighty sword. Cordova was ringing with his name. The King had tossed to him his own jeweled scimitar, a relic of Abdurrahman the Great. The gold of cardinals, baubles flung by the trembling fingers of Castilian noblewomen, pesetas from the greasy hands of beggars, flowers, fruit, sombreros, mantillas and blessed medals rained on the sand about him as he knelt in salute before the royal awning.

Rosalia, the beautiful equestrienne, too, had won the plaudits of the King. It was

his first sight of her splendid body, her matchless eyes, her magnificent audacity, and when she pirouetted upon the bare back of her white Arab, kissing her pink fingers to him with a woman's tenderest defiance, he stood before his rising retinue and led the chorus of "Bravo senorita!" that followed her about the arena. Emilio, the bull-fighter, watched her with jealous eyes—peering through the lattice of his dressing booth and cursing her husband, Pepe; Pepe the scorn of all Cordova; Pepe, the Valencian lion-tamer, whose beast was an aged pet that would not fight; Pepe, who had not shed a drop of blood in six bouts with the

spiritless brute that he called "lion." The King had laughed at him and his shaggy pet; the court had jeered and the populace had hissed him. Yet he had the effrontery each day to pose and pretend before the world in a mock fight, in which the trained monarch of the jungle always yielded at the proper moment. Rosalia herself despised him; their boy—a black eyed, sturdy replica of the father, despised him, too. Yet, there he was at the entrance, as his queenly wife left the amphitheater flushed with her triumph, radiant with laughter, superbly conscious of her wondrous beauty. She did not even deign to conceal the quick, grace-

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ful motion with which she plucked a rose from her black hair and tossed it with a smile to Emilio, the Champion.

Calm, alert, silent, standing out in the sunlight, Pepe saw the guerdon pass; he saw Emilio seize the flower and kiss it; he heard the whispered rendezvous and the music of her laughing assent. Then he escorted her to her carriage, loaded in the trophies of her triumph and heard above the clatter of the wheels, as they drove away, the roar of the multitude's "Bravo Toro!" and "Bravo Emilio!" as the Catalan faced his sixth bull in the ring they had quit.

"It has been Emilio's day" said Pepe.

"Every day is his. He is the paragon of swordsmen!" she said. "He kills like a fencing-master at play. By the crucifix, he is splendid!" and she smiled at the yellow sky.

"I should like to see him fight Leo!"

Thus Pepe, who watched the smile on her mouth. She laughed in his face and her laughter had the rasp of hatred in it.

"You fool! He would strangle your pet lion with his bare hands! Your miserable beast will not even fight his cowardly master."

"I am his friend."

"You are the laughing stock of teamsters—"

"I would not kill the good brute that nourishes me."

"Then take him to bed with you and be a bull-fighter, if you dare. Emilio will teach you!" And she snapped her little fingers in mockery.

At the hotel it was Emilio, Emilio and yet Emilio. Pepe, the child, wept that he had not seen the champion encounter at least the dun Andalusian fury, that had fought so vainly but so well. He had not a smile for his father, not a question of the lion, but for Rosalia and her story of the Catalan's and her own triumph—eyes, ears and kisses. And the lion tamer's black eyes lingered upon the beautiful face of his boy with ten-

derness that was hopeless idolatry and grief that was fixed and silent as a great abyss. He went away at last—to his lion. "Leo" he whispered, fondling the dripping jowls of the great beast, "Leo, we must rend, slay and devour somebody! Whom shall it be? We are two too gentle beasts! Would you rend this Catalan, Emilio? Come now, muchacho, would you like Emilio for your dinner?" The brute purred in Pepe's face, but his foetid breath was perfume to his master.

At eleven, that night, Rosalia bloomed upon the night like a fragrant cereus. The duena at her heels was like a shadow till they reached the dense gloom of the palms that fringed the plaza leading to the mosque. The moon, convex and full, shone with such radiance that it seemed poised scarce thrice as high as the glimmering pinnacle of the minaret, whence, stirred by holy hands, the old, reconsecrated, Moslem bells already summoned Catholic Cordova to midnight mass. In and out among the wending worshippers Rosalia flitted to the gate-post of the mosque patio, where, like a sentinel in the shadow, stood Emilio's picador, Miguel, wrapped in his cloak.

"Good night and welcome, Senorita" he laughed, as she entered the perfume-laden garden where the tinkle of guitars, peals of laughter and snatches of love-songs told her that the rendezvous was already populous and merry. On benches of jasper and marble, safe in the dense shadows of cypress and cedar, a riotous company was paying court to Emilio, the Catalan. Players, dancers, bull-fighters and courtesans were pledging their homage to him in the King's wine, but he waved them aside when Rosalia entered and took her in his mighty arms.

"Drink to Reina Rosalia!" he shouted, "I shall kill ten Andalusians in her honor, tomorrow!"

They drank and shouted till a monk,



smelling of incense, came into the shadows like a denser shade, and bade them be still. And when they were still, a voice which was not thick with wine, but tinkled like the water of the Moslem fountain near at hand, said:

"Emilio, will you fight a lion in her honor!"

It was Pepe, the Valencian lion-tamer, standing unnoticed and apart. They laughed at him for a clown; they cursed him for a marplot, and the women spilled wine in ridicule on his cloak. But he shook a bag of gold till Emilio rose from beside the scoffing Rosalia, and faced him with drunken disdain.

"Bull-butcher," he said calmly, "I will bet a thousand doubloons upon my lion!"

"Put away your money, buffoon!" replied the Catalan, "I will kill your cur for the pleasure of ridding the fiesta of his mangy presence, and give you a thousand for his hide. May I wear gloves, or must I soil my hands with his filthy carcass?"

"Do it, Emilio!" whispered Rosalia, laughing in his ear, "I am sick and ashamed of the dull beast and his duller master."

"By the mass, Senorita," he answered, his voice smothered by the laughter of the scoffers, "if you say so, I will first feed Pepe to the beast and kill it afterwards!"

But Guadalupe del Castelar, the manager, heard the clatter of Pepe's gold, and before the last bell tolled its final summons the match had been arranged. The story of the challenge flew from lip to lip. It mingled with the anthems in the crowded aisles and areas of the mosque; it was told across wine-wet tables and stopped the games at every monte in Cordova. "Pepe has wagered his beautiful wife against five thousand doubloons that Emilio cannot conquer the lion!" they said, and all night long sought vainly for bettors who would back the lion. Pepe risked all his fortune at odds that were exaggerated even in pity for him. "The fool and his money are loose friends," laughed the bull-fighter's backers when Pepe admitted that he had not a coin left. By daylight the city was placarded with announcements of Emilio's supreme essay, thus:

*At Four O'Clock This Christmas Day,  
Emilio Gonzaga of Catalonia,  
Will Rescue Three Christian Martyrs  
From A Fierce Numidian Lion In The Arena,  
SLAYING THE BEAST WITH  
BARE HANDS.*

*For the honor and delight of  
His Exalted Majesty, THE KING.*

The bull-baiting began at nine in the morning and even at that hour every tier of the great amphitheater was crowded and shouts for Emilio and the lion deafened the bull-fighters straining for honors in the ring. At noon every rung and balustrade made perches for the impatient populace and every crack in the lattice about the arena glittered with human eyes. King, cardinal and courtiers took their places at one, and then the din arose till it seemed as if the whole multitude, with one ceaseless, swelling voice, cried "Emilio and the Lion! Emilio! Emilio!"

"Let the Catalan come slay the beast!" said the King, "I am tired of this playful lion and so are my people!"

The trumpets signalled for the play and Pepe, Rosalia and their boy, bearing palms and clad in the white garments of old Rome, hand in hand, like Nero's victims, came to the center of the arena. More beautiful than ever in her matronly robes of clinging white, she could not resist one glance of questioning triumph at the royal box nor quell the flush of flattered vanity that rose to her cheeks as the onlookers, led by the King himself, shouted their bravos and her

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name. And Pepe standing there, holding his boy by the hand and always watching his face, could feel the scorn of fingers pointed at him and hear above the babel of plaudits for his wife, the jeers and jest of his despisers. He saw the child's head droop with shame when the belittled lion bounded across the sands, and saw it lift again, with parted lips, as Emilio, the hero, stripped like a gladiator, darted after the beast while ten thousand voices shouted "A rescue! A rescue! Bravo Emilio!" From that moment the boy's bright eyes did not leave the shining body of the Catalan. The lion charged at Pepe as was his wont, but the bull-fighter pounced upon his back, with a strong hold about the throat that brought the startled savage grovelling.

"Bravo Emilio!" shouted Pepe's delighted boy, shaking loose from his father and clapping his small, brown hands in ecstasy.

"Bravo Emilio" murmured Rosalia. But Pepe, motionless and silent, prayed in his heart for the beast that loved him.

The Catalan clung to his quarry with the arm of a gorilla and the agility of a catamount. With both arms now he hugged the shaggy neck in a viselike grip, grappling too with supple legs about the loins of the struggling brute. They rolled and squirmed

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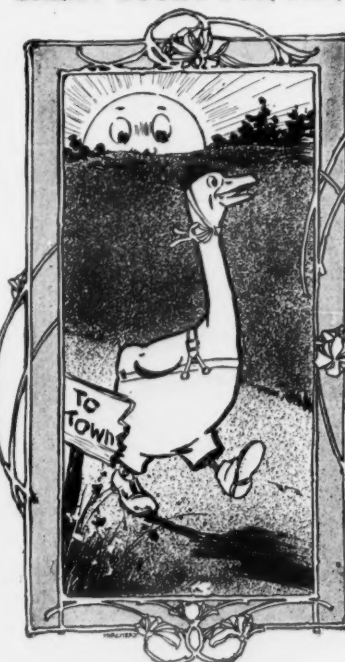
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From "Baby Goose," Copyright, 1900, by Wm. H. Lea.  
"I'll tell you what," cried the Gosling gay,  
"Let's go to Mars for a holiday."



in the sand and tossed fountains of yellow dust in the air till the man's white body reeked with muddy sweat and the gasping lion trembled with the fury that he could not utter. The bull-fighter's face, bowed in the lion's mane, was scratched and bloody with grinding in the sand, and yet, as through a lurid halo, he caught glimpses of Rosalia standing there, a love light in her eyes for him and on her lips a "bravo." He could hear above the impact of the combat the shouting of his name, and he tightened his grip till the lion paused and rose on quivering limbs as if choked at last into exhaustion. The people saw it and were still.

"Bravo Leo! Shake him off! Bueno muchacho, fight on!"

It was Pepe, the lion-tamer, and the tears were in his eyes. The beast looked around a moment and then darted with a final effort at the wooden walls of the enclosure, dashing his back against the timbers with a blow that stunned his adversary, and dropped him limp upon the sand beneath the royal chair. The tumult rose again, but now there were cheers for Leo, no longer a gentle pet, and perhaps he heard them as he faced his tormentor and with blood-shot eyes watched him rise. Thus they stood facing each other for a moment, till the Catalan, aware that he must push his advantage, wore nimbly around for another spring upon the lion's back. But the cunning brute had learned that trick and refused to be out-flanked.

"Spring at his throat!" yelled the impatient spectators.

"He is gaining strength!" spoke the King, and the dauntless Emilio, in sheer scorn of his foe, leaped again upon the lion. It was face to face now with tooth and claw. The man hugged the muzzle of the beast against his breast, and gouged and battered its eyes with fist and fingers till the blinded thing roared with furious agony.

"A sword for the bull-fighter!" shouted the King, and like a flash of light his own weapon fell upon the bloody sand.

"A foul! A foul!" cried Pepe, picking up the blade.

Rosalia was beside him in a second. She snatched the sword from his hands and tried to thrust it in the faltering grasp of the Catalan. He held it a moment and dropped it, for the lion's claws were at his vitals.

But the woman seized it again and smote the victor madly with it, screaming with fury and calling upon the dying champion to resume the battle. Men leaned over the balustrade, their faces bloated with the drunkenness of slaughter, women fainted, and the King, transfixed with horror, cursed as the brute let fall his victim, and sprang upon the woman. Pepe, of Valencia, looked on unmoved, while the multitude called him coward and the King commanded him to despatch the lion.

"Kill him for me, Father! You are not a coward!"

The boy had his father's hand again and Pepe, the gentle, came to the rescue—too late by the tick of a clock and the snap of a lion's jaw. Woman wept over the Catalan and men mourned for Rosalia, but Pepe's tears fell upon the carcass of a brute.

"He was a loving friend" said Pepe, as he led his boy away: "They would have strife, and treachery, and vanity, and lust. Well they have had them all, but it cost us Leo!"

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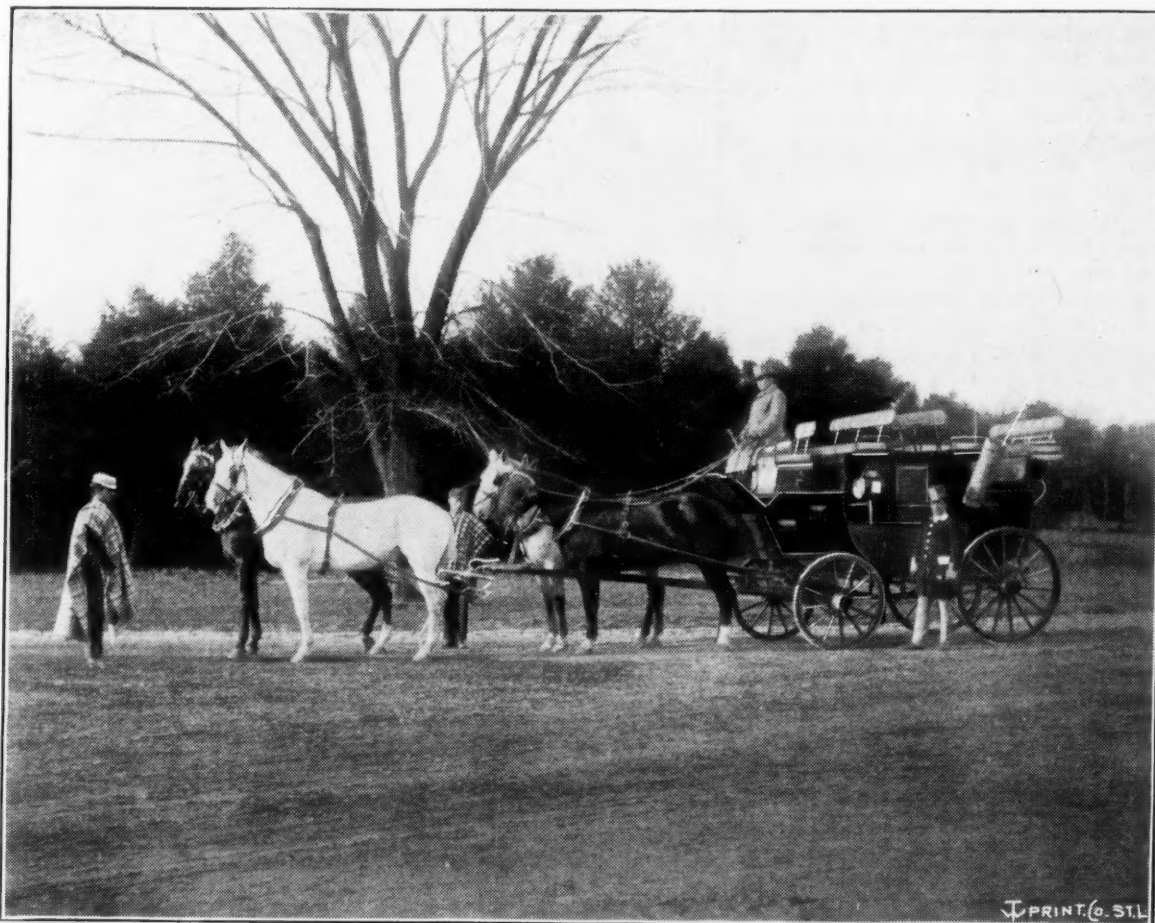
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## THE STOCK MARKET.

Things in Wall street were at fever heat in the past week. There were multitudinous rumors of "deals," increased dividends, traffic alliances, reductions of capital stock, etc., etc., which caused such a mad rush to buy that many traders gasped for breath. Prices, in many instances, went soaring with almost unprecedented rapidity, and bears fairly climbed over each other in their wild scramble to cover their "short" lines. It is now generally admitted that this is a Morgan market, and that J. R. Keene is being backed by powerful interests, that are determined to bring about a much higher level of values, regardless of conditions or consequences. Ever since the election, Keene has been arrayed on the bull side, and buying stocks. It is intimated

that he is advising all his friends to follow in his wake and "load up" with all the stocks that their means will allow. Whether Keene is sincere in his assertions, and really expecting a continuance of the rampant bull

market, remains to be seen. A year ago, and up to last October, he professed to be a great bear on everything. He may have had excellent reasons for changing his opinion, but the public will remain wary of

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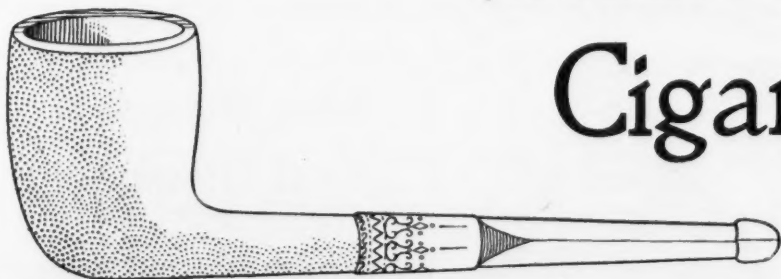
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everything that is alleged about this shrewd and bold operator. He may find it convenient to array himself once more on the bear side, when least expected.

That Morgan is valiantly backing the market cannot be questioned. The rise in all the coal stocks amply attests this. The purchase of the Pennsylvania Coal Co. by the Erie was very characteristic of Morgan, and suggested great possibilities. Notwithstanding official denials, Wall street has

become convinced that there will soon be a great community of interests in the railroad world of this country, which will materially benefit security-holders. It is, therefore, no wonder that bulls are in high glee and find little opposition. The rise in Erie, Reading, Ontario & Western, Wabash, Delaware & Hudson, Northern and Union Pacific and St. Paul furnished plenty of material to feed the "street" agog and to start all sorts of rumors about impending negotiations.

One thing that caused considerable surprise was the announcement that "Jim" Hill, of the Great Northern, and his Chicago cronies, had made large investments in Erie securities, and acquired representation on the Board of Directors of that road. Hill and Morgan are, apparently, working in unison. They are both interested in Northern Pacific, Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, and a few other properties, and, undoubtedly, contemplating some scheme of great magnitude. It is

believed that Hill is trying to acquire an interest in Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and this caused a sensational advance in the common stock of this company from 125½ to 133½, immense blocks of the shares changing hands.

Missouri Pacific, St. Louis Southwestern, Louisville & Nashville, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, C. & O., Big Four and Southern Ry. issues were all strong and higher, some of them making a new record. The

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## For Christmas Week, = **Erminie**

DECEMBER 24.

is the Opera, with the graceful MIRO DELAMOTTA as Ravennes, the Favorite Comedian W. H. SLOAN as Caddy, Miss NORWOOD as Erminie, Miss QUINLAN as Javotte, and MAURICE HAGEMAN (Stage Manager) as the Chevalier, and HARRY LUCKSTONE and many others in the cast.

FOR  
New Year's  
WEEK.

# Lohengrin

is announced. The opera is under the musical direction of Mr. Adolf Liesegang. Mr. BARRON BERTHALD and Mr. W. E. WEGENER will sing the Swan Knight; Miss GERTRUDE RENNYSON and Miss JOSEPHINE LUDWIG will sing ELSA, Miss ADELAIDE NORWOOD (first time here) as Ortrud, Messrs. W. H. CLARKE, WM. MERTENS and HARRY LUCKSTONE in other principal characters and all the rest of the cast specially selected.

Since the opening of the season at Music Hall, on November 19. **THE PROPHET, MARTHA, EL CAPITAN** and **THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF** have been sung, every performance receiving the handsome praise of press and public. No other amusement organization has so large a regular patronage as the Castle Square Opera Co.

bears in Northern Pacific common were again treated to an agonizing squeeze, and had to pocket big losses, the stock rushing up to almost 80. Union Pacific common sympathized with N. P. common and rose to almost 76.

The bank statement of last Saturday took everybody by surprise, as, instead of a decrease, the reserve showed an increase, while loans showed a reduction of over \$13,000,000. There is a suspicion in bear-quarters that the statement had to submit to scientific doctoring, and that the figures were misleading. That tremendous liquidation is in progress cannot be doubted, neither can it be doubted that the culmination of the rise is rapidly approaching. One word of warning is sufficient for the wise.

### MUSIC.

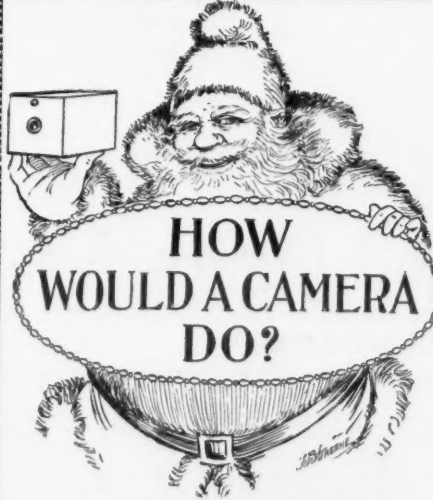
M. DUKAS AND MME. SCHUMANN HEINK.

Mrs. Heink, of course, was the feature of the Symphony Society's concert last week and consequently has a claim to be placed on the critical gridiron first, but one M. Dukas, who figured on the same programme, has pushed himself forward so boldly that he must, perforce, be disposed of at once.

M. Dukas—Paul is his given name—is the composer of "L'Apprenti Sorcier" and is

described in the explanatory notes in the programme book as "one of the rising lights of the new French school." If that be true they must mix up things terribly in the "new French school." "L'Apprenti Sorcier" is wholly unintelligible. It might just as well be played backwards, for all the sense it conveys to the hearer. The programme says that this concoction is founded on a Goethe poem "The Pupil in Magic," but Dante's "Inferno" would seem more appropriate. To further quote the programme it is a *Scherzo, ein Scherz*, a musical joke—and indeed it is a joke—a practical joke—on the musicians who are compelled to scurry through its mad dissonances. So terrific is the task set for the musicians that it necessitated an extra rehearsal and much labor on the part of the conductor. The men displayed an astonishing amount of virtuosity in its performance, though it seems a waste of time and honest effort, as, no matter how recklessly it is played, it is all so crazy that no one would have been the wiser for a few off tones more or less. And, with it all, there is a certain unwholesome fascination in its ungrammatical, incoherent sentences, in its very ugliness.

Frau Schumann-Heink is great—great in size, voice and temperament. But the *Frau* has her limitations—vide: the number from "St. Paul," and the *Frau* has her faults



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vide: forced tones and faulty intonation. Temperamentally she is colossal, and in opera, where she has free rein, she must sweep all before her, but in the confines of recital work she shows rough edges.

The celebrated contralto was best in the aria from "Vitellia." This was truly Mozartian, with some cello-like tone effects and classic phrasing. The or-

chestra accompanied superbly in this number. The "Ganymed" aria, too, was finely treated—better than it deserved—and later she sang with thrilling effect "Die Yunge Nonne," of Schubert. "Wohin" was, to me, perfect in conception, and, on Mr. Ernst's part, in execution also, but the singer's voice is all *staccato* in light work like this, and the tone quality not of the best. A



## Notice to Taxpayers.

You will please take notice that under the provisions of an act of the Legislature APPROVED FEBRUARY 16th, 1899, all Current Tax Bills become delinquent on and after January 1st, 1901, and I will be compelled to charge interest at the rate of one per centum per month.

To avoid the usual rush Tax Payers are requested to call early.

CHAS. F. WENNEKER,  
Collector of the Revenue.

## THE NEW STANDARD.

FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST STREET.

Matinees at 2:15 P. M.

Night at 8:15 P. M.

THIS WEEK

## DEWEY BURLESQUERS.

### For a Tasty Lunch

When you are down town on business  
or pleasure, go to the

Lindell Hotel Restaurant.

*Schlummerlied*, by Hildach, sung as an encore, was given with a charming mixture of tenderness and quaint humor. In the oratorio number Mme. Heink was least satisfactory. The tone was rough, and the intonation imperfect—but her off-key singing was barely perceptible, nothing like Bispham's at the Morning Choral Concert. The greatest wonder is, that Mme. Heink can sing on the key at all and retain so fine and powerful a voice, as she seems to have no mercy on her larynx, but uses and abuses it any old way to get the effect she wants.

This concert, even in a greater degree than the first, shows the marked improvement in the orchestra. The "Good Friday Spell" was very well done—not, perhaps, as the Seidl Orchestra did it, but the performance was still remarkably good. Mr. Ernst certainly does enthuse his men, and all changes in the orchestra have been for the better.

THE CASTLE SQUARE.

Joseph Sheehan and "Trovatore" drew the largest first-night house but one, at Music Hall Monday night.

The Castle Square Company contains no stars—according to the management—but Sheehan is none the less the star of the organization, made so by the public and the press, and his appearance is an event with Castle Square patrons.

He was warmly welcomed Monday night and proved his right to the regard of the

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The Miniaturist,

Has Removed to the Hotel Beers,  
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audience by singing superbly—better than ever. His voice has lost none of its bell-like clarity, volume or power, and his work shows that he is constantly growing, musically. His *mezza voce* was exquisite, Monday night, and he has never sung the fine number immediately preceding the *di quella pira* with so much polish.

The sumptuous Norwood looked queenly

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK

Miss Coghlan

AS

BECKY SHARP

—IN—

THACKERAY'S

## Vanity Fair

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Prices: 25c to \$1.00.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Marie Burroughs

in a Dramatic Version of

Gilbert Parker's Powerful Novel,

## The Battle of the Strong

Great Cast including

MAURICE BARRYMAN.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK

SARDOU'S

## Theodora

Presented by

Mrs. Clarence M. Brune.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

NEXT MONDAY

Mr. E. H. Sothern

AND

Miss Virginia Harned

WILL PRESENT

## HAMLET

Reserved Seats may be booked at the  
Olympic Box Office,

Thursday Morning at 9 o'Clock,  
December 20th.

## IMPERIAL

The Imperial Stock Company,  
Direction of R. L. Giffen.

WEEK of DEC. 16.

WEEK of DEC. 23.

DR. JEKYLL

AND

MR. HYDE

Sweet

Lavender

Mats. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
Prices: 15c—25c—35c—50c.

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## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	103 -104
" " 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" " 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" " 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" " 3 1/2	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" " 3 1/2	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" " 3 1/2	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" " 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.  
Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 -106
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1906	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1918	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 6s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94 1/2 - 95 1/2
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -100 1/2
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 -100 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

## BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	201 -204
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 3 1/2 SA	180 -185
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	175 -176
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5 p.c. SA	210 -212
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3 p.c SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -500
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	205 -210
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	159 -162
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	262 -264
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	158 -160
Third National	100	Oct. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	159 -161

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	152 -154
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	306 -308
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/2 qy	232 -234
Union	100	Nov. '00, 1 1/2 qy	231 -233
Mercantile	100	Oct. '00 Mo 75c.	260 -263

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	1905 105 -107
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1911 107 -108
10s 5s	F. & A.	1913 116 1/2 -118
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 -117 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1896 105 -106
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	1912 98 -101
People's	J. & D.	1902 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & E. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	90 -91
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105 -105 1/2
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 1/2 -116 1/2
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1914 95 -97
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
Southern 1st 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 122 -128
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 101 -103
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct '00 1 1/2	66 1/2 - 67
" " 4 p.c. 50s	J. & J.	85 1/2 - 86 1/2
St. Louis Transit	J. & J.	18 1/2 - 19

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	July 1900 4 SA	42 -43

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	7 -8
" " Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	36 -88
Am. Car-Fdry Co.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	22 -23
" " Pfd.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	68 -70
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -132
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	245 -260	
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	May 1900, lgy	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	45 -49
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	70 -72
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	50 -51	
Mo. Edison com.	100	17 1/2 - 18	
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	149 -152
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	142 -151
Simmons do 2 pfd.	100	Sept. 1900	142 -151
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	14 -15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	67 -68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 -3
St. L. Exposit'n	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Union Dairy	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	184 -186
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	184 -186

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Thomas O'Reilly, M. D.,  
H. Clay Pierce,  
Chas. H. Turner,  
J. C. Van Blarcom,  
Julius S. Walsh,  
Rolla Wells,and was at her best, vocally, as *Leonora*. She, also, is immensely popular with the Castle Square clientele, as a hearty reception, prolonged applause after every number and numerous curtain calls attested.Maude Lambert made the best *Azucena* that Mr. Savage has so far presented to the St. Louis public.Luckstone sings with so much style and dash that, even when the music lies to high for his voice, he manages to make a good effect. His *di Luna* was entirely satisfactory. The work of the Chorus was immense and the "Anvil Chorus," of course, had to be repeated.

Speaking of Christmas presents, have you seen that exquisite new Vienna golden cut glass? It is the very thing for persons of refined taste. Call at the store of J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Seventh and Locust streets.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Frost and Mr. Samuel W. Fordyce, Jr., took place on Tuesday. The ceremony was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hirschberg on Lindell Boulevard, very quietly, only the immediate families being present. After a honeymoon tour, Mr. and Mrs. Fordyce will reside for a time with Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, Sr.

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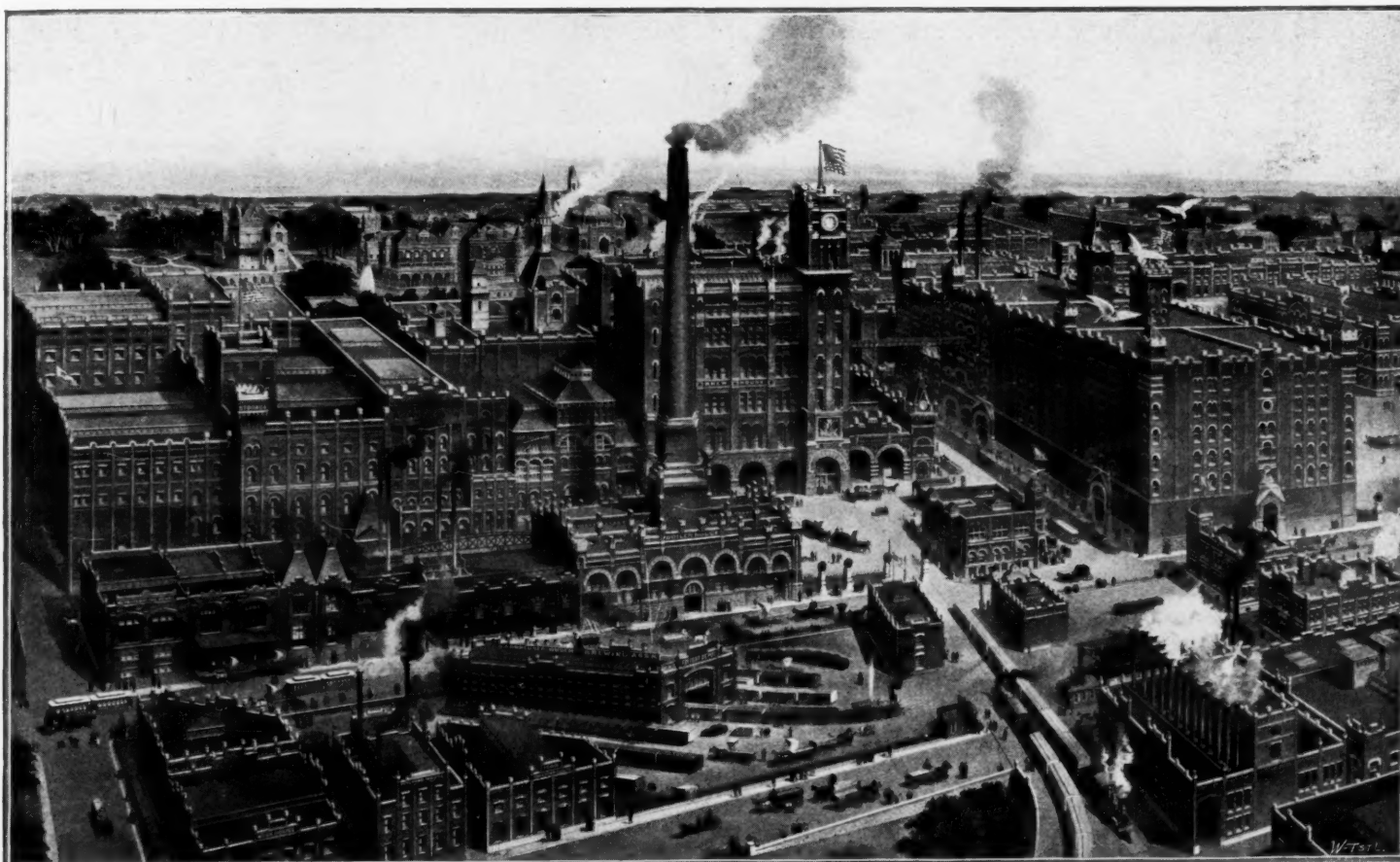
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